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The Best British Short Stories of 1926

EDITED BY
EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

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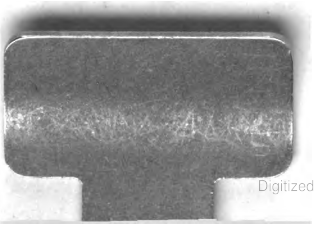

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THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1926

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THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1926

WITH AN IRISH SUPPLEMENT

EDITED BY

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

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LIAM O'FLAHERTY

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BY WAY OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I make grateful acknowledgment to the following authors, editors, and publishers for permission to reprint the stories included in this volume: Stella Benson, The Editor of *The Bookman* (New York), J. D. Beresford, The Editor of *The Century Magazine,* Gerald Bullett, Thomas Burke, Messrs. George H. Doran Company, Richard Carol, A. E. Coppard, The Editor of *The Dial,* Walter de la Mare, Messrs. W. Collins, Sons, and Company, Ltd., The Editor of *Harper's Magazine,* Alfred A. Knopf, Dorothy Edwards, Constance Holme, Aldous Huxley, Messrs. Chatto and Windus, Ltd., Humfrey Jordan, D. H. Lawrence, Ena Limebeer, Allan N. Monkhouse, Eden Phillpotts, Edward Scouller, Jan Struther, Hugh Walpole, The Editor of *Cosmopolitan,* Albert Richard Wetjen, The Editor of *The Saturday Evening Post,* Francis Brett Young, Thomas Kelly, Jonathan Cape, and Liam O'Flaherty.

If I have overlooked any name in these acknowledgments, it has been through inadvertence, and I trust that the error will be overlooked.

I shall be grateful for suggestions from readers of this volume, and shall particularly welcome the receipt of stories of merit which appear during the ensuing twelvemonth in periodicals which do not come under my regular notice. Such communications may be addressed to me at *28, Cleveland Square, Lancaster Gate, London, W.2, England.*

E. J. O.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

For the benefit of readers unacquainted with the earlier volumes of this series, I repeat here a brief summary of the principles which have governed my choice of stories. I have set myself the task of disengaging the essential human qualities in our contemporary fiction which, when chronicled conscientiously by our literary artists, may fairly be called a criticism of life. I am not at all interested in formulæ, and organized criticism at its best would be nothing more than dead criticism, as all dogmatic interpretation of life is always dead. What has interested me, to the exclusion of other things, is the fresh, living current which flows through the best British and Irish work, and the psychological and imaginative reality which writers have conferred upon it.

No substance is of importance in fiction, unless it is organic substance, that is to say, substance in which the pulse of life is beating. Inorganic fiction has been our curse in the past, and bids fair to remain so, unless we exercise much greater artistic discrimination than we display at present.

The present record covers the period from June, 1925, to May, 1926, inclusive. During this period I have sought to select from the stories published in British and American periodicals those stories by British and Irish authors which have rendered life imaginatively in organic substance and artistic form. Substance is something achieved by the artist in every creation, rather than something already present, and accordingly a fact or a group of facts in a story only attains substantial embodiment when the artist's power of compelling imaginative persuasion transforms it into a living truth. The first test of a short story, therefore, in any qualitative analysis is the measure of how vitally compelling the writer makes his selected facts or incidents. This test may be conveniently called the test of substance.

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But a second test is necessary if the story is to take rank above other stories. The true artist will seek to shape this living substance into the most beautiful and satisfying form, by skillful selection and arrangement of his materials, and by the most direct and appealing presentation of it in portrayal and characterization.

I have recorded here the names of a group of stories which possess, I believe, the distinction of uniting genuine substance and artistic form in a closely woven pattern with such sincerity that they are worthy of being reprinted. If all of these stories were republished, they would not occupy more space than six or seven novels of average length. My selection of them does not imply that they are great stories. A year which produced one great story would be an exceptional one. It is simply to be taken as meaning that I have found the equivalent of six or seven volumes worthy of republication among all the stories published during the period under consideration. In compiling this book I have permitted no personal preference or prejudice consciously to influence my judgment.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

London
July 11, 1926.

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THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1926

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THE AWAKENING[1]

By STELLA BENSON

From *The Bookman* (New York)

Though you dance, though you dance with kings
In the dew of a far lawn,
To the tune that a bird sings
In a wild dawn,

You must follow me now, nor hear
Again that sweet bird's cry.
No word to your dancers dear,
And no good-bye.

Come away to your cares and your kin,
Come away, come away . . .
To your square white house, ringed in
By a round white day.

"You know I have fallen so low in the world," he said, "that I am not able to grasp the order of the things that have happened to me—I get confused as to which part of eternity came first. I can only tell you how I remember things, but you must bear in mind that I am not very good at remembering things—not, as you would say, the man I was. Only of course the point is that I wasn't a man—I was a god." He looked at me shyly and one of his feet trod on the other. If his eyes had once been a god's, they were less than a man's eyes now; they looked like fishes' eyes, being magnified by very thick glasses. "Yes, you may well look at me contemptuously," he went on. "As a god I should have

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been ashamed to create the man I am now. I have poor teeth and a lot of trouble with my digestion—but still I have my great days to remember. I was one of the old gods. A great many mountains . . . and roaring beasts . . . and dead cities and beautiful bodies have my seal upon them. I was quite a creator in my day. You know, you should not utterly despise a man who has made a mountain range. Of course I had very strong hands then—(look at them now) —and a very strong heart—so strong that you wouldn't have recognized it as a heart; it was a world in itself—and now I can scarcely feel it beat. You can have no conception how a god can change. When we gods were young we made all lands and seas, and some of us were herdsmen and drove flocks of stars and suns away to pasture in space. It was only later we made man—when we had learned to be peevish and ingenious.

"But *I* was a mountain maker . . . I know all the writings on the flanks of mountains. . . . The stuff of mountains is such gracious material, so luminous with sound—so trembling with color. Mountains are like bells; they are tuned like bells. You'd know what I mean if you had made them. When a mountain is well made, even an incurably imperfect mortal ear can hear the bell note sometimes, especially when it rings to the touch of the last ray of the sun. A good mountain should be on a crescendo note. You put all the gentleness of your theme into the lower slopes, making them fit for mosses and grass meadows stroked with silver by the blowing of a summer wind. . . . Then as you add alp to alp and precipice to precipice, you mix the earth of stronger stuff—soil that will hold the trees so that their crests tear the cold misty winds to shreds. But the peak of the mountain has only to support the delicate memorial of perpetual snow . . . the peak is the ordeal of the creator. It is naked line, of course; though you be a poor workman you cannot cover up mistakes with easy trees. The peak must be eccentric and terrible and . . . witty, if you know what I mean. An epigram of a peak is best. Gods are so often judged by the peaks they throw against the sky."

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He interrupted himself, shuffling nervously. "I expect that all sounds silly to you. We ex-gods have great difficulty in not being thought silly." He sighed and after a little while continued. "It was a funny thing . . . after I had made mountains for a long time, the glory seemed to go out of making noble things. 'Noble' began to be a word that we gods were ashamed of—like 'purity' . . . or 'beauty' . . . or 'truth.' . . . Mountains somehow were seen to be not very *smart* things to make. The gods of my set were so dreadfully clever. Of course I know now—looking at it from the detached standpoint of the ex-god—that we were already beginning to lose our first godship. The leprosy of mortality had already infected our strong hearts. Ah, why is it . . . why is it that gods must die . . . why is mortality such a relentless invader and rapture such a defenseless realm? You must excuse my excitement . . . all that survives of my divinity is sorrow. . . . I am so very old and cannot die, and you must remember that I have a very long and enormous youth to regret. Even mortals are a little immortal when they remember their youth; even men's sons are almost gods when they are young—and as for the old gods . . .

"Well, I was just telling you how clever we became. So articulate—so complex. . . . We began to have schools of complexity. We began to compete in making life crawl about our clean world. We began to invent the most intricate and ingenious bodies, and to thread pains and desires in and out of the veins and channels of sensation in those bodies. Of course you would think our first experiments very clumsy. My wife was reading in the encyclopædia yesterday about the history of watches—my dear wife has such a thirst for information—and I saw at once how similar the first old triumphant making of turnip-like time-pieces was to our first experiments in creating living things. I well remember the first living creature I made. It was a lizard a hundred and forty feet long. It had almost no sense but it could propagate its kind in the most *ingenious* way—I should like to show you the diagrams of its propagating

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plan—but perhaps you know the idea already; the other gods stole the design. . . . I remember thinking that ingenuity in the lizard line could go no further—and yet look at the lizards they turn out nowadays—as small as a blade of grass and yet fitted with just the same conveniences as my first lizard—if not even better ones.

"Ah, what a pity that ingenuity crept in! Because at first, you see, grandeur was still in our thoughts; we had the habit of grandeur even though our hands were not so strong. The very size and crudeness of my lizard will show you that the mountain tradition was with me still. And life was still a side issue, with me. A kind of by-product. I was still making true and strong things, though I had become more foolishly fastidious. At first I had simply pulled my mountains out of the stuff of the sea, rooting them in the dark water and crowning them naively with the bright sky—but now I had to make pedestals for my mountains; now I had to make room for my new creations; now I had to smooth out broad places for my rootless things to travel on. And so I learned to make deserts and to glaze them with odd deceiving air . . . rivers were my knives and with them I carved deep patterns in the hard land. And tenderness, which is, I suppose, the most beautiful symptom of weakening godship, taught me to care for my young fragile living things by hanging clouds before the cruel sun, by spreading safe meadows for unsteady feet. I learned to make flowers at that time too—the last grand work my hands ever accomplished.

"Gods made more and more fantastic experiments with life, but I forget who it was first made man. I think it was the god of the Jews—his adherents now claim that he was first and you will readily believe that not one of us is anxious to dispute so doubtful an honor. By the time man was first created, mortality was already incurable among us gods. In our imperfect hearing, mountains that had once been peals of the bells strung upon the cords of our sky, seemed to jangle. I had begun to notice—you will laugh—that seas were dangerous and deserts empty. I

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could hunger and thirst on the face of my own continents. I could bend before my own storms. All the sorry signs of manhood were upon me, but of course I was still a god, compared to the thing I am now. You may think it curious that I can remember godship so well—that such great memories can find place in so shrunken a body as mine. But it is a fact that one remembers more when one has utterly lost rapture than when a measure of thin rapture still survives. Only very old men remember the perfection of being young.

"Well . . . we began making man. That was the most fatal step in our slow suicide—we made man. We were all in the same case, of course. Not one of us retained any integrity of immortality. Scattered among the stars there may still have been real gods, sun makers, immovably almighty. But we—we had nothing to do with stars now; we must even borrow the light of other gods' stars and suns and moons to help our weak eyes to penetrate the small soft particular mysteries of our new creations.

"Directly man was created, two things happened. The first thing was that we gods fled one from another, like sinners discovered in a conspiracy. We hid one from another, wishing to work secretly and confound one another with our separate cleverness. And the second thing was that we all lost forever our standard of divinity, our recognition of perfection. Man—our thing—became our standard. And I lost perfection most utterly—look at me now—look at me now. . . . How terrible to think that even from the beginning I—a god—had this canker of death within me, this germ of devastating imperfection lying in wait for my divinity. Eternity, the gift of the gods, was to be for me a diminishing and a humiliation. From the beginning I had been cursed—all unaware—with potential wretchedness, potential humanity, although I was a god and made mountains. . . . Oh, what a pity . . . what a pity. . . ."

He sniffed a little and his bent fragile shoulders shook. But after a moment he composed himself and said with tremulous pride, "Well, I'm sure I ought to be thankful

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for small mercies. I ought to remember how men glory in manhood—men who have never been gods. And I enjoy men's pleasure. I am a golfer. I have an excellent wife not much over forty. And I *do* like my cup of tea of an evening. . . .

"When we fled one from another, as I told you, I fled West. The light, I thought, was better for working in the West. The gods I left behind were older than I and did not seem to mind working in the dark. There was always a sort of dignity about them even in decay. Indeed, they seemed to me too delicately concerned with maintaining all the darkness and magnificence that they could save from the wreck of divinity. In creating man, these old gods created only old men. But perhaps I am not just; I never knew much about those conservative gods. They basked in the flattery of forgotten rites. For all I know, their brazen sun may still serve their will. Perhaps they still know how to enchant man with madness. But I can only tell you about my rival and me—two gods who aspired to the conquest of youth. We devoted ourselves to youth—and complexity destroyed us at last. All our creations had the flare and urgency of youth. I dare say you, being young, will think it strange that our pursuit of youth should have spelled decay for us. But we were creating humiliation for ourselves, you see, in creating youth. Men ceased to be grateful to us for the gift of life . . . ceased to cry upon us for the right to die at our feet. The smoke of incense in the East and in the West wavered . . . our feasts grew spare . . . and each of us rejoiced to see the dwindling intoxication of the other. For we were quite fallible by then . . . jealous and anxious. . . . The appreciation of masses actually mattered to us . . . we used to compare prayers . . . and martyrdoms. . . .

"But we had one passion in common—in common, I say, though of course it made for the bitterest rivalry of all. We shared the pangs of failing godship—and so each of us secretly hoped to redeem himself by creating a new thing—god and man in one. Each desired to beget this new and

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saving heir . . . this posterity . . . this one who should be god enough to reawaken reverence in man, and man enough to comfort us fallen gods with a sense of democratic continuity.

"You would not know my name as a god, even if I were to tell it to you. I was the unknown god, the god undiscovered by those who give names to gods. But you would know my rival's name.

"Perhaps you know the end of my story too. Men know more than gods in these days. In my own dazed mind the story is much confused. I seem to remember lighting the first fire for a cliff dweller . . . and planning golf links . . . and trying to understand Christian Science . . . but I cannot recall which preceded which. I remember building cities constantly . . . piling up city after city . . . erasing them with desert sand and building them again. Nothing seemed worthy of this astounding new creation—man. I remember perfecting the soul and body of man, little by little, teaching first strength and then guile and then ingenuity to man's crude hands. Of course all those experiments seem to me now as clumsy as my first lizard—I told you, didn't I, how proud I was of my first lizard?—as clumsy, as monstrous, as impossible—but oh, how much more beautiful and innocent! That was still good work . . . but dangerous. The paralysis of complexity was upon my hands—as it was upon my rival's. And as the men we made grew tamer and tamer, they became more and more cruel to us. It became most necessary for us to redeem ourselves in some way. Each of us was set upon the creation of a redeemer. But we had forgotten how to create simply. As for me, I believed that saving perfection might be begotten of a theory and born of cleverness. Under my borrowed stars, I thought, the Man of God might be born. And so, seeking absurdly to produce that perfect flower from the old root of exhausted godship, I inevitably poisoned the soil for such a flower. My dreams seem like ravings now. It was my dream to create for my redeeming heir a world of instant achievement . . . a world of speakable easy truths

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that should not weary young men or old gods . . . a world in which the fool should not be ashamed to claim equality with the wise . . . a world of big ingenious wheels and little ingenious taboos . . . a world that should pat me democratically on the back and be patted by me. . . . For I was quite a withered small god by then—men could easily look into my face. We were really good pals, men and I. It was a prophetic vision of the Y. M. C. A.

"I had great faith in my dream. I felt very hopeful and superior as I watched my rival, that despot god, driving his reluctant Jews across deserts and seas, ignoring, as it seemed to me, the essential principles of democracy. It seemed so obvious that only by flattering man should gods be flattered now. Omniscience was nothing less than an insult to man. Half wisdom, spread thinly over a continent, was better than wisdom founded on a rock. Victory should be, I was convinced, the heritage of the West—or if not victory, something just as good. Truth was a pale flower—while substitutes made such a beautiful effect—much more beautiful than the real thing. All the substitute arts flourished in the air of my dream, and, on my paper altars, the devotees of substitute ecstasies burned synthetic incense that was far cheaper than the old incense and smelled almost the same. Among so many short cuts to rapture, it seemed obvious that a quick path to salvation would be found. Such an atmosphere of efficient achievement must be most favorable to the conception and easy birth of that heir . . . that young hunter of the West, to whom redemption would fall instant prey.

"The dream of my world and the awakening are so confused in my mind now, I can hardly disentangle them. I became dwarfed and bewildered by too much dreaming. Under my star that shone so exactly like a real one—(for I had given up borrowing real stars now, the artificial ones were so much more convenient)—under my hollow gold star I waited for the Child to be born. . . .

"And the end of the hope, the end of the waiting, must have found me sleeping. For I remember only a voice call-

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ing me from the exhausted ashen dream of old age . . . telling me that the Child was born."

"The Child! In what land?"

"In Bethlehem."

"I knew it. I knew it. In Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Born under my star."

"In Bethlehem of Judæa. Under an Eastern star. . . ."

"And I awoke, weeping terribly. And lo . . . a star which I saw in the East went before me, till it came and stood over where the young Child was. . . ."

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THE DEVIL'S OWN LUCK[1]

By J. D. BERESFORD

From *The Century Magazine*

It was not my business to save young Wallace Edgar; but I did all I could, and in the end I was able to help him—by keeping silent.

He had come over from New York with a commission to write a Paris letter once a week, and called on me the day after his arrival with an introduction from the editor of an American magazine, who had advised him that I was the center of the English literary coterie in Paris.

I took to him at once. He was a fine type: tall, square-shouldered, with fair crisp hair. There was no mock modesty about him; he had quite a good opinion of himself and his abilities; but with one exception he treated me and my views with respect. A nice, frank, clean lad, I thought him, and hoped that the women of Paris would leave him alone. I do not for one moment suppose that they did; but I need have had no fear for him in that particular. He was in love with a girl in New Jersey and was faithful to her, even when he was at his worst.

The exception to his otherwise deferential treatment of my views was in the matter of mysticism, and in a curious roundabout way it was just that topic which brought him to me at the great crisis of his life. It was a subject that obviously irritated him—more than it should have done. I noted his impatience the moment I began to speak of it. He pursed his mouth and raised his eyebrows; and at the first opportunity he interrupted me and said:

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"Well, you'll have to forgive me, sir, but in my opinion all that talk is just poppycock."

I smiled my appreciation of his honesty and went on to speak of other things more interesting to him. He was very young, not more than twenty-three or four, I guessed, and I have marked in other cases the same impatience with these matters among young men and women who are at heart afraid of the doctrine that no permanent good can be achieved without discipline of the spirit.

A month or two later Edgar wrote a bitter but exceedingly clever article about the Gourdjieff School at Fontainebleau, and as he had actually mentioned me by name in connection with it, he brought it to show me before mailing it to his editor. That was another instance of his straightforwardness, and although in ridiculing the Fontainebleau school and associating my name with its teaching he was doing me anything but a good turn with the American public, I let the article stand as it was for his sake. I liked him as much as that. I fully appreciated the force of his argument that without the personal touch he might have had a difficulty in putting the article across. He had been in Paris six months, had made many friends, and was establishing for himself a considerable reputation in New York, when I first began to have a suspicion that he was drinking more than was good for him. Now there are some men who can drink heavily and suffer very little harm; but there are others to whom drink is destruction of the spirit and, as a consequence, of the body. Edgar was one of the latter type. There was something within him that despised his own weakness, the same force that he fought against with his clever mind when he displayed impatience with my mysticism. It is this conflict within the self that sometimes destroy such admirable men as young Wallace Edgar.

When he came over from New York he was an abstainer from all forms of alcohol. He was no fanatic, but he had been brought up in that faith and had never been tempted to break it. In Paris the temptation was all about him every hour of the day. He was an exception in a country in which

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the very children drink wine. His habit was regarded as peculiar. He was not chaffed about it, but men shrugged their shoulders and looked at him suspiciously. It was a bar to intimacy with many people whom it was to his interest to know intimately. If he had been laughed at, persecuted, he would have stood out. You could not bully Wallace. But no one attempted to persuade him, and he probably first began to take his glass of wine now and again for purely business reasons.

He was having luncheon at my flat with a party of men, including a famous French writer whom he had particularly wished to meet, when my fears were first aroused. At the beginning of lunch, he was in his best form, interesting and witty; but he became more and more silent as the meal progressed. I believed at first that something had offended him. I had never before seen him with that brooding sulky air. He did not look the same man. And then I noticed that he was drinking rather too often, and I began to wonder.

My suspicions were soon confirmed by casual reports that came to me from various quarters. "Pity about young Edgar," an English journalist remarked to me one day.

"Why? What about him?" I asked.

He drew down the corners of his mouth, and then tilted his elbow. "Absinthe, I'm afraid," he said. Ghastly stuff. Best thing for him is to go straight back to New York."

"But are you sure?" I persisted, for despite my dawning fears I had never suspected that it was as bad as that.

"Absolutely," was the reply. "It gets him queerly too. Makes him cantankerous and moody. No one, I believe, has ever seen him incapable, but there's no doubt about it."

And after that other acquaintances brought the same report. It was characteristic that every one genuinely regretted Wallace's new habit, but no one seemed to have tried to stop him. He was a very difficult youngster to interfere with.

But of course I made the attempt.

He had avoided me since that luncheon-party, and

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managed to excuse himself from accepting the one or two casual invitations I now offered him. He was afraid of me; I was perhaps the only man in Paris of whom he was afraid; and my last note to him was less an invitation than a command.

He came—to *déjeuner* at half-past twelve—and he was sulky when he arrived. I gave him nothing but lemon-squash to drink with his lunch, and said nothing to him until I had him all alone in my library afterward, smoking a cigar.

And then he denied it flatly, resolutely, without heat. I told him that I knew he was lying, that I had seen him drinking at my own table, that certain friends had told me, that I knew the horrid truth from his face and manner as he sat there before me.

He looked me full in the eyes, boldly, defiantly. "It's true I'm no longer on the water-wagon," he said with a touch of insolence. "You can't afford to go dry in this country. But that's all. I can look after myself."

I ignored that. I saw that this was to be a contest of the spirit between us, a struggle of wills. If I could conquer him, make him confess his fault, I might be able to control him.

"You are ruining yourself, mind and body," I said. "In six months you'll be a worthless wreck fit only for a hospital or a *maison de santé*. There is but one thing to do, go home at once. Now, while there is time. You've made yourself a reputation; go back while you can still enjoy the fruits of it; marry that girl in New Jersey—and succeed."

I was watching him keenly as I spoke, and as I concluded I saw just one flicker of uncertainty in his face. But when he spoke his voice was as hard, as determined as ever.

"You're making one great mistake," he said. "You mean well, and I can forgive you for that, but this sort of fool's talk bores me. I tell you there's nothing in it and that's finished. Now if you'll excuse me I've got another appointment."

I tried to hold him, but he was too strong for me. When

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he went out, I doubted if I should ever see him again. I knew that it must have cost him a great effort to be rude to me, and that in doing it he had deliberately intended to close our friendship. Having broken with me he was free—free to become a slave.

That interview of ours took place soon after Christmas, and when I went to his hotel next day, I was told that he had gone to the Riviera for three or four months. They had his address for the forwarding of letters, and I wrote to him several times, but I never had, nor ever expected to have, any reply. I still hoped, although he had so decisively won that first battle of wills between us. But it was impossible for me to leave Paris just then, and I was compelled to wait. I had no doubt that he would return sooner or later. In Nice or Cannes he would be an individual, conspicuous; only in Paris would he be able to hide himself; and I guessed that he would soon be reaching a stage in his fall when he would seek most desperately to hide himself.

It was toward the end of April that I first had news of him. He had been seen one night in one of the *buvettes* near the Gare du Nord, but when spoken to, he had rudely denied his own identity.

I went next evening to the *buvette* with little hope of finding him there. He would, I felt sure, guess that the news of his whereabouts would reach me, and avoid the place in future. But the story I had from the *patron* of the place set me thinking on new lines.

"Oh! You seek the young American," he said when I spoke to him. "But what a misfortune! Only this afternoon he has said good-by to me, since he goes to live on the other side of Paris. He has not told me precisely in what quarter."

But why, I asked myself, should Edgar have taken the trouble to leave that message? It had, I was sure, been intended for me, and its purpose could only be a misleading one. The probable answer, and the one upon which I acted, was that he wished to return to this particular haunt—hav-

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ing, doubtless, reached a stage of his malady at which effort was almost intolerable, even the effort of maintaining some sort of appearance in a place where he was not known. And he had hoped by this clumsy story to make his refuge safe. In the old days he would have been cleverer than that. His wits were failing him.

And my inference proved to be correct enough, though indeed my success in outwitting him achieved nothing. I returned to the *buvette* five nights later, and he was there.

He did not move when he caught sight of me, but I saw him set his jaw as if he braced himself to some course of action that should put an end to my persecution of him. I sat down by him at the little round marble-topped table and laid my hand on his arm.

"My lad," I said, "your wits are failing you. You'd have been a lot cleverer than that in the old days."

To my eyes he had greatly altered, but a stranger would have seen little difference in him. His magnificent physical health had not yet begun to fail him, but his intelligence had. His eyes were less steady, and all the light had gone out of them. They were the dull eyes of a man who cannot think consecutively.

"Just as well," he said. "Now we'll get this thing straight, and you can take it from me, here and now, that I'm through with all your cant." He paused uncertainly there, as if he could not keep his attention on one point for more than a few moments at a time, and continued with a change of voice, speaking as if he were not fully aware of my presence. "All poppycock that—about *knowing*. He knows one thing, and I darned well know another. Sure, I knew it."

"Knew what?" I put in quietly.

He seemed to come back to a full realization of my present purpose with a start of surprise. "Why, that you can get to hell out of here, as soon as it suits you," he said.

"You believe in hell then?" I asked.

"Sure thing," he murmured. "I'm there now." And then he suddenly leaped to his feet, overturning the table, and was gone before I could stop him.

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I gave up hope after that. I could no longer speak to him; he was beyond my reach. The only chance I thought was that he should have some accident that would keep him temporarily in a hospital. And having some little influence in official quarters, I asked for and received a promise that I should be sent for if he were ever arrested, taken to a hospital, or—my heart sank as I anticipated that last terrible alternative—to the morgue.

It was six or seven weeks after I had seen Wallace at the *buvette* that I was wakened between three and four o'clock in the morning by a continuous ringing at the outer door of my flat. My first thought as I reached for my dressing-gown was that the summons either to the police-station or to the hospital had come at last. When I opened the door and saw Wallace himself outside, I was for a moment utterly dumfounded.

"May I come in a minute?" he said before I had time to recover myself, and without waiting for my reply he walked past me into the salon.

When I joined him there, he had turned on the light and was pacing up and down the length of the room; and he neither paused in his walk nor turned his head when I came in. I sat down and waited without speaking. I had no intuition of what had brought him to me, and I was afraid of scaring him even by any show of affection. Watching him more or less covertly, I observed that although his eyes still wandered with an uneasy flicker of attention, they were less dull; they were as the eyes of a man just awakening from a profound sleep. And then, at last, he began to talk; at first unevenly with pauses and hesitations; afterward more fluently and with some recovery of his old style. And all the time he continued to pace rapidly, back and forth, the length of my room—seven paces from wall to wall.

The muffled thud of that impatient tread still sounds in my ears. The soles of his feet were bare to the carpet under the pretense of the shoes he was wearing. It was the anxious yet mechanical pacing of the wild thing newly im-

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prisoned, and as I hear it again in imagination I recover all the emotion with which I listened to his tragic-comic story; though indeed I still pray that he may never know anything of its comedy.

"I never looked for proof—any kind of proof," he began. "Who does? You find your proof, and it proves nothing. Except to yourself. It isn't a question of proof. It's knowing that turns the trick. That's why I've come to you. You've always pretended to know. Now can you explain? It isn't as if . . .

"See here! I've been walking for hours. Hours. No counting them. I don't know when I began. It gets me that way sometimes. I'll walk myself sober so as to drink again. I was ready to start again when I got there to-night. Where? I don't know. Somewhere the other side of the river. I remember gardens. The Luxembourg perhaps. Big trees, and the black shadow of great leaves under the arc-lamps; like a pattern on the floor of hell, shadows that move as if they might shift and let you through. I daren't walk on them. I was all alone; nobody to pull me up if I'd begun to sink. . . .

"Hallucination. Yes, that was hallucination. I've had worse. But not the other. I was quiet, I tell you. Quiet. Ready to drink again. That was why I went in. I saw the name over the door. The Café de la Paix. I stopped and looked at it. Peace for me too, I said. That was what I'd come to find.

"Peace? You'd have thought so. Not a soul in the place when I looked in but the patron and an old waiter. I'm telling you this so you'll know how clear my head was. I could see everything—easily. I can't always, but I could then. It was just the place I wanted. Quiet as death. Nothing moved when I looked in. The *patron* was at his desk, counting a lot of dirty notes, and sticking the worst ones together with gum paper. The waiter was reading his journal in the corner, and there was a black and white cat asleep on a chair by the window. I could see them all quite clearly and steadily. And none of them moved as I

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stood in the doorway. Never looked up, any of them, never batted an eyelid. It was queer, but I liked it. I wanted to be let alone; to get my drink and be let alone. I told you I'd come there for peace.

"I went across to the far end. There was a mirror there against the wall. Only one. Generally those places have a lot, but there was only one there. Not a very big one either, but clear. I was surprised how clear that mirror was. I stood looking at it. I could see the *patron* at his desk and the waiter with his paper and the cat on the chair as clearly as the things themselves. It didn't strike me for a moment that there was something queer about them in the mirror, something wrong. Then I saw that the *patron* and the waiter were keeping deadly quiet, not stirring a finger, and I thought that was what was queer. But there was something queerer than that. . . ."

He stopped speaking for a moment and put up his hand to his forehead, and I saw that the sweat was running off his forehead and dripping from his eyebrows. "A darned lot stranger than that," he continued. "I wouldn't ask any one but you to believe me, but it's God's solemn truth. There was no hallucination; it was just this: I could see everything else in that mirror clearly and easily, but there was no reflection of *me* in it. None at all! Not a sign of it. I went cold as if some one had poured ice-water over me. I wondered when I had died. I guessed for certain I must somehow be dead. I stood there I don't know how long, and nothing moved; and neither the *patron* nor the waiter looked up when I went out. It was a sure thing they hadn't even seen me. . . ."

He paused in his walk for the first time then, and looked at me. I had been dreading that moment. I had not yet decided what I ought to say. But I had my hand over my mouth, and my eyes must have been steady, for he seemed satisfied.

"I daren't go anywhere else for my drink after that," he went on, "and then I began to think of what I'd heard you say once; how when a drunkard dies he still goes on longing

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for the drink and can't get any satisfaction. I reckoned that was true all right just then. I got the feeling that I'd go on longing for a good while, but all I could do was to keep walking. After a bit I found myself on the Pont Neuf, and then a gendarme I know wished me good night. I felt like hugging him, I was so glad to find I wasn't dead. I stopped and talked to him a while to make sure, and then I found out another thing, which was that the moment I stopped walking I began to want a drink worse than ever. And the first notion that had come into my mind when I found I wasn't dead was that I'd never touch another drop of liquor again so long as I lived. I've got that notion still, but I daren't stop walking."

I jumped to my feet and took him by the arm, and we walked together more slowly. I could feel as we fell into an easier pace that already he was nearly dropping with fatigue; and my immediate object then was to soothe his mind, bring him to the point at which his immense physical fatigue could find relief in natural sleep. But to do that I had to deceive him. I felt within me the certain knowledge that if I told him the truth, its grotesque futility would make him feel as if he had been tricked. If this miracle—for I still counted it a miracle—were to serve its proper purpose, I must appeal to his egotism, give him back his pride.

"My lad," I said, "you need have no fear. What you've told me shows me very clearly that you've been chosen for some fine purpose. These long months of hell that you've endured were perhaps necessary for you. If my own faith had not been so weak, I might have known that you were never in real danger."

"Does that mean," he asked me, and as he spoke I felt that something of relief was coming to him, bringing with it a sense of his great physical fatigue, so that he began to stagger and lean heavily upon me, as we still slowly paced the room, "that you can in some way explain what I've been telling you?"

"In some way," I said. "Because I believe in miracles and know that the possibilities of the spirit working through

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the body are infinite and altogether beyond our comprehension. Let me give you some instances within my own experience."

I drew him down upon a broad comfortable couch and without giving him time to think began to tell him of some of the strange things I had known; of those interferences with what we regard as the natural law of cause and effect.

For a few minutes he listened to me, and I could not say at what point in my narrative he slipped into the depths of a profound unconsciousness. I was not afraid of disturbing him as I lifted his legs to the couch, stripped off that poor pretense of shoes he was wearing, and settled him comfortably. I knew that much still remained to be done for him; but within me I felt a great certainty that he was saved.

And as I sat there watching him through the night, my thoughts went back to one Felix Bonnard, now so successful a painter, but who five years ago was so poor that he had not a tenth part of the money that would have been necessary to replace the mirror he broke in the Café de la Paix; the single mirror that was the pride and joy of the *patron.* He was a good fellow, Bonnard, and it was sheer kindness of heart that urged him to say that if he could not afford to buy another mirror he would paint one. And that was what he did. He was a great draftsman, and night after night he spent there, painting on a great canvas the reflection that he saw in the cracked glass. If you go there daytime the fraud is obvious after the first start of surprise, but at night even the soberest of visitors may be deceived to the point of having to touch the canvas.

Well, all the world says that it is bad luck to break a looking-glass, but in that case the superstition seems to have worked the other way. Certainly it brought no bad luck to the *patron;* for five years ago that sham mirror attracted a crowd to his Café, and even now a few still go to see it. That was why, no doubt, neither the *patron* nor the waiter had moved as Wallace went out. They were used to casual Americans who strolled in, took a look at the famous curiosity, and strolled out again. And it must have been

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nearly closing-time, and the *patron,* I hear, is rich now.

Nor did it bring bad luck to Felix Bonnard, for it was through that painting he got employment as a scene-painter; and since then he too has become rich.

And now it had brought the greatest piece of luck he had ever known to Wallace Edgar. But no; I cannot believe that it was luck. I claim this as another case of those interferences with natural law that we are accustomed to speak of as miracles. He was led.

But at the last a whimsical thought came to me. It was the devil's own luck that had been had. By the breaking of that mirror he had lost the soul of Wallace Edgar.

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THE MOUSETRAP[1]

By GERALD BULLETT

From *The Saturday Review* (London.)

In a Kentish field, windswept and sodden, a middleaged young man was diligently digging. Late evening sunlight defined with pencil of gold his long, sharp nose, and moved, mercurial and clean, over the hands that grasped the spade. A pair of grey, tattered trousers was his only concession to the soil; for the rest, his clothes were those of a clerk in the city. He wore even a bowler hat, for his hair was very thin on the crown and one could not be too careful these crisp April evenings. He grunted as he worked, and sighed from time to time in sheer weariness; but he allowed himself little respite, seldom pausing to lean upon his spade, push back his hat from his bedewed forehead, and stare at the flushed sky and the spilth of sun that trickled over the world's western rim. He dug steadily, with the iron resolution of one who has an acre of land to subdue and is sustained by a vision of homegrown onions and potatoes. As, with prodigious effort, he turned the wet turf over and hacked it into brown slabs that were like slices of cinnamon cake, he dreamed of independence and freedom and of the bloater Muriel had provided for his tea. Of Muriel herself he did not dream; after five years of marriage he took Muriel for granted.

The last stains of sunset grew dark and dim in the sky. Dusk began to threaten. He turned aside from work and picked his way gingerly, avoiding puddles, towards the new wooden bungalow that held Muriel and supper. It was in such moments of relaxation that, swiftly and cruelly, the hunger in his heart projected images that were but mock-

[1] Copyright, 1926, by Gerald Bullett.

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ing wraiths of its satisfaction. A little girl of about five ran from the bungalow to greet him, her copious black hair flying, her slim, stockinged legs twinkling in their agile eagerness. "Hullo, Frank!" she called to him. Her tone, so delicious, caressing, naïvely maternal made him young again. The eternal mother in this child called to the boy buried in himself. Yes, that is how she would behave, that enchanting, elfish daughter. But she had never been born. He flung down his spade and went slowly in to the house.

Muriel did not stir in her seat. She did not look up from her knitting. But something wooden and strained in her attitude told him that she was aggrieved, perhaps because he had kept her waiting. A simple meal, bread and cheese and tomatoes, was set out on the kitchen table; steam whistled from the kettle on the stove. Its clamour was sibilant and insistent, but Muriel ignored it as completely as she ignored her husband. Her large, handsome face sustained its expression of serene indifference. Her long fingers moved at their task with delicate and feline precision.

Her silence was a challenge to Harrison, a challenge that kindled into flame the smouldering, irrational anger that darkened his mind. He was ripe for a quarrel, and betrayed the fact in the tone of his curt question:

"Kept you waiting?"

"Not at all," she said.

She laid down her knitting, and rose: a tall woman, supple and graceful as a panther, with dark slumbering eyes and languid movements that suggested discontent. The hand with which she lifted the kettle from the stove was coarsened by household work; the scrutiny she bent upon the jug in which she made the cocoa emphasized the lines of premature care in her young face. Harrison, watching her covertly for some further indication of her mood, looked upon a beautiful, mature, unawakened girl; but he did not see her so, any more than he saw himself, with his baldness and unnecessary stoop, as the stalwart hunter or warrior with whom alone she would have been fitly mated. Feeling

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his regard upon her, she turned her head and said, with a smile, quite easily and naturally:

"How goes the digging?"

He was astonished, even unnerved, by the facility of her transition from apparent sulkiness to apparent friendship. He began to distrust his former judgment, and to wonder if he had entirely misunderstood her, not during that moment only but ever since their first meeting. It was not the first time this alarming doubt had visited him. Coming now with new force, it flustered him. He repented his answer before it was uttered; he heard, with exasperation, the wrong words issuing from his lips:

"Why do you ask? You're not interested."

Muriel raised her eyebrows. "Very well. Let's have supper."

"What I mean is . . ." said Harrison, plunging deeper, "you're a bit bored with that acre of ours, aren't you?"

"I put in hours of work on it, every fine day."

"Yes, I know," he said eagerly. "I know that well enough. There are not many girls who could do it. But still, you may as well admit it, you're bored stiff with the damned thing."

They sat down to supper. Harrison cut some slices of bread. He wielded the knife so vigorously that Muriel moved his cup of cocoa further away to protect if from his elbow. She performed this necessary service without ostentation, but he felt rebuked by it.

"I must say," he said, a little truculently, "I like digging and all that. It's a bit of a hobby of mine."

She answered, in indifferent tones: "Yes. Rather a queer hobby for you."

"Queer? I don't see that." He was up in arms against the suggestion. "What's queer about it?"

"Well, you've hardly the physique for it, have you?"

She gave no sign of discomposure, contriving, with perfect ease of manner, to butter a slice of bread and divided it into rectangular sections. But she was, in fact, shocked and alarmed by the secret that her own words had revealed to

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her. It was not his agrarian enthusiasm that she resented; it was not that she was left alone, evening after evening, while he wooed the stubborn earth. The trouble lay deeper. Her imagination moved sluggishly enough in its barbed-wire enclosure; but already it was beginning to peer beyond this sedentary careworn clerk, whose highest ambition was that he might grow all his own vegetables. She almost blushed at her thoughts, and Harrison, as though he had read them, felt himself to be the merest weed of a man. He was hurt and humbled, and could find no answer.

By tacit consent they ignored this naked truth that her almost accidental remark had thrust between them.

"It's a bit of a hobby of mine," repeated Harrison, after a pause. Anxious to avoid the subject, it attracted him as the glare in the eyes of a stoat attracts the unwilling rabbit. "Come to that, it does me good, the fresh air and exercise after a day's hard grind in the office."

"I'm sure it does." She spoke almost compassionately, in her eagerness, to make amends for her unspoken and unanswerable criticism. "You've been looking much better these last few weeks. Why, you're getting quite tanned."

He was heartened by her tone. "Of course, it's rather dull for you, my dear. I know that. What a pity there isn't someone else to brighten you up a bit."

Her eyes widened in surprise. "What do you mean? Neighbours?"

"No." He laughed self-consciously. "Neighbours aren't everything. But . . . as I was coming across the field just now, Muriel, I thought how jolly it would be if we had had a child."

Muriel's face hardened. "Need we go into that again? I'm sick of the subject. We can't afford children. And even if we could . . . well, we haven't got any. Besides—"

"Besides what?" Harrison's anger was rekindled.

"I don't want a child." What Muriel meant was that she did not want Harrison's child; but of this distinction she herself was mercifully unconscious as yet.

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"Well *I do!*" said Harrison. "And what's more, I intend to have one," he added fiercely, and jumped to his feet, pushing back his chair with violence.

It was no more than the gesture of a weak man, angry, disappointed, goaded beyond endurance. He knew, when he stopped to think, that Muriel could not reasonably be blamed for their childlessness; but for the moment he was past reason, in the grip of a primitive instinct. He wanted a child, an extension of his own unuttered ego, a son, or better still a daughter, who would succeed where he had failed and survive when he was dead; and he saw Muriel as an obstacle between himself and his desire.

Muriel eyed him with no visible emotion. "What do you propose to do? Am I to divorce you?"

Her calmness exasperated him the more. "Yes, for God's sake do, since you take it so mildly. It's nothing to you. Very well then, we'll dissolve partnership. You won't be sorry."

"On the contrary," said Muriel. "I shall be glad."

The pronouncement startled them both, and perhaps neither quite believed it. The impetus of the quarrel had carried them farther than they would have ever had the courage to go without its aid.

II

As the clock struck eleven Muriel drifted into the bedroom. He followed guiltily.

"I suppose," said Harrison, trying to broach the difficult subject. His voice faltered.

"What?" asked Muriel.

Her manner was so normal, so different, that he had not the courage to announce his intention of sleeping on the camp bed. He saw that to do so would increase rather than relieve the tension of their embarrassment.

"Oh, nothing of any consequence," he answered.

From time to time, as he undressed, he glanced uneasily at

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the bed, as at a third person of dubious respectability. But when Muriel had got into it and turned her back on him, he glanced no more. He blew the candle out, and padded across the room to the casement windows, which were at once his pride and his torment. Ill-fitting and uncontrollable, they wheezed and rattled all night upon their hinges whenever there was the least wind; but they were the realization of a desire long-cherished: their leaded panes (so difficult to clean) and the fact that they were not sash-windows gave him perpetual delight by reminding him that at last he did live in the country. Childish associations that he had long forgotten endeared them to him, and endeared to him no less the asbestos-lined walls with their vertical strips of wood stained to resemble old oak.

"Both windows open?" he asked, "or only one?"

She evaded decision with a polite—a too polite—"As you please." He opened both windows and leaned out of one of them, breathing in a deep draught of the cool, grass-scented air. It was wine to his nostrils, but he could not enjoy it while conscious of the cool hostility in the room behind him. The night was very still and very personal: a listening, glistening presence, pervasive and friendly. He could almost fancy he heard the earth softly breathing under the diaphanous quilt of fantasy that the moon shed upon her. The field, his own field, stretched below him, almost within within reach of his hand; he could easily have stepped into it through the open window. Beyond, looming dark against the sky, were real haystacks of the real farm that neighboured his little estate. No house was visible: nothing but hedges, a gate, a wooded hill, and a sky bright with lovely, incredible worlds.

With a sigh, which meant nothing that he could have put into words, Harrison drew back into the room. His foot touched against something on the floor. He stooped down.

"Ah! You've set the mousetrap again, I see."

"Yes, I have," said Muriel. "I don't mean to be kept awake again by those wretched things."

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"Of course," remarked Harrison, as he got into bed, "they're only field-mice. No real harm in them."

"I don't care if they're angels from heaven. I don't intend that they shall keep me awake."

"Well, for angels," said Harrison, "the traps aren't really big enough."

His little joke was not well received. Muriel made no sound. He did not mind that at all. Indeed, had it not been for her proximity he would have felt nothing but relief in the prospect of freedom and a new beginning. He would rejoice in their separation once it was effected; but until then the thought of it was an embarrassment that made them ill at ease with each other. Muriel was equally conscious of this discomfort, but she, with an instinct for realism, was determined to face it. She despised him for his weak endeavours to smother it in small talk. The hostility between them, which she laboured to sustain and he to break down, was indeed the friend who alone could release them from each other. Muriel slept.

But Harrison, who hated quarrels even more than he loved children, found himself kept awake by his thoughts. He dozed fitfully; tossed and turned; and finally, giving up the attempt to sleep, lay on his back and stared at the pattern of moonlight on ceiling and walls. Now that the worst was said between him and Muriel, how would they endure the unnatural propinquity of the last few days together? Where would she go to live, and what would she live on? He believed that in his anger, which was now spent, he had stumbled quite by accident on the real solution of their joint problem. Together they were discontented; the chief thing they had in common was that they got on each other's nerves. As for divorce, there was no hurry about that: it was a matter that would need delicate handling. He was interested in no other woman, though perhaps . . . From outside came the minatory cry of an owl, evil and desolate like the voice of witchcraft. It multiplied and filled his mind with a swarm of bat-winged harpies. He

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beat them away with his fists, but they returned like locusts to hover about the mouth of the pit in which he crouched and to deride him with screaming laughter. He woke suddenly.

"What was that noise?" said Muriel.

"The crack of a whip," murmured Harrison. He rubbed his eyes. "I was asleep. Did you hear something?"

"Perhaps it's the mousetrap gone off. I hope it is."

Muriel was a little frightened. She had never quite reconciled herself to sleeping on the ground floor with open windows which any passing tramp might choose to regard as an invitation. She sat up in bed and asked Harrison to light the candle.

He did so, and by candlelight examined the trap.

"Yes, there's a mouse in it, right enough. They come in at the window, you know. I heard them last night dropping on the floor, plop-plop. It was uncanny."

He held the mousetrap between forefingers and thumb. Muriel, fascinated with horror, leaned across the bed to look.

"Well," said Harrison, "I'd better go and drown the little beast. Can't leave it here all night."

"Better put a dressing-gown on," said Muriel, "if you're going outside."

Harrison moved the candle nearer to the mousetrap. The mouse, he could not help seeing, was a very young one. Its pale brown coat had a silken sheen. He admired the beautiful sleek curve of its long tail, the vitality in its tiny eyes, and the absurd little whiskers that adorned its sharp snout. The smallness of the creature, the delicate artistry of its creation, enchanted Harrison.

"Of course," said Harrison, "it's only a field-mouse."

He glanced irresolutely at Muriel, who did not meet the glance and said nothing. When he looked again the mouse had not stirred. It was held in a paralysis of terror. Harrison grew shamefaced under that hopeless, listening stare; but he could not for a moment take his eyes away from

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the sight. And then—did it happen or did poor Harrison dream it?—the mouse lifted one exquisite little paw and touched, with a confiding gesture, its sensitive snout.

Harrison set his candlestick on the bedside table and stepped to the open window. A moment later he came back towards the bed. Muriel was watching him narrowly.

"I let it go," said Harrison.

He spoke with a certain defiance, but added in apology: "It was a pretty beast, and only a little one."

Muriel held out a hand to him. "Don't catch cold, my dear. Jump in quickly."

He blew out the candle and got into bed.

"Oh, Frank!" she said, "I'm glad you let it go."

Harrison experienced a pang to which relief and disappointment equally contributed. It was good to know that the quarrel was over, the shadow lifted. But was the shadow lifted? She, afflicted with similar misgivings, mechanically stroked his scanty hair.

Presently, after a long silence, they exchanged their customary good-night kiss; turned their backs on each other; fell asleep.

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THE DREAM OF AH LUM[1]

By THOMAS BURKE

From *The Strand Magazine* and *The Cosmopolitan*

In the upstairs room of the Tea-House of the Amber Chrysanthemum, Ah Lum was wiping the marble tables for the late afternoon service, and singing as he worked; happily without knowledge of the end to which his song would bring him.

He sang as though his heart were a bird beating its wings against the bars of its cage. He sang of his own country, of the too-much-celebrated porcelain tower and river of sincerity; and though the voice would have driven a professor of the true song into the seventh fury, the passion behind it would have set the rest of the world wondering that one man could carry such misery and live. He went from song to song, a snatch here and a snatch there. Under the overcast sky of the London June he sang of green seas, of house and garden, of prosperous fields, of almond and cherry flower and water-lily, of radiant skies and lanterned midnights and the faint hot smell of city streets at evening, of war and wine and feasts and travails, of man's need of money, of the beauty of his fathers before him. He sang of all those material things of life from which the people of his country have made their poetry.

He sang——

But if you ever knew the Tea-House of the Amber Chrysanthemum, you knew Ah Lum and his noises. Even if you never ate or drank there, you must have seen it if your business led you any afternoon to the wharves and

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warehouse at the end of the Causeway. You might have reached the West India Dock Road in good humour with yourself and the day, and, reaching it, would be conscious of a pervading disquiet; something more than the Eastern hush that hangs in the air of this quarter; some thing faint and untraceable that clouded your heart and pressed upon it. At first you might imagine that something Asiatic in your Asiatic neighbourhood was being done that should not be done; but as you walked on you would perceive that you were taking this disquiet through the ear and that it came from the far end of the Causeway; and when you had got that far you located it as a voice of lamentation coming from a little place just below the archway. You remember it now? The little faded place, with a bead-curtain to its door, and in its window a few tins of fruit and fish upon a permanent foundation of seaweed; and on the door-posts Chinese ideographs announcing its name and business, and murmuring of its excellent appointments for table-games.

It was popular and prosperous. It never invited. Its door was always closed. But it did well among its own people, and the voice of Ah Lum spread news of it to casual white wanderers, who spread the news farther. They liked to think that they only had discovered it; it permitted them the mild swagger of showing it to others, which they did as though they had invented it. Perhaps Hing Pu, its owner, knew something of the little corners of the human heart (most restaurant-keepers do), and, by not inviting, held out a subtle invitation.

Once a wanderer had entered the Amber Chrysanthemum, to discover the mystery of this passion behind closed doors, and had tasted Hing Pu's fried noodles and beancake chop suey, he came again with a friend, and the kitchen (and sometimes the back room) held the attention that Ah Lum had first attracted. And Ah Lum, when he wasn't serving, would sit somewhere unseen, with a guitar, and bring something of the colour of his home streets to the bleak faces of his customers.

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He was the complete exile. His body was in a strange land, but his heart was set among the long fields and temples of the Middle Kingdom. Here, in this narrow street of little shops and lodging-houses, isolated from the haste and strength of the West, he had around him whiffs and echoes of his home, and from these scraps he built his dreams. He was not remarkable to the eye. Wanderers who had been led by the voice and the place into thinking of glamour and romance and some fantastic figure of a performer were disappointed when they saw a young man in a lounge suit and coloured tie and brown boots serving pots of tea. The clothes did not "go" with the singing, and the set square face did not repeat the beat of strange seas that moved in the voice. But the few who had perception noted that the long eyes held the expression of seeing something beautiful from afar.

Old Quong Lee, who kept the little store just opposite, noted it. He noted many silly things that others passed, while really important things, like the current price of tea or a week of wet weather, escaped him. He, too, was an exile, but if he had any dreams, he never wailed them to the air. He had not the gift of song, but he had a more expressive gift—the gift of silence; and his physical presence behind the window of his store said Exile as firmly as the the voice of his young friend. For they were friends, as philosophers and poets often are. His work done, Ah Lum would call almost every night upon the old man, and talk with him of their home and of the hills where the spring is born, and they would look out upon the grey walls and the grey falling rain, and sigh.

It fell frequently to Quong Lee to explain to casual customers in his shop the noises that came from the tea-house. "It iss a young man," he would say, picking his words one by one, "who singss of hiss country. He iss not happy. He want all time to go away to hiss country. He no can. He no cash. So he singss of hiss country and it makes him not-so sorrow."

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And the Englishman, who couldn't understand wanting something and not going for it, would ask: "But can't he save up money, or get someone to ship him out?"

"Save-up? Huh! He have cash—plenty cash. But he plays puck-a-poo. To make more cash quick—see? All time he play puck-a-poo. All time he never winss. So he no cash. And no friendss."

"Take him a long time to get back that way. Must be a fool—what?"

And Quong Lee would blink and tie up the purchase. Perhaps he didn't care whether Ah Lum was a fool or not; perhaps he didn't want Ah Lum to go away. Certainly the tea-house didn't, for his singing brought custom, and it was only in his song that he was miserable. In his work he was deft and clean and serious, and he spoke good English. He mixed cheerfully with his fellows, and went to the pictures and the Popular Hippodrome and the Salvation Army with them; and for long bus-rides round London; and took his daily gamble in puck-a-poo with that zest which the workshop punter brings to the study of the early racing editions. If you had never heard him sing you would have said that he was happy; but his songs betrayed him. Whence he came, nobody knew or was curious to ask. He had arrived among them some ten years ago, from Cardiff, and had taken a job for a month—the job he still held; and through all that time his passion for home was at battle with his passion for gambling. Often luck had been with him for a week, and he had spoken of an increasing fund, of a few more weeks of equal prosperity, and then—home. But, growing impatient, he would take his whole store to a fan-tan room, and at the end of the evening would crawl penniless down the Causeway to the London bed where he must still rest.

But if luck did not serve him, friendship did. At least, it gave him what he had asked for, if that can be called service, though the human heart is so made that it will often cherish the dirty stone picked up in the gutter above the brightest box of marbles presented by the keeper of the bazaar. In

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the event, luck was, perhaps, kinder to him than friendship.

It was Fanny Freyne who did it. Fanny liked the Causeway and bought tea and ginger and lily-root flower there, and sometimes had a meal with friends at Hing Pu's restaurant. There she met Ah Lum, and heard his singing, and laughed at it, and later heard the cause of it. They became casual distant acquaintances. Both were quiet, and a little withdrawn, and while she found interest in his neat appearance and his baby smile and his forlorn condition, and liked his clear deference to herself, he saw her as a marvellous and beautiful creature who had stooped to listen to his tale. One idle afternoon, when few customers were about, he told her the secrets of his heart. He told her of the town on the river where he belonged; how he left it when he was sixteen, and came to England with his father. How he had held always the memory of those scenes, and how, whenever he looked, they were before his eyes. He told her of the coming day for which he lived, when he would go back there and buy a waterside farm and take an agreeable wife who would give him many splendid sons. He told her of the place he would occupy there among the serious and dignified people of his own province.

And Fanny, interested, as all women are, in being taken into the confidence of a young man—even a yellow young man—thought about it all, and wanted to help him. Not that the sorrows of a lowly Chink were any business of hers, or that she could, without drawing unpleasant talk upon herself, do anything for him; it wouldn't have been quite the thing. A Chink, she had been taught, may be all right, but he's still a Chink; just as an Englishman may be all wrong, but is still an Englishman. There was no getting away from the fact. But she had no worries of her own, so it pleased her to dally with a chance of missionary-meddling with other people's affairs, and of pushing the poor benighted creature towards his heart's desire.

So she spoke to her father about it, and he told her that there were societies for that sort of thing—getting poor

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people home to their own countries—and he'd speak to his boss about it. His boss heard the story, which Fanny's father dressed up with some humour, and said he'd see what he could do about it. He went himself to the Causeway, and got an hour's British amusement from the nasal howling of Ah Lum; and in his turn, touched with the fever of doing something for somebody, he spoke to a man higher up. The man higher up went to see the theatrical exile, and the tale of Ah Lum and his songs made a few chuckles in a dull club smoking-room and lightened the atmosphere of a dull dinner-table. Half-a-dozen of them made a pilgrimage to the restaurant of Hing Pu; and as the Englishman is always most ready to help when he's being amused, it wasn't long before the tale got higher still, and somebody up there said he reckoned they would work it for the fellow somehow.

So they did. Fanny Freyne had been a better missionary than she know. From her idle interest Ah Lum's sorrow became not only known and popular beyond his narrow Causeway; it became a matter of competition among energetic idlers. It's wonderful how many people you can interest in giving time and service to a cause if you don't ask them to give it. Ah Lum would never have been sent to the home of peace and colour for which he longed if he had gone about begging people to help him. He didn't beg. Unknowingly, he borrowed the successful methods of the publicity agents, and made a song about it, and a joke of himself. His guitar and his voice did what the most necessitous and pathetic "case" could never do.

Within two months of Fanny's first word, she arrived one afternoon at Hing Pu's place in a mild excitement; and when Ah Lum had served her with tea she told him she had news for him.

"I been working for you. It's taken a long time, but I done it. Guess what I done?"

Ah Lum smiled, and said nothing.

"You know all them swells that been coming down here

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lately? Well, I worked that. Now suppose—suppose you was sailing for China next week. Eh? Out of all this fog and slush. To China. Eh?"

Ah Lum made a long noise like *Ai-eee* and into his eyes came the far-away look.

"All those flowers you told me about. And sunshine every day. And all the old places that you haven't seen for years. Eh? How'd it be?"

Ai-eee! He looked through the window into the Causeway and its tiny shops, and into the window of Quong Lee's store, and up it the sky that held the hue of a wrung dish-cloth. "What iss the good? I never get to China. Never. Ai-eee!"

"That's where you're wrong, son. Wrong. You will get there. Listen. You're going to China next week. Understand? I've worked it. I been telling people about you—them people what have been down here to see you. High-up people. And there's papers coming to-morrow—Government papers that'll take you right home wherever you want to go. They'll come to-morrow. And me or somebody else'll bring 'em. And next Wednesday you'll be on the boat going home. How's that, now? Eh? That make you happy—eh?"

"Happy?" For a moment it seemed that he had not followed her words, or was still translating them. Then he folded his hands and beamed, and spoke his thanks. "Oh, yess. O-oh, yess. But— is it true? Really true that I go to China? You are making a joke? After so many years—it does not seem true."

"No, reely. Honest. I've fixed it. I have reely."

"Oh, miss, you are too good. It is wonderful. To be really going to China at last. It iss——"

He turned his face away and unclasped his hands.

"There'll be nothing for you to pay. Those papers'll take you just where you want to go. Next Wednesday, it'll be."

"Oh, miss, you are so good to a nobody. But why me—there are so many who would like to go back to China."

"Just because you're you, I suppose. They liked your

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songs, those fellers. And they're high-up people. You can reckon it as all settled."

"O-oh, miss. It iss—Ai-eee!" and he finished his thanks in a bubble of Cantonese. His face held nothing of his inward emotion; only the eyes looked steadily beyond the window as though lifted towards hills and hot skies, while the liquid syllables poured out of him like an offering of wine before the temple. What he was saying Fanny didn't know, but she was satisfied. Her surprise had come off, and she had made him happy. The smile that he wore about his daily work, the smile that hid the hunger of his heart, was gone; one does not smile in supreme happiness. In its place was the expression of the lover who sees his love approaching within his reach, while hardly believing that it is truly she. "You are so good, miss, to take this trouble of me. Shall I sing some song?"

Fanny smiled back at him. There was nobody but themselves in the upstairs room, and it was pleasant to have him make a noise for her alone. He took his guitar and leaned against a table and sang a wilder song than any she had heard him sing: at once a pæan and a wail, as of wanderers returning from peril and encounter; and he swayed his body and sang as though possessed of the soul of all who come home after long years. It thrilled her to know that she had been able, by the simple act of "speaking" for him, to move him to this intensity. She hoped nothing would go wrong with the arrangements. It would be awful if, somehow, those papers didn't come, after she had moved him like this. Under the thrill she had sudden fear that perhaps after all they wouldn't come, and with it a picture of Ah Lum when she broke the news to him. He might do something dreadful; you never knew with these foreigners. Or perhaps at the last moment the boat wouldn't be able to take him. Or the papers might not be in order. Or the ship might be wrecked on the way out. But it was certain they would come, and everything would be all right, because dad's boss's friend had had a letter from some office saying they were coming. Oh, they were sure to come.

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And then the superlative noise Ah Lum was making brought people to the tea-room, to inquire the cause of it; and he became swiftly quiet and closed his lips and went about his duties ignoring all facetious questions. Fanny went out, still wondering what he'd do if it happened that she had promised him heaven, and couldn't deliver it.

She did deliver it. The papers came, brought by three of the people concerned in the business who hadn't yet seen the quaint creature whom they had befriended. The quaint creature behaved with becoming quaintness. Hing Pu bowed them upstairs, and then produced Ah Lum and offered him as though he were a dish from the kitchen. Ah Lum folded his hands and bowed, and the high-up friend, who was known and distantly respected for his after-dinner speeches, made a five-minute delivery in that vein, though its fine flavour escaped half his audience. Then he handed over the papers, with minute instructions about the boat's sailing day and its berth at Tilbury, and these were repeated by a young man who had spent some time in the East. As they were handed over, Hing Pu put his hand on them.

"There iss no money in here, sir?"

"Money? No—why? Only passes."

"It iss not safe to give him money. He play with it and lose it."

"Oh! Well, he might trade those passes. Here—we'll keep these till Wednesday. We'll bring 'em down Wednesday—or get Mr. Hickson to keep them for him. That'll be best—eh?"

Ah Lum made no comment. He accepted his own weakness and bowed. He did not burst into profuse thanks for their kindness. He said that they were too kind but his face expressed nothing and seemed to hide no more than the face of a statue. He might have been acknowledging the loan of the evening paper. But Fanny knew better. She knew what simple hot emotions were crowding and beating behind that mask. The long look in the eyes that met hers reported things too deep for words or gestures. He was going home. At last he was going home.

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That evening the news was all round the quarter, and there were feasts and invitations to feasts. Hing Pu gave one with Ah Lum as the guest of honour. The owner of the house where Ah Lum mostly played puck-a-poo gave one. The place at the corner of Pennyfields gave one. For five days Ah Lum was the centre of many tables, and the subject of all gossip. Always there were comings and goings in these two streets; men who stayed a month and departed, and came back next year and departed again, while Quong Lee and Hing Pu and the other shopkeepers sat steady year by year. But the one man who most yearned to depart had never had the chance; he could not pay his passage, and was incompetent to work his passage. Now, after many years, his hope had been achieved and those who had heard everlastingly of the river-farm among the hills, and whose afternoon sleep had been worried by that wailing, were perhaps glad to know that they had heard the end of it. Certainly they came forward with ceremonies of departure more fitting to an honoured guest than to one of themselves: they seemed to be celebrating something more than Ah Lum's happiness; but he was too enfolded in his fortune to perceive anything in their attentions but honest congratulation. Already he seemed withdrawn from Lime-house and Poplar, already half-way towards China; no longer a feature of the Causeway, but a loiterer who could not be taken into the common run of things; who could only be entertained. He even stood out of the games of puck-a-poo; and though Hing Pu advanced him a week's money, he seemed to lose interest in the tables, and played only a game or two.

Right up to the Wednesday evening, when he was to take the train to Tilbury, they crowded him with feasts. Then in the hour of his departure they turned out to depart him, and the Causeway was astir with olive faces and babbling tongues. The doorway to the tea-house was impassable. Fanny was there, and her father; and the high-up friend, who had nothing better to do that evening, had brought three new friends from the West to see this curious corner they had heard so much about.

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In the light mist of the Causeway, before the shuttered shops, they moved without noise back and forth, as one. Trains grumbled across the arch at the end. A cart came through, driving a wedge into the crowd. Quong Lee, wearing still the robes of the monarchy, sat in his window staring at nothing. Somebody unseen started to wail one of Ah Lum's songs, mimicking his noise. There was a smell of dust and sandal-wood; the smell of Ah Lum's home.

Then the hero appeared at the bottom of the steps leading from the tea-room. He was dressed for his journey in a thick ulster and cloth cap and trousers that were a little too long for him. He carried his belongings in a little blue sack that dangled from his arm. Behind him came Hing Pu. At the door they turned to each other, and nodded a casual farewell. Ah Lum looked at the crowd with vacant eye, and then at the shops and the roofs, giving them, too, farewell. The high-up friend who had brought the papers came forward with them. Ah Lum gave him a bow and one of his wide, slow smiles, and said: "It iss very kind of you. T-hank you." He took the papers and put them in his pocket. "If you escusse me, I will take just one minute to say good-bye to my friend over there." He nodded towards Quong Lee's pushed through the crowd, giving a word here and there, and entered the shop. The crowd turned again to talk among itself, and Fanny and her dad showed the new gentlemen the inside of the tea-house, and of one or two of the shops on the other side, and expounded commonplaces which were mysteries to them. Then the high-up friend looked at his watch and said: "Look here, he'll never get that train if he don't hurry. Fetch him out. I say—tell him, somebody."

Fanny's father struggled into Quong Lee's shop, and found Quong Lee at the counter. Ah Lum was not there. "Where is he? He'll lose the train if he ain't careful. What's he up to? He ain't gone playing fan-tan, has he, the fool?"

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Quong Lee turned to his inner door. "He hass gone into there."

"What for? Call him out. He's only got a minute or two."

"I will see." Quong Lee moved from his stool and floated into the back room. Then he called over his shoulder: "He iss still heah."

"What's he up to?"

"Come and see."

The three gentlemen and Fanny were now in the shop, and they pressed forward, wondering what they were to come and see. Over each other's shoulders they saw Ah Lum flat on the floor. And sticking up from his middle, like an arresting finger, they saw the shining haft of a kris. Quong Lee stooped over him; got up quickly. "He iss dead."

Five people said, "Dead?" "Uh-huh." Five people began sentences that were never finished. "But what——" "Why should——" "What on earth——" "Who on earth——" "What the devil——" They all turned to Quong Lee then; and the high-up friend got a clear question out: "But what on earth *for*? After we've done all this for him. What *for?*"

"It wass you gentlemen."

"Us?"

"Huh. He hass just told me. You were too kind."

"Told you what? Too kind? How? Gone to all this trouble over him to get him home. And then—— I don't understand it."

"It iss simple. He got no home. He never seen China. Not know China. Not want to know China. He wass born here—in Step-nee. He love England. He love London. And when he know you send him to foreign country—to China—where he got no friend, no home, and not know their ways—he go afraid. He try to run away, but got no place to go. He 'fraid you find him. He cannot go China. He no can. So he die."

"But, dammit—he was always wanting to go back. He

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said so. Always singing about it, they said. Always unhappy because he couldn't go home."

"Always veh happy here."

"Well, I'm hanged! Then all these songs and that—all this talk about his home and his farm and China—all nothing, eh?"

"Yess-no. He veh happy here, but he like to be same as others, and be sad because he iss far away from his own country."

"I see. He was just a humbug, then?" Quong Lee blinked. "No, mister. He wass a poet."

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THE BOX[1]

By "RICHARD CAROL."

From *The Daily News* (London)

It wad be a year syne that Miss McCosh cam on her furrst veesit tae Lunnon. She was tae bide vi' the McAndrews, her ainly leevin' kin, which, costin' naethin', was verra agreeable; whiles the present o' a ticket made the proposeetion a poassibility.

At King's Cross, tae her astoanishment, she was met by the hale clamjamfrey—Mistress McAndrews, the heid o' the hoose, her guidman Angus, Maggie an' wee Tam. Hoo gled they a' were tae see her. Guid shakes, they had even bocht plaatform tickets tae see her quicker. They took her airf an' her baags an' pokes—ay, an' even wee Tam focht tae help cairry them. Ma conscience, if Miss McCosh had been the Queen hersel' she cudna hae had a mair wunnerfu' welcome.

At the doamicile o' the McAndrews, the fatin, as ye micht ca' it, starrted in rale earnest. The denner was sic a meal as the McAndrews had never eaten for years an' years. Coanversation, instead o' the ordinairy hickery bickery, was moadest an' quiet, bein' directed entirrely at Miss McCosh. Aifter, they sat her doon in the maist comforrtable chair by the fire. Ha'ein' ascertained that she aye retirred at nine proampt, wat or fine, wee Tam, aboot aicht-thurrty, brocht in the pig—o' earthenware, ye unnerstaun—an' tellt Miss McCosh that he was takin' it up tae warrm her bed. It was juist yin o' thae human touches that fair mak the tears starrt tae the een.

But mebbe ye're acquent wi' the McAndrews an' are wunnerin' if they've a' ta'en leave o' their senses. A'll whisper

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a wurrd in yer lug. Miss McCosh had siller an' had inherrited a' soarts o' jewellery an' the like an' weel . . .

In twa days the maitter had developed accordin' tae expectations. In Miss McCosh's room was ae boax which she had brocht wi' her an' was still shut ticht. An' while Miss McCosh was huggin' the pig, Mistress McAndrews an' Angus were argaybargayin' aboot the coantents o' the mysterious boax.

Mistress McAndrews was for thinkin' that it maun haud some o' the heirlooms, estimated value sax hunner poon, which, aifter deductin' the coast o' her veesit, wad leave an immediate proafit o' five hunner an' ninety sax poon. Angus agreed. It was safer. Whiles Maggie an' wee Tam were dreamin' o' jujubues an' aipples an' ingines an' dolls an' sic like.

They took her tae see the lichts o' Piccadilly an' a' the ither free sichts o' Lunnon, aye, an' paid her bus fare when it was ower faar tae walk. Och, it was amazin', their generrosity.

But at laast Miss McCosh had tae depairt; an' then there was sic a flusterin' an' flummoxin' as ye hae never seen afore. They a' helped, wee Tam tae, an' a' was ready. They stood aroon' in aagitated expectation. Naethin' eventuated. Wee Tam's patience brook doon.

"Miss McCosh, what hae ye got in yon wee boax?"

Miss McCosh smiled maist ingenuously.

"Och, Tam, thaat's ma best bonnet. A meant tae weer it, but it's sae stoory an' durrty here A juist cudna thole the thocht o' spoilin' it."

Angus saw her awa.

Aye, it was a rale guid hoaliday an' awfu' cheap. A wad come doon again this year, but A'm feart it wad coast mair.

Och, A forgot tae tell ye. A'm Miss McCosh.

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THE FIELD OF MUSTARD[1]

By A. E. COPPARD

From *The Dial* and *The Criterion*.

On a windy afternoon in November they were gathering kindling in the Black Wood—Dinah Lock, Amy Hardwick, and Rose Olliver—three sere disvirgined women from Pollock's Cross. Mrs. Lock wore clothes of dull butcher's blue, with a short jacket that affirmed her plumpness, but Rose and Amy had on long grey ulsters. All of them were about forty years old, and the wind and twigs had tousled their gaunt locks for none had a hat upon her head. They did not go far beyond the margin of the wood, for the forest ahead of them swept high over a hill and was gloomy; behind them the slim trunks of beech, set in a sweet ruin of leaf hoar and scattered, and green briar nimbly fluttering, made a sort of palisade against the light of the open, which was grey, and a wide field of mustard which was yellow. The three woman peered up into the trees for dead branches, and when they found any, Dinah Lock, the vivacious woman full of shrill laughter, with a bosom as massive as her haunches, would heave up a rope with an iron bolt tied to one end. The bolted end would twine itself around the dead branch, the three women would tug, and after a sharp crack the quarry would fall; as often as not the women would topple over too. By and by they met an old hedger with a round belly belted low, and thin legs tied at each knee, who told them the time by his ancient watch, a stout timepiece which the women sportively admired.

"Come Christmas I'll have me a watch like that!" Mrs. Lock called out. The old man looked a little dazed as he

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fumblingly replaced his chronometer. "I will," she continued, "if the Lord spares me and the pig don't pine."

"You . . . you don't know what you're talking about," he said. "That watch was my uncle's watch."

"What was he? I'd like one like it."

"Was a sergeant-major in the lancers, fought under Sir Garnet Wolseley, and it was given to him."

"What for?"

The hedger stopped and turned on them: "Doing of his duty."

"That all?" cried Dinah Lock. "Well, I never got no watch for that a-much. Do you know what I see when I went to London? I see'd a watch in a bowl of water, it was glass, and there was a fish swimming round it. . . ."

"I don't believe it."

"There was a fish swimming round it. . . ."

"I tell you I don't believe it. . . ."

"And the little hand was going on like Clackford Mill. That's the sort of watch I'll have me; none of your Sir Garney Wolsey's!"

"He was a noble Christian man, that was."

"Ah! I suppose he slept wid Jesus?" yawped Dinah.

"No, he didn't," the old man disdainfully spluttered. "He never did. What a God's the matter wid ye?" Dinah cackled with laughter. "Pah!" he cried, going away, "Great fat thing! Can't tell your guts from your elbows."

Fifty yards further on he turned and shouted some obscenity back at them, but they did not heed him; they had begun to make three faggots of the wood they had collected, so he put his fingers to his nose at them and shambled out to the road.

By the time Rose and Dinah were ready Amy Hardwick, a small slow silent woman, had not finished bundling her faggot together.

"Come on, Amy," urged Rose.

"Come on," Dinah said.

"All right, wait a minute," she replied listlessly.

"O God, that's death!" cried Dinah Lock, and heaving

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a great faggot to her shoulders she trudged off followed by Rose with a like burden. Soon they were out of the wood, and crossing a highway they entered a footpath that strayed in a diagonal wriggle to the far corner of the field of mustard. In silence they journeyed until they came to that far corner, where there was a hedged bank. Here they flung their faggots down and sat upon them to wait for Amy Hardwick.

In front of them lay the field they had crossed, a sour scent rising faintly from its yellow blooms that quivered in the wind. Day was dull, the air chill, and the place most solitary. Beyond the field of mustard the eye could see little but forest. There were hills there, a vast curving trunk, but the Black Wood heaved itself effortlessly upon them and lay like a dark pall over the outline of a corpse. Huge and gloomy, the purple woods draped it all completely. A white necklace of a road curved below, where a score of telegraph poles, each crossed with a multitude of white florets, were dwarfed by the hugeness to effigies that resembled hyacinths. Dinah Lock gazed upon this scene whose melancholy, and not its grandeur, had suddenly invaded her; with elbows sunk in her fat thighs, and nursing her cheeks in her hands, she puffed the gloomy air, saying:

"O God, cradle and grave is all there is for we."

"Where's Amy got to?" asked Rose.

"I could never make a companion of her, you know," Dinah declared.

"Nor I," said Rose, "she's too sour and slow."

"Her disposition's too serious. Of course, your friends are never what you want them to be Rose. Sometimes they're better—most often they're worse. But it's such a mercy to have a friend at all; I like you, Rose; I wish you was a man."

"I might just as well ha' been," returned the other woman.

"Well, you'd ha' done better; but if you had a tidy little family like me you'd wish you hadn't got 'em."

"And if you'd never had 'em you'd ha' wished you had."

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"Rose, that's the cussedness of nature, it makes a mock of you, I don't believe it's the Almighty at all, Rose. I'm sure it's the devil, Rose. Dear heart, my corn's a-giving me what-for; I wonder what that bodes?"

"It's restless weather," said Rose. She was dark, tall, and not unbeautiful still, though her skin was harsh and her limbs angular. "Get another month or two over—there's so many of these long dreary hours."

"Ah, your time's too long, or it's too short, or it's just right, but you're too old. Cradle and grave's my portion. Fat old thing! he called me."

Dinah's brown hair was ruffled across her pleasant face and she looked a little forlorn, but corpulence dispossessed her of tragedy. "I be thin enough a-summertimes for I lives light and sweats like a bridesmaid, but winters I'm fat as a hog."

"What all have you to grumble at then?" asked Rose, who had slid to the ground and lay on her stomach staring up at her friend.

"My heart's young, Rose."

"You've your husband."

"He's no man at all since he was ill. A long time ill, he was. When he coughed, you know, his insides come up out of him like coffee grouts. Can you ever understand the meaning of that? Coffee! I'm growing old, but my heart's young."

"So is mine, too; but you got a family, four children grown or growing." Rose snapped off a sprig of a mustard flower and was pressing and pulling the bloom in and out of her mouth. "I've none, and never will have." Suddenly she sat up, fumbled in her pocket, and produced her purse. She slipped the elastic band from it and it gaped open. There were a few coins there and a scrap of paper folded. Rose took out the paper and smoothed it open under Dinah's curious gaze. "I found something lying about at home the other day, and I cut this bit out of it." In soft tones she began to read:

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"The day was void, vapid; time itself seemed empty. Come evening it rained softly. I sat by my fire turning over the leaves of a book, and I was dejected, until I came upon a little oldfashioned engraving at the bottom of a page. It imaged a procession of some angelic children in a garden, little placidly-naked substantial babes, with tiny bird-wings. One carried a bow, others a horn of plenty, or a hamper of fruit, or a set of reed-pipes. They were garlanded and full of grave joys. And at the sight of them a strange bliss flowed into me such as I had never known, and I thought this world was all a garden, though its light was hidden and its children not yet born."

Rose did not fold the paper up, she crushed it in her hand and lay down again without a word.

"Huh, I tell you, Rose, a family's a torment. I never wanted mine. God love, Rose, I'd lay down my life for 'em; I'd cut myself into fourpenny pieces so they shouldn't come to harm; if one of 'em was to die I'd sorrow to my grave. But I know, I know, I know I never wanted 'em, they were not for me, I was just an excuse for their blundering into the world. Somehow I've been duped, and every woman born is duped so, one ways or another in the end. I had my sport with my man, but I ought never to have married. Now I'd love to begin all over again, and as God's my maker, if it weren't for those children, I'd be gone off out into the world again to-morrow, Rose. But I dunno what 'ud become o' me."

The wind blew strongly athwart the yellow field, and the odour of mustard rushed upon the brooding women. Protestingly the breeze flung itself upon the forest; there was a gliding cry among the rocking pinions as of some lost wave seeking a forgotten shore. The angular faggot under Dinah Lock had begun to vex her; she too sank to the ground and lay beside Rose Olliver, who asked:

"And what 'ud become of your old man?"

For a few moments Dinah Lock paused. She, too, took a sprig of the mustard and fondled it with her lips. "He's

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no man now, the illness feebled him, and the virtue's gone; no man at all since two years, and bald as a piece of cheese —I like a hairy man, like . . . do you remember Rufus Blackthorn, used to be gamekeeper here?"

Rose stopped playing with her flower. "Yes, I knew Rufus Blackthorn."

"A fine bold man that was! Never another like him hereabouts, nor in England neither; not in the whole world—though I've heard some queer talk of those foreigners, Australians, Chinymen. Well!"

"Well?" said Rose.

"He was a devil." Dinah Lock began to whisper. "A perfect devil; I can't say no fairer than that, I wish I could, but I can't."

"O come," protested Rose, "he was a kind man. He'd never see anybody want for a thing."

"No," there was playful scorn in Dinah's voice, "he'd shut his eyes first!"

"Not to a woman he wouldn't, Dinah."

"Ah! Well—perhaps—he was good to women."

"I could tell you things as would surprise you," murmured Rose.

"You! But—well—no, no. I could tell *you* things as you wouldn't believe. Me and Rufus! We was—O my —yes!"

"He *was* handsome."

"Oh, a pretty man!" Dinah acceded warmly. "Black as coal and bold as a fox. I'd been married nigh on ten years when he first set foot in these parts. I'd got three children then. He used to give me a saucy word whenever he saw me, for I liked him and he knew it. One Whitsun Monday I was home all alone, the children were gone somewheres, and Tom was away boozing. I was putting some plants in our garden—I loved a good flower in those days—I wish the world was all a garden, but now my Tom he digs 'em up, digs everything up proper and never puts 'em back. Why, we had a crocus, once! And as I was doing that planting someone walked by the garden, in such a hurry.

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I looked up and there was Rufus, all dressed up to the nines, and something made me call out to him. 'Where be you off to in that flaming hurry,' I says. 'Going to a wedding,' says he. 'Shall I come with 'ee?' I says. 'Ah yes,' he says, very glad, 'but hurry up for I be sharp set and all.' So I run in-a-doors and popped on my things and off we went to Jim Pickering's wedding over at Clackford Mill. When Jim brought the bride home from church that Rufus got hold of a gun and fired it off up chimney, and down come soot, the bushels of it! All over the room, and a chimney pot burst and rattled down the tiles into a prambulator. What a rumbullion that was! But no one got angry—there was plenty of drink and we danced all the afternoon. Then we come home together again through the woods. O Lord—I said to myself—I shan't come out with you ever again, and that's what I said to Rufus Blackthorn. But I did, you know! I woke up in bed that night and the moon shone on me dreadful—I thought the place was afire. But there was Tom snoring, and I lay in thought of me and Rufus in the wood, till I could have jumped out into the moonlight, stark, and flown over the chimney. I didn't sleep any more. And I saw Rufus the next night, and the night after that, often, often. Whenever I went out I left Tom the cupboardful—that's all he troubled about. I was mad after Rufus, and while that caper was on I couldn't love my husband. No."

"No?" queried Rose.

"Well, I pretended I was ill, and I took my young Katey to sleep with me, and give Tom her bed. He didn't seem to mind, but after a while I found he was gallavanting after other women. Course, I soon put a stopper on that. And then—what do you think? Bless me if Rufus weren't up to the same tricks! Deep as the sea, that man. Faithless, you know, but such a bold one."

Rose lay silent, plucking wisps of grass; there was a wry smile on her face.

"Did ever he tell you the story of the man who was drowned?" she asked at length. Dinah shook her head.

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Rose continued. "Before he came here he was keeper over in that Oxfordshire, where the river goes right through the woods, and he slept in a boathouse moored to the bank. Some gentleman was drowned near there, an accident it was, but they couldn't find the body. So they offered a reward of ten pounds for it to be found. . . ."

"Ten, ten pounds!"

"Yes. Well all the watermen said the body wouldn't come up for ten days . . ."

"No more they do."

"It didn't. And so late one night—it was moonlight—some men in a boat kept on hauling and poking round the house where Rufus was, and he heard 'em say 'It must be here, it must be here,' and Rufus shouts out to them, 'Course he's here! I got him in bed with me!' "

"Aw!" chuckled Dinah.

"Yes, and next day he got the ten pounds, because he *had* found the body and hidden it away."

"Feared nothing," said Dinah, "nothing at all, he'd have been rude to Satan. But he was very delicate with his hands, sewing and things like that. I used to say to him, 'Come let me mend your coat,' or whatever it was, but he never would, always did such things of himself. 'I don't allow no female to patch my clothes,' he'd say, ''cos they works with a red-hot needle and a burning thread.' And he used to make fine little slippers, out of reeds."

"Yes," Rose concurred, "he made me a pair."

"You!" Dinah cried. "What—were you . . . ?"

Rose turned her head away. "We was all cheap to him," she said softly, "cheap as old rags; we was like chaff before him."

Dinah Lock lay still, very still, ruminating; but whether in old grief or new rancour Rose was not aware, and she probed no further. Both were quiet, voiceless, recalling the past delirium. They shivered, but did not rise. The wind increased in the forest, its hoarse breath sorrowed in the yellow field, and swift masses of cloud flowed and twirled in a sky without end and full of gloom.

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"Hallo!" cried a voice, and there was Amy beside them, with a faggot almost overwhelming her. "Shan't stop now," she said, "for I've got this faggot perched just right, and I shouldn't ever get it up again. I found a shilling in the 'ood, you," she continued shrilly and gleefully. "Come along to my house after tea and we'll have a quart of stout."

"A shilling, Amy!" cried Rose.

"Yes," called Mrs. Hardwick, trudging steadily on. "I tried to find the fellow to it, but no more luck. Come and wet it after tea!"

"Rose," said Dinah, "come on." She and Rose with much circumstance heaved up their faggots and tottered after, but by then Amy was turned out of sight down the little lane to Pollock's Cross.

"Your children will be home," said Rose as they went along, "they'll be looking out for you."

"Ah, they'll want their bellies filling!"

"It must be lovely a-winter's nights, you setting round your fire with 'em, telling tales, and brushing their hair."

"Ain't you got a fire of your own indoors," grumbled Dinah.

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you set by it then!" Dinah's faggot caught the briars of a hedge that overhung, and she tilted round with a mild oath. A covey of partridges feeding beyond scurried away with ruckling cries. One foolish bird dashed into the telegraph wires and dropped dead.

"They're good children, Dinah, yours are. And they make you a valentine, and give you a ribbon on your birthday, I expect?"

"They're naught but a racket from cockcrow till the old man snores—and then its worse!"

"Oh, but the creatures, Dinah!"

"You . . . you got your quiet trim house, and only your man to look after, a kind man, and you'll set with him in the evenings and play your dominoes or your draughts, and he'll look at you—the nice man—over the board, and stroke your hand now and again."

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The wind hustled the two women closer together, and as they stumbled under their burdens Dinah Lock stretched out a hand and touched the other woman's arm. "I like you, Rose, I wish you was a man."

Rose did not reply. Again they were quiet, voiceless, and thus in fading light they came to their homes. But how windy, dispossessed, and ravaged, roved the darkening world! Clouds were borne frantically across the heavens, as if in a rout of battle, and the lovely earth seemed to sigh in grief at some calamity all unknown to men.

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MR. KEMPE [1]

By WALTER DE LA MARE

From *The London Mercury* and *Harper's Magazine*

It was a mild, clammy evening; and the swing-door of the tap-room stood wide open. The brass oil-lamp suspended from the rafter had not yet been lit; a small misty drizzle was drifting between the lime-washed walls and the over-arching trees on the further side of the lane; and from my stool at the counter I could encounter, as often as I felt inclined, the wild white eye of the *Blue Boar* which fleered in at the window from the hanging sign.

Autumnal scents, failing day, rain so gentle and persistent —such phenomena as these have a slightly soporific effect on the human mind. It is as though the busy foreground of consciousness first becomes blurred, then blotted out; and then—the slow steady sweep of the panorama of dream that never ceases its strange motioning. The experience is brief, I agree. The footlights, headlights, skylights brighten again: the panorama retires!

Excluding the landlady, who occasionally waddled in from her dusky retreat behind the bar, there were only three of us in the tap-room—three chance customers now met together for the first time: myself; a smallish man with an unusually high crown to his head, and something engagingly monkey-like in his face; and a barrel-shaped person who sat humped up on a stool between us in an old shooting-jacket and leather leggings, his small eyes set close together on either side a red nose.

I had been the last to put in an appearance, but had not,

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it seemed, damped anything in the nature of a conversation. Such weather does not conduce to it. But three may be some sort of company where two is none; and what, at last, set us more or less at our ease was an "automatic machine" that stood in the corner of the taproom under a coloured lithograph of Shotover, the winner of the Derby in 1882. It was a machine of an unusual kind since it gave its patronisers nothing tangible for their penny—not even their ladylove on a slip of cardboard, or a clinging jet of perfume.

It reminds me now of the old Miracle plays or Moralities. Behind its glass it showed a sort of grotto, like a whited sepulchre, with two compartments, over which descended the tresses of a weeping willow. You slipped a penny into the slot, and presently a humpback monk in a rusty-black cowl jerked into view from the cell on the left. He stood there a moment in the midst—fixedly looking at you: then decamped into the gloom again.

But this was if your luck was out—or so I assumed. If it was *in,* then a nymph attired in skirts of pink muslin wheeled out of the flowery bower on the eastern side; and danced a brief but impassioned *pas seul.*

My three pennies had brought me one fandango from the latter and two prolonged scrutines from the former—a proportion decided on, no doubt, by the worldly-wise manufacturer of the machine. But this was not all. In intention at least he must have been a practical optimist. For if the *nymph* responded to your penny, you were invited to slip yet another coin into another slot—but before you could count ten. This galvanized the young lady into a giddy pursuit of the numskull in the black hood—a pursuit, however, which ended merely in the retirement of them both behind the scenes.

The man in leggings had watched my experiments with eyes almost as motionless as plums in a pudding. It was my third penny that had wooed out the nymph. But the "grandfather's clock" in the corner had ticked loudly at least five times before I managed to insert a fourth. It was a

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moment of rapt—of an aching—excitement. What a teeming passion showed itself in that wild horseplay behind the glass! And then, alas, the machinery ceased to whirr; the clock ticked on; the faint rustle of the drifting rain sounded once more at the open door; I returned to my stool; and the landlady retired into her den.

"Bang goes fourpence," I remarked a little sheepishly. "Still, mine was about the right average, I suppose."

The man in the leather leggings—as if the problem were not for *his* solution—at once turned his little eyes towards our companion in the corner, whose face was still wreathed with the friendliest of grimaces at my efforts.

"Well, now," he took him up, "I'm not so sure. In my view, that minx there sidles out too often. Most young men and more old ones would be content with once in six. I would myself. It's our credulity. We live on hopes, however long they may be deferred. We *live,* as you might say; but how many of us learn? How many of us want to make sure?" He paused for an answer: his small eyes fixed in his face. "Not one in a million," he decided.

I stole another look into the narrow darkness of the Young Lady's Bower.

"Oh," he interrupted. "I wasn't thinking merely of the 'eternal feminine,' as they call it. That's only one of the problems; though even an answer to that might be interesting. There's Free Will, for example; there's Moral Responsibility; and such little riddles as where we all come from and where we are going to. Why, we don't even know what we are—in ourselves, I mean. And how many of us have tried to find out?"

The man in leggings withdrew his stare and groped out a hand towards his pint-pot. "Have you?" he enquired.

The dark-eyed, wizened face lit up once more with its curiously engaging smile. "Well, you see, I was once a schoolmaster, and from an official point of view, I suppose, it is part of the job. To find answers, I mean. But, as you'll agree, we temporise; we compromise. On the other

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hand, I once met quite by chance, as we call it, a man who had spent I should guess a good many years on that last problem. All by himself, too. You might almost describe it as a kind of pilgrimage—though I'm not anxious to repeat it. I was my turn for a lesson."

"And what was *his* solution?" I enquired.

"Have you ever been to Porlock—the Weir?" the little man enquired.

I shook my head.

"I mention Porlock," he went on, "because if you had ever been there, the place I'm thinking of might perhaps call it to mind. Though mine was on a different scale—a decidedly different scale. I doubt, for example, if it will ever become one of those genial spots frequented by week-end tourists and *chars-a-banc*. In the days I'm speaking of —twenty years or more ago—there wasn't even the rudiments of an Inn in the place. Only a beershop about half the size of this tap-room, with a population to match—just a huddle of fishermen's cottages tucked in under the cliff.

"I was walking at the time, covering unfamiliar ground, and had managed to misread my map. My aim had been to strike into a cliff-path that runs more or less parallel with the coast; but I had taken the wrong turn at the cross-roads. Once astray, it seemed better manners to keep on. How can you tell what chance may have secreted in her sleeve, even when you don't put pennies in slots?

"I persuaded an old lady to give me tea at one of the cottages, and asked my way. Visitors were rare events, it seemed. At first she advised me to turn back; I couldn't do better than that. But after further questioning, she told me at last of a lower cliff track or path, some miles apparently this side of the one I had in view. She marked it out for me with her bent-up old forefinger on the table-cloth. Follow this path far enough, I gathered, it would lead me into my right road at last.

"Not that she suggested my making the attempt. By no means. It was a matter of seven miles or more.

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And neither the natives of the village nor even chance visitors, it seemed, were tempted to make much use of this particular route."

"Why not?" enquired the man in leggings, and immediately coughed, as if he had thought better of it.

"That's what I am coming to," replied the schoolmaster—as though he had been lying in wait for the question. "You see my old lady had volunteered her last piece of information with a queerish look in her eyes—like some shy animal slipping into cover. She was telling me the truth, but not, I fancied, the whole truth.

"Naturally I asked what was wrong with the path; and was there anything of interest on the way or at the end of it—worth such a journey? Once more she took a long slow look at me, as if my catechism were rather more pressing than the occasion warranted. There *was* a something marked on the map, she had been given to understand—'just an old, ancient building, like.'

"Sure enough there was: though unfortunately, long wear of the one I carried had not only left indecipherable more than a gothic letter or two of any record of it, but had rubbed off a square half-mile or so of the country round about it.

"It was proving a little irksome to draw Truth out of her well, and when innocently enough I asked if there was any one in charge of the place, the old lady was obviously disconcerted. She didn't seem to think it needed being taken charge of; though she confessed at last that a house 'not nearly so old, sir, you will understand,' stood near-by, in which lived a gentleman of the name of Kempe.

"It was easier sailing now that we had come to Mr. Kempe. The land, it appeared, including the foreshore—but apart from the chapel—had been in his family since the beginning of time. Mr. Kempe himself had formerly been in the Church—Conformist or otherwise—and had been something of a traveller, but had returned home with an invalid wife many years before.

"Mrs. Kempe was dead now; and there had been no

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children, 'none, at least, as you would say grew up to what might be called living.' And Mr. Kempe himself had not only been ailing for some little time, but might, for all my informant knew apparently, be dead himself. Nevertheless, there was still a secretive look in the faded eyes—almost as if she believed Mr. Kempe had discovered little methods of his own against the onsets of mortality! Anyhow, she couldn't tell; nobody ever went that way now, so far as she was aware. There was the new road up above. What's more, tidings of Mr. Kempe's end, I gathered, however solitary, would not exactly put the village into mourning.

"It was already latish afternoon; and in that windless summer weather walking had been rather arduous form of amusement. I was tired. A snowy low-pitched upper-room overlooking the sea was at my disposal if I wanted it for a night or two. And yet, even while I was following this good soul up her narrow staircase, I had already decided to push on in the direction of Mr. Kempe. If need be, I would come back that evening. Country people are apt to be discreet with strangers—however open in appearance. Those shrewd old eyes—when at least they showed themselves—had hinted that even with an inch to the mile a map-maker cannot exhaust a countryside. The contours, I had noticed, were unusal. Besides, Mr. Kempe was not likely to be interesting company because he was a recluse!

"I put down five shillings on account for my room, and the kindly old creature laid them aside in an ornament on her mantlepiece. There they lie still, for all I know. I have never reclaimed them."

The man in leggings once more turned his large, shapeless face towards the schoolmaster, but this time he made no audible comment.

"And did you find Mr. Kempe?" I enquired.

The schoolmaster smiled, looking more like a philanthropic monkey than ever. "I set out at once: watched by the old lady from her porch, until, with a wave of my hand for adieu, I turned out of the village street, and she was hidden from sight. There was no mistaking the path—even though

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it led off over a stile into a patch of stinging-nettles, and then past a boggy goose-pond.

"After a few hundred yards it began to dip towards the shore, keeping more or less level with the sea for a mile or so until it entered a neat and sandy cove—the refuge even in summer of all sorts of flotsam and sea-rubbish; and a positive maëlstrom, I should imagine, when the winter gales sweep in. Towards the neck of this cove the wheel-marks in the thin turf faded out, and the path meandered on for a while beside a brook and under some fine ash trees, then turned abruptly to the right, and almost due north. The bleached bows of a tarred derelict boat set up on end and full of stones—*The Orion*—was my last touch with civilisation.

"It was a quiet evening; the leaves and grasses shone green and motionless, the flowers standing erect on their stalks under the blue sky, as if carved out of wax. The air was uncommonly sweet, with its tang of the sea. Taking things easy like this, it was well worth while to be alive. I sat down and rested, chewing a grass-stalk and watching the friendly lapping sea. Then up and on.

"After about an hour's steady walking, the path began once more to ascend. It had by now led shorewards again, though I was softly plodding on out of sight and all but out of sound of the tide. Dense neglected woods rose on either side of me, and though whenever the sun could pierce in there were coverts in plenty, hardly a cry of insect or bird stirred the air. To all intents I might have been exploring virgin country. Now and again indeed the fallen bole of a tree or matted clumps of bramble, briony, and traveller's joy compelled me to make a wideish detour. But I was still steadily ascending, and the view tended at length to become more and more open; with here and there a patch of bright green turf and a few scrub brushes of juniper or sprouting tamarisk.

"Shut in as I had been, until this moment it had been difficult to guess how far above me the actual plateau lay, or precisely how far below the sea—though I had caught

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distant glimpses now and again of its spreading silver and the far horizon. Even at this point it would have been flattery to call the track a path. The steeper its incline, the more stony and precarious became one's footing. And then at last I rounded the first of a series of bluffs or headlands, commanding a spectacular view of the coast behind me, though nothing of what lay in front.

"The tiny village had vanished. About a hundred and fifty feet beneath the steep on whose margin I was standing—with a flaming bush of gorse here and there, and an occasional dwarf oak as grey as silk in the evening light—the incoming tide gently mumbled against its rocks, rocks of a peculiar patchy green and black.

"I took another look at my map, enjoyed a prolonged 'breather,' and went on. Steadily up and inward now and almost due North-West. And once more untended thickets rose dense on either side, and the air was oppressed with a fragrance as sickly as chloroform. Some infernal winter tempest or equinoctial gale must have lately played havoc here. Again and again I had to clamber over the bole or through the head-twigs of monster trees felled by the wind, and still studded with a few sprouting *post-mortem* pale-green buds. It was like edging between this world and the next.

"Apart, too, from the gulls with their saturnine gabbling, and flights of clanging oysters-catchers on the rocks below, what birds I saw were birds of prey: buzzards and kestrels chiefly, suspended as if by a thread from space, their small heads stooping between their quivering wings. And once I overheard what I took to be the cough of a raven to its mate. About twenty minutes afterwards, my second bluff hove into sight. And I paused for a while, staring at it.

"For ordinary purposes I have a fairly good head. And yet I confess that before venturing further I took a prolonged look at this monster and at the faint patternings of the path that lay before me, curving first in, then out, along and across the face of the cliff, and just faintly etching its precipitous surface as it edged out of sight. It's a foolish

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thing perhaps to imagine oneself picked out clean against the sky on a precipitous slope—if, that is, you mean to put the fancy into action. You get a sort of double-barrelled view of your mortal body crouching there semi-erect, little better than a frame-work of bones.

"Not that there was as yet any positive risk or danger. The adventure would have been child's play, no doubt, even for an amateur mountaineer. You had only to pick your way, keeping a sharp eye on the loose stones, and—to avoid megrims—skirting round the final curve without pausing to look up or to look down. A modest man might possibly try all fours. Still, after that, it did not surprise me to remember that visitors to these parts had usually preferred some other method of reaching the road and country up above. Pleasure may be a little *over*-spiced with excitement."

"Steep, eh?" ejaculated the man in leggings.

"Yes, steep," replied the schoolmaster. "Taken as mere scenery," he continued, "there was nothing to find fault with there. Leagues and leagues of sea stretched out to the vague line of the horizon like an immense plate, mottled green and blue. A deep pinkish glow, too, had begun to spread over the eastern skies, mantling up into heights of space made the more abysmal in appearance by wisps of silver cirrus.

"Now and again I lay back with my heels planted on what was left of the path, and rested a moment, staring up into that infinity. Now and again I all but decided to go back. But sheer curiosity to see the mysterious hermitage of which I had heard, and possibly the shame of proving myself yet another discredited visitor, lured me on. Solitude, too, is like deepening water to a swimmer: that also lures you on. Except for an occasional bloated, fork-tailed, shrimp-like insect that showed itself when a flake of dislodged stone went scuttering down into the abyss below, I was the only living creature abroad. Once more I pushed cautiously forward. But it was an evil-looking prospect, and the intense silence of the evening produced at last a peculiar

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sense of unreality and isolation. My universe seemed to have become a mere picture—and I out of place in it. It was as if I had been mislaid and forgotten.

"I hung by now, I suppose, about two or three hundred feet above the sea; and maybe a hundred or so beneath the summit of the wall which brushed my left elbow. Wind-worn boulders, gently whispered over by saplings of ash or birch, jutted shallowly out here and there above and below me. Marine plants lifted their wind-bitten flowers from inch-wide ledges on which their seeds had somehow found a lodging. The colours mirrored in sky and water increased in brilliance and variety as the sunset advanced, though here was only its reflection; and the flat ocean beneath lapped soundlessly on; its cream-like surf fringing here and there the very base of the cliff, beneath which, like antediluvian monsters, vast rocks lay drowsing. I refrained from examining them too closely.

"But even if—minute intrusive mote that I was, creeping across that steep of wall—even if I had been so inclined, there was little opportunity. Though wind, frost and rain had gnawed and fretted to some purpose the face of the cliff, sure foothold and finger-hold became ever more precarious. An occasional ringing reverberation from far below suggested, too, that even the massive bulk of rock itself might be honeycombed to its foundations. What once had been a path was now the negation of one. And the third prodigious bluff towards which I presently found myself slowly, almost mechanically, advancing, projected into space at a knifelike angle; cut sharp in gigantic passive profile against the skies.

"I made a bewildering attempt to pretend to be casual and cheerful—even to whistle. But my lips were dry, and breath or courage failed me. None the less I had contrived to approach within twenty yards or so of that last appalling silhouette, when, as if a warning voice had whispered the news in my ear, I suddenly realized the predicament I was in. To turn back now was impossible. Nor had I a notion of what lay on the futher side of the headland. For a few

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instants my very bones and sinews rebelled against me, refusing to commit themselves to the least movement. I could do no more than cling spasmodically with my face to the rock.

"But to hang there on and on and wither like an autumnal fly was out of the question. One single hour of darkness, one spinning puff of wind, would inevitably dislodge me. But darkness was some hours distant; the evening was of a dead calm; and I thanked my stars there was no sun to roast and confuse me with his blaze and heat. I thanked my stars—but where would my carcase be when those stars began to show themselves in the coming night? All this swept through my mind in an instant. Complete self-possession was the one thing needful. I realized that too. And then a frightful cold came over me: sweat began to pour off my body; the very soul within me became sick with fear.

"I use the word soul because this renewed nausea was something worse than physical. I was a younger man then, and could still in the long run rely on nerve and muscle, but fear turns one's blood to water—that terror of the spirit, and not merely of the mind or instinct. It bides its moment until the natural edges off into—into the unknown.

"Not that Nature, as we call her, even in the most congenial surroundings, is the sort of old family nurse that makes one's bed every morning, and tucks one up with a 'God bless you' over-night. Like the ants and the aphides and the elvers and the tadpoles, she produces us humans in millions; leaving us otherwise to our own devices. We can't even guess what little stratagems for the future she may be hiding up her sleeve. We can't even guess. But that's a mere commonplace. After all, so far as we can prove, she deserves only a small 'n' to her name!

"What I'm suggesting is merely that though she appeared to have decoyed me into this rat-trap with all her usual artlessness, she remained a *passive* enemy, and what now swathed me like a breath of poison—as with face, promise, knees and belly pressed close against the rock, I began once more working softly on from inch-wide ledge and inch-deep

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weed, my tongue like tinder, my eyes seeming to magnify every glittering atom they tried to focus—was the consciousness of some power or influence beyond Nature's. It was not so much of death—and I actually with my own eyes *saw* my body inertly hurtling to its doom beneath—that I was afraid. What terrified me beyond words to express was some positive presence here, in a more desperate condition even than I. I was being waylaid.

"When you come to such a pass as this, you lose count of time. I had become an automaton—little better than a beetle obeying the secret dictates of what I believe they call the Life-Urge; and how precisely I contrived to face and to circumnavigate that last bit of precipice, I cannot recall. But this once done, in a few minutes I was in comparative safety. I found myself sluggishly creeping again along a path which had presently widened enough to allow me to turn my face outwards from the rock, and even to rest. And even though the precipice beneath me was hardly less abrupt and enormous, and the cliff-face above actually overhung my niche, for the time being I was out of physical danger. I was, as they say, my own man again; had come back.

"It was high time. My skull seemed to have turned to ice; I was wet through; my finger nails were split; my hands covered with blood, and my clothes would have disgraced a tramp.

"But all trace of fear had left me, and what now swept my very wits away in this almost unendurable reaction was the sheer beauty of the scene that hung before my eyes. Half reclining, not daring yet to stir, my outstretched hands clasping two knobs of rock, my eyeballs gently moving to and fro, I sat there and feasted on the amazing panorama spread out before me; realising none the less that I was in the presence of something—how can I express it?—of something a little different from, stranger and less human than—well, our old friend Nature.

"The whole face of this precipice was alight with colour—dazzling green and orange, drifts of snow and purple—campion, sea-pink, may-weed, samphire, camomile, lichen, stone-

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crop, with fleshy and aromatic plants that I knew not even the names of, sweeping down drift beyond drift into a narrow rock-bound tranquil bay of the darkest emerald and azure, and then sweeping up once more drift beyond drift into the vault of the sky, its blue fretted over as if it by some master architect with silvery interlacings, a scattered feather-like fleece of vapour.

"The steady cry too, possibly amplified by echo, of the incoming tide reached me here once more; a whisper and yet not toneless. And on and on into the distance swept the gigantic coast line, crowned summit to base with its emerald springtide woods.

"Still slightly intoxicated as I was by the terror and danger in which I had been, and which were now for the moment past and gone, I gave myself ample opportunity to rest and to drink in this prodigious spectacle. And yet, as I lay there, still at a dizzy altitude, midway between sea and sky, but in perfect safety, the odd conviction persisted, that though safe, I was not yet secure. It was as if I were still facing some peril of the mind, and absurd and irrational though it may sound there was a vague disquieting hint within me of disappointment—as if I had lost without realising it a unique opportunity. And yet, all this medley of hints and intuitions was wholly subsidiary to the consciousness that from some one point in all this vacancy around me, a steady devouring gaze was fixed on me, that I was being watched."

Once more our hard-headed friend fidgeted uneasily on his stool.

"It sounds absurd, I agree," the schoolmaster caught him up, "simply because, apart from the seabirds and the clouds, I had been and was still the only moving object within view. The sudden apparition of me crawling around that huge nose of rock must have been as conspicuous as it was absurd. Besides, myriads of concealed eyes in the dense forest towering conically up on the other side of the narrow bay beneath me, and looming ever more mistily from headland to headland towards the north and west, could have watched my every

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movement. A thousand arrows from unseen archers concealed on the opposing heights might at any instant have transfixed me where I lay. One becomes conscious, too, of the sort of empty settled stare which fixes an intruder into such solitudes. It is at the same time, vacant, enormous and hostile.

"But I don't mean that. I still mean something far more definite—and more dangerous, too, than that; and I keep to it even if this precise memory may have been affected by what came after. For I was soon to learn that in actual fact I *was* being watched; and by as cute and unhuman a pair of eyes as I have ever seen in mortal head.

"With infinite caution I rose to my feet again at last, and continued my journey. The path grew steadily easier; soil succeeded to bare rock, and it must not very long before, I discovered, have been trodden by other human feet than mine. There were faint marks of hobnails between its tussocks of grass and moss and thrift.

"It presently descended a little, and then in a while, from out of the glare of the evening, I found myself entering a broader and heavily-shaded track leading straight onwards and tunnelling inland into the woods. It was, to my amazement, close on eight o'clock, and too late to dream of turning back, even if I could have persuaded myself to face again the experience of the last half-hour. Yet whatever curiosity might say for itself, I felt a peculiar disinclination to forge ahead. The bait had ceased to be enticing.

"I paused once more under the dismal funnel of greenery in which I found myself, staring at the face of my watch, and then had another look at the map. A minute or two's scrutiny assured me that straight ahead was my only possible course. And why not? There was company ahead. In this damp soil the impressions of the hobnailed shoes showed more clearly. Quite recently those shoes must have come and gone along this path on three separate occasions at least. Mine had been a rather acutely solitary excursion, and yet for the life of me I had not the smallest desire to meet the maker of those footprints.

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"In less than half-an-hour, however, I came to a standstill beneath 'the old, ancient building' that had once been marked on my map. And an uncompanionable sight it was. Its walls lay a little back from the green track in what appeared to be a natural clearing, or amphitheatre, though at a few yards' distance huge pines, in shallow rising semicircles, hemmed it in. In shape it was all but circular; and must once no doubt have been a wayside hermitage or cell. It was of stone and was surmounted by a conical roof of thick and heavy slabs, at the south side of which rose a minute bell-cote, and toward the east a stunted stone cross, with one of its arms broken away.

"The round arched door—its chevron edging all but defaced—refused to open. Nothing was to be seen in the gloom beyond its gaping keyhole. There was but one narrow slit of window, and this was beyond my reach. I could not even guess the age of this forbidding yet beautiful thing, and the gentleman—as I found afterwards—who had compiled the local guide-book had omitted to mention it altogether. Here and there in its fabric decay had begun to show itself, but clumsy efforts had been made at repair.

"In that deep dark verdurous silence, unbroken even by drone or twitter, the effect of those walls in their cold minute simplicity was peculiarly impressive. They seemed to strike a solemn chill into the air around them—those rain-stained senseless stones. And what looked like a kind of derelict burial-ground to the south side of it only intensified its sinister aspect. No place surely for when the slow dark hours begin.

"The graves were very few in number, and only one name was decipherable on any of the uncouth and half-buried headstones. Two were mere mounds in the nibbled turf. I had drawn back to survey once more from this new aspect the walls beyond, when—from one instant to the next, so to speak—I became aware of the presence of Mr. Kempe. He was standing a few paces distant, his gaze in my direction—as unexpected an apparition as that of the ghost in Macbeth. Not even a robin could have appeared with less dis-

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turbance of its surroundings. Not a twig had snapped, not a leaf had rustled.

"He looked to be a man of about sixty or more, in his old greenish-black half-clerical garb, his trousers lapping concertina-like over immense ungainly boots. An antiquated black straw hat was on his head. From beneath it grey hair flowed out a little on either side the long colourless face with its straggling beard. His eyes were clear as water—the lids unusually wide apart—and they had the peculiarity, perceptible even at this distance, of not appearing to focus what their attention was fixed upon. That attention was fixed upon me as a matter of fact, and, standing as I was, with head turned in his direction, we so remained, closely regarding one another for what seemed to be a matter of hours rather than of moments.

"It was I who broke the silence with some affectedly-casual remark about the weather, and the interestingness of the relic that stood, something like a huge mushroom of stone, near by. The voice that sounded in answer was even more astonishing than Mr. Kempe himself. It seemed to proceed from a throat rusty from want of use, and carried a kind of vibrant glassy note in it, like the clash of fine glass slightly cracked. At first I could not understand what he said. The sound of it reminds me now of Alexander Selkirk when his rescuers found him in Juan Fernandez. They said he spoke his words by halves, you'll remember. So did Mr. Kempe. They sounded like relics of a tongue as ancient as the unknown saint's chapel beside which we had met.

"Still, I was myself as nervous as a cat. With all his oddities—those wide, colourless eyes, those gestures, that over-loud voice, there was nothing hostile, nothing even discourteous in his manner, and he did not appear to be warning me off as a trespasser. Indeed the finger wagging at me in the air was clearly beckoning me on. Not that I had any keen inclination to follow. I preferred to go on watching him, and attempted to mark time by once more referring to the age and architecture of the chapel—asked

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him at last pointblank if it was now too late to beg the courtesy of a glimpse inside.

"The evening light momentarily brightened above the dark, spreading tops of the pines and struck down full on this queer shape with its engrossed yet vacant face. His eyes never faltered, their pin-prick pupils fixed in their almost hueless irises. Reflected thus, I seemed to be an object of an extremely limited significance—a mere speck floating in their intense inane. The eyes of the larger cats and the hawk-tribe have a similar effect; and yet one could hardly assert that their prey has no significance for *them!*

"He made no attempt to answer my questions, but appeared to be enquiring, in turn, how I had contrived to invade his solitude; what I wanted, in short. I was convinced none the less that he was deceiving me. He knew well how I had come: though, of course, meeting as we had, only one way had been possible—that from the sea.

"It might be impolitic to press the matter. I merely suggested that my journey had not been 'roses all the way,' that I must get back to the world above before nightfall; and once more gave him to understand my innocent purpose—the desire to examine this curious relic. His gaze wandered off to the stone hermitage, returned, and then as if in stealth, rested an instant intently on my hands. Otherwise he remained perfectly motionless: his long knotted fingers hanging down out of the sleeves of a jacket too short for his gaunt body, and those ineffably clumsy rusty boots.

"The air in this green niche of the bay was stagnant with the scent of foliage and flowers; and so magically dark and clear, it was as though you were in the presence of a dream. Of a dreamer indeed—responsible not only for its beauty, but also for its menacing influence on the mind. All this, however, only convinced me the more of the necessity to keep my attention steadily fixed on the figure beside me. There was a something, an aura, about him difficult to describe. It was as if he himself were a long way off from his body—though that's pure nonsense, of course. As the phrase goes —he was not *all there.* Once more his eyes met mine, and

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the next thing that occurred to me was that I had never seen a human countenance that betrayed so desperate a hunger. But for what? It was impossible to tell.

"He was pressing me to follow him. I caught the word 'key'; and he at once led the way. With a prolonged reluctant look behind me—that antiquated cell of stone; those gigantic pines; the few sinking mounds clad in their fresh green turf—I turned in my tracks; and the glance he cast at me over his shoulder was intended, I gathered, as a smile of encouragement.

"The straggling gabled house to which he conducted me, with its low tower and smokeless chimneys now touched with the last cold red of sunset, was almost more windows than wall. The dark glass of their casements showed like water in its discoloured sides. Beyond it the ravine ascended ever more narrowly, and the house rested here in this green gap like a mummy long since deserted by its ghost.

"We crossed a cobbled courtyard, and Mr. Kempe preceded me up a wooden flight of stairs into a low-ceiled room with one all but ivy-blinded window, and, oddly enough, a stone floor. Except for the space where hung the faded portrait of what appeared to be a youngish woman, her hair dressed in ringlets, bookshelves covered the walls. Books lay hugger-mugger everywhere, indeed: on the table, on the chairs, on the floor, and even piled into the chimney of the rusty grate. The place was fusty with their leather bindings, and with damp.

"They had evidently been both well-used and neglected. There was little opportunity to get the general range of their titles—though a complete row of them I noticed were in Latin—because some vague intuition compelled me to keep my attention fixed upon my host. He had motioned me to a chair, and had seated himself on another that was already topped with two or three folios. It must have been even at midday a gloomy room; and owing to its situation it was a dark house. The door having admitted us, stood open; beyond it yawned the silent staircase."

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At this the schoolmaster paused; the landlady of the *Blue Boar* had once more emerged, and, like one man, we shamefacedly pushed our three glasses across the counter.

"And what happened then?" I enquired.

At this the man in leggings slightly turned his tortoise-like head in my direction, as if its usual resort was beneath a shell.

The schoolmaster watched the shape of the landlady till it vanished into the dusk beyond. "Mr. Kempe began talking to me," he said. "Rapidly and almost incoherently at first, but gradually slowing down till I could understand more or less what he was saying. He was explaining, a little unnecessarily as I fancied, that he was a recluse; that the chapel was not intended for public worship; that he had few visitors; that he was a scholar and therefore was in need of little company but his books. He swept his long arm towards these companions of his leisure. The little light that silted through the window struck down across his tousled head, just touching his brow and cheekbones as he talked. And then in the midst of this harangue he suddenly came to an end, and asked me if I had been sent there. I assured him that I had come of my own free will, and would he oblige me before we returned to the chapel, with a glass of water. He hesitated.

"'Water?' he repeated. 'Oh, water?' And then with a peculiar gesture he crossed the room and shut the door after him. His boots beat as hollowly on the stairs as sticks on a tom-tom. I heard the creaking of a pump-handle, and in a moment he reappeared carrying a blue-lined cup without a handle. With a glance at the portrait over my head, I drank its ice-cold contents at a gulp, and pushed the cup in between two dogs-eared books.

"'I want to get back to the road up above,' I explained.

"This seemed to reassure him. He shut his mouth and sat gazing at me. 'Ah! The road up above!'

"Then, 'Why?' he suddenly almost bawled at me, as if I were sitting a long way off. His great hands were clasped on his angled knees, his body bolt upright.

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"'Why what?'

"'Why have you come here? What is there to spy out? This is private property. What do you do—for a living? What's the use of it all?'

"It was an unusual catechism—from stranger to stranger. But I had just escaped an unpleasant death, and could afford to be indulgent. Besides, he was years and years older than I. I told him that I was a schoolmaster, on vacation, not thinking it necessary to add that owing to a small legacy I was out of a job at the time. I said I was merely enjoying myself.

"'Enjoying yourself! And you teach!' he cried with a snap of his jaw. 'And what do you teach? Silly, suffocating lies, I suppose; or facts, as you prefer to call them.' He drew his hand down his long colourless face, and I stole a glance towards the door. 'If human beings *are* mere machines, well and good,' he went on. 'But supposing, my young friend, they are not mere machines? Supposing they have souls in their bodies: what then? Supposing *you* have a soul in your body: what then? Ay, and the proof; the proof!'"

The schoolmaster's face puckered up once more into a genial smile.

"I won't attempt," he went on, "to repeat word for word the talk I had that evening. I can give only the gist of it. But I had stumbled pretty abruptly, you'll notice, on Mr. Kempe's King Charles's head. And he presented me with it on a charger. He was possessed, I gathered, by one single aim, thought and desire. All these years of his 'retirement' had apparently been spent in this one quest. Certain doubts in my mind sprang up a little later in the evening, but it was clear from the beginning that in pursuit of it he had spared neither himself nor the wife that was gone. It was no less clear that he was entirely incapable of what better brains, no doubt would have considered a scientific treatment of his theme.

"He thrust into my hand a few chapters of a foolscap manuscript that lay on the table—a fly-blown mirky pile of

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paper at least eighteen inches high. Never have I seen anything to which the term 'reading-*matter*' seemed more appropriate. The ink was faded on the top page; it was stained as if with tea. This work was entitled briefly, 'The Soul'—though the sub-title that followed it would not have disgraced the author of the 'Anatomy.'

"I could follow no more than a line or two at a time of the crazy handwriting. The pages were heavily interscored, annotated and revised, not only in pencil but in violet and in red ink. A good part of it appeared to be in Latin and Hebrew, and other inactive tongues. But turning them over at haphazard I caught such page-headings as 'Contemplation'; 'Dreams'; 'Flagellation'; 'Cadaver'; 'Infancy.' I replaced the sheets a little gingerly on the table; though one mustn't, of course, judge of the merits of a work by the appearance of it in MS.

"The desolation of its author's looks and his abruptness of manner thinned away awhile as he warmed to his subject. But it was not so much his own sufferings in the cause as the thought of what Mrs. Kempe's last few years on earth must have been to her, that made me an attentive listener. Hers must indeed have proved a lingering death. He had never left her side, I gathered, for weeks at a time, except to tend his patch of garden, and to prepare their niggardly meals. And as her body had wasted, poor soul, his daily inquisition, his daily probings had become ever more and more urgent and desperate.

"There was no doubt in the world that this afflicted old man had loved his wife. The softening of the vacant inhuman eyes as he told me of that last deathbed colloquy was enough to prove that. Maybe it was in part because of this affection that mere speculation had sharpened into what they call an *idée fixe*. Still, I hardly think so. More probably the insidious germ had shared his cradle. And after all, some degree of conviction on the subject is not out of place in men of his cloth. He had abandoned his calling indeed, he was assuring me, solely as a proof of his zeal!

"He showed me also one or two late photographs of Mrs.

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Kempe—taken with his own antiquated camera, and 'developed' maybe in this very room. Soul indeed! There was little else. The face murkily represented in them wore a peculiar remote smile. The eyes had been hollowly directed towards the round leather cap of the machine. And so fallen were the features, now fading away on the discoloured paper, they might as well have been the presentment of a ghost.

"What precise proofs he had actually demanded of this companion of his hermitage I cannot even guess. And what proofs might he still be pleading for, pursuing? Evidently none as yet had satisfied his craving. But it was at least to his credit that his own personal experiments—experiments on himself, I mean—had been as drastic. In one of them I had unwittingly shared. For the cliff path, I discovered, had long been his constant penance. A catlike foot was concealed beneath those brobdingnagian shoes. His had been the hand that had not only helped Nature protect her fastnesses, but had kept off all but one or two occasional stragglers as fatuous as myself.

"It had been his haunt, this path—day and night. He questioned the idle heavens there. In the face of a peril so extreme the spirit wins almost to the point of severance from its earthly clay. Night and a half-moon and the northern constellations—I could at least in part share his vigils there. Only an occasional ship ventures into sight of that coast, but almost any day, it seemed, during these last few years a good spy-glass might have discerned from its decks a human shape facing the Infinite from that appalling eyrie.

"Both delusions and illusions, too, are rapid breeders. Which of the two I wondered—still wonder—was *this* old man's conviction—the conviction, I mean, that one is likely to be more acutely conscious of the spirit within when the body is suspended, as it were, from the lintel of Death's door. The dreams that may come in such circumstances every true blue psychologist no doubt would merely pooh-pooh. Still, after all, Mr. Kempe had been something of a pioneer

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in this inquest. He had not spared himself. He could not live by faith, it seemed. He must indeed again and again have come uncommonly near dying in the pursuit of it.

"He had fasted moreover, and was now little more than a mere frame of bones within his outlandish clothes. Those boots of his—they kept forcing themselves on my attention—a worse fit than any worn by some homesick desperate Tommy clambering 'over the top' in the Great War. They stuck in my mind.

" 'You don't seem to realise—you folk out there don't seem to realise' he suddenly began shouting at me, 'that nothing in this world is of the slightest importance compared with a Yes or No to what I ask. If we are nothing more than the brutes that perish—and no sign ever comes from them, I may tell you—then let us perish, I say. Let fire descend from Heaven and shrivel us up. I care not in what cataclysm of horror. I have passed them all. I am suggesting no blasphemy. I make no challenge; no denial—merely a humble plodder, my dear sir. But no! Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Not a word.' He lifted himself out of his chair, opened the door, looked out and came back to it again.

" 'I disapprove'—he brandished his out-spread fingers at me—'I disapprove absolutely of peering and prying. Your vile pernicious interferences with the natural mysteries which we as humanity inherited from the old Adam. Away with them! I declare I am a visitor here. I declare that this'—he swept his hand down his meagre carcase, '—this is my mere tenancy. All that I seek is the simplest proof. A proof, that would not so much as stay a pulse-beat in the vile sceptics that give their wretched lives to what they call Science.

" 'I am not even a philosopher,' he ejaculated. 'I am here alone, a wayfaring man and a fool. Alone—in the face of this one supreme mystery. And I need aid!' His voice ceased; he threw out his hands and sat there emptily gazing at me.

"And so he continued. Now he would lift himself out of

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his chair and prowling from shelf to shelf, scanning at but an inch or two distant the title of their contents, would thrust volume after volume into my hands for evidence, accompanying his clumsy motions with peevish and broken comments impossible to follow. I was presently surrounded with these things as with a surf.

"Then he would once more seat himself, and embark on a protracted harangue with that cracked disused voice rising steadily until it broke into a discordant screech of argument.

"'Almighty God,' he yelled at me, 'you sit there, living, breathing, a human being; and the one justification of this hideous masquerade left uncertain.' He flung his hand into the air. 'What right has he even to share the earth with me!' he shouted into the quiet.

"Then once more there followed as swift a return to silence, to self-possession—that intent devouring stare. One at least knows oneself to be something objective in any chance-encountered pair of human eyes. In his, as I have said already, I appeared to have no material existence whatsoever. Mr. Kempe might have been surveying, talking to, his own shadow. It was peculiarly disconcerting.

"After yet another such outburst he had for a moment lain back in his chair as if exhausted. And I was so intent in my scrutiny of him that a second or two went by before I sprang forward to pick up the few dingy photographs that had fallen out of his hand on to the grimy patch of carpet beneath. But he himself had stooped even more abruptly, and our skulls collided together with a crack that for the moment all but dazed me.

"But the eye moves almost as swiftly as the mind, and the collision had not been hasty enough to prevent my snatching a glimpse of one or two of them, photographs of which neither this widower nor his wife had been the original. I drew back appalled—their details fixed in my mind as if etched there by a flash of lightning. And, leaving him to gather up his further evidences as best he could, I instantly found myself edging towards the door. Those squalid oblongs of cardboard were easily concealed in his immense

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palm. He pawed them together as clumsily as a bear might combs of honey; then slowly raised his grey dishevelled head, and met my eyes.

"I paused. 'You have had other visitors at times?' I queried as mildly as my tongue would allow.

" 'What visitors, young man, do you mean, may I ask?' An extraordinary change had come into his voice—a flatness, an obsequiousness. The ingratiating tones were muffled, as if he could hardly trust himself to speak. For a while I could only gape in reply.

" 'Like myself,' I blurted out at last. 'Visitors who come to—well, out of sheer curiosity. There's the other route, I suppose?'

"My one desire just then was to keep my thoughts about Mr. Kempe rational and within bounds. To make a monster of him would be merely to lose my head once more as I had already lost it on that afternoon's journey. None the less I was now looking at him through the after-image of those chance-seen photographs. They were a disturbing medium. The body of a human being who has fallen from a great height is not pleasing and pacifying to look at even though for a while its owner may have survived the fatality. There were others, too; and yet, it was less his photographs than the amateur photographer that had set my teeth on edge. He looked so old and so helpless—like an animal, as I say, enslaved by and yet incapable of obeying some heaven-sent instinct. That terrifying, doglike despair!

"But then, open your newspaper any fine morning of your life, and which is the more likely to greet you on the news-page: the innocent young lady in the pink gauze petticoats over there, or that old figure of fun in the monk's cowl?"

The tortoiselike shape of the man in leggings once more stirred on its stool. But this time his little eyes were turned in my direction.

"How did you manage to get out at last?" I enquired of the schoolmaster.

"Well," he said, "all this time Mr. Kempe had been watching me as circumspectly as I had been watching him, but as

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if, too, he were uncertain how many paces distant from him I stood. Then once more voice and manner changed. He feigned to be reassured. 'It has been a wonderful day,' he remarked, with the dignity of an old retired scholar whose dubious fortune it has been to entertain a foreign prince; 'a wonderful day. And my only regret is that I was unprepared for the occasion; that I have so poor a hospitality to offer. You may have had an exceedingly painful experience this afternoon. Why, my dear sir, in the absence of mind that comes over me once I embark on this hobby of mine, I haven't even asked you to wash your hands.'

"Almost involuntarily I glanced down at them. Like Macbeth's they needed the invitation. But I must confess I preferred this old minister when he was not talking to me as if I were an imbecile child in a Sunday School. Besides, I knew perfectly well that—whether from that tumbling watch-tower of his, or from some hiding-place in the woods—there had been one intent witness of that experience. I thrust my hands into my pockets out of his sight.

" 'If you will await me here a moment,' he went on—and his utterance began to thicken again—'I will get the key to the chapel—a remarkable, even unique example of its order. There was a well, too, in former times, and even archeologists have failed to agree about its date. They used to come; they used to come: and would argue, too. Why I can *prove* it is at least not later than the ninth century. And the interior . . . but, dear me, it will soon be dark; and—no—you mustn't think of leaving the house to-night. I need company; I *need* it." He poked forward at me again, while yet furtively and rapidly edging towards the door.

"With a peculiar disinclination to come into the very slightest contact with his person, I had to dodge out of his way to allow him to pass, and attempted to do so without appearing to show like a visitor who has strayed by mischance into the cage of a dangerous animal in some zoological garden. The old grey tousled head turned not an inch upon its heavy, angular shoulders as he passed me; but in the dimming light of the window I caught a glimpse of the wide sea-

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like eyes intently fixed on me—like lifeless planets in the waste of space.

"Even a young man may have intimations of the fool he is about to prove himself. Intimations, I mean, that come too late. Before the cumbrous door had closed behind him, I was listening for the sounds of the key being turned in the lock. I didn't even wait to try the handle, but tiptoed as rapidly as possible over the heaped-up books on the floor towards the window. It was one of dingy oblong panes, and the hasp was broken. The drop beneath its sill—to anyone at least who had reached the house by the less easy way of the two roads—was almost as easy as getting into bed. It would land me some ten feet below on a heap of vegetable rubbish. But the hinges of the window had been allowed to rust, and the wood to shrink and swell with the changing seasons.

"Not a sound had followed the locking of the door, and unless Mr. Kempe had disencumbered his feet of their boots, he was at that moment collecting his wits immediately outside of it. I tiptoed across once more. 'Please don't let me be any trouble,' I bawled. 'I could come again another time.'

"The next instant I was back at the window, listening. The answer boomed down at me at last from some room above. But I could distinguish no words—merely a senseless babble. It would be indiscreet, it seemed, to hesitate any longer. I seized a frowsy cushion and with all my force thrust it against the rotten frame of the window. It flew open with but one explosive crack. I was prepared for it. Once more I paused. Then after a last hasty glance around that dismal laboratory, its scattered books, fusty papers, blackened ceiling, broken lamp—and that one half-obliterated portrait of the gentle apologetic faded young woman on the wall, I clambered soundlessly on to the sill, and dropped. The refuse below was thoroughly rotten; not a twig snapped.

"The moment I touched ground I regretted this igno-

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minious exit. There was I, a young man—thirty to forty years at least the junior of Mr. Kempe—a young man who, whether or not possessed of a soul, was at least fairly capable in body. Surely I might have ventured. . . . Life has more riddles than one. . . . But I did not pursue these thoughts far. The very look and appearance of the house as I glanced up at the window out of which I had descended so abruptly, its overhanging gable, its piebald darkened walls rising towards the first stars under the last of twilight—it was hardly less unhappy and unpleasing company than its tenant.

"I groped my way beyond its purlieus as quickly and silently as I could, mounted a low wall and was already in the woods. By luck I had caught a glimpse of the Plough straddling above the chimneys, so I knew my North, and edged off upwards and westwards for some little distance under the motionless trees before I came to a halt.

"The house was now out of sight, its owner once more abandoned to his own resources and researches. And I was conscious of no particular desire to return to examine the interior of the small stone hermitage, nor the inscriptions on the few headstones which memorialised those who had been longest slumbering in the ground near by.

"Possibly I was not the only visitor who had bidden the recluse in this valley so unmannerly a farewell. I cannot at any rate imagine anyone simpleton enough to venture back even in response to the sound of hysterical weeping that came edging across the silence of the woods."

"D'ye mean that old man was *crying?*" queried our friend in leggings.

The drizzle in the lane outside the Inn had plucked up courage as daylight ebbed, and had increased to a steady downpour. He had to repeat his question.

"I mean," said the schoolmaster a little acidly, "exactly what I say. I am nothing much of a traveller, or perhaps I could tell you what resemblance the noise of it had to the cajolings of a crocodile."

"My God!" coughed the other derisively. With this he

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seemed to have finally made up his mind, and lurched heavily off his stool. And without even so much as a "good-night" to our landlady, he betook himself out of the bar.

Except for the noise of the rain a complete silence followed his departure.

"And you never went back?" I ventured presently. "Or —or spoke about the matter?"

"I mean, do you see," said the schoolmaster, "I acted like a fool. I should have taken Mr. Kempe simply on his face value. There was nothing to complain about. He hadn't *invited* me to come and see him. And it was hardly his fault, I suppose, if an occasional visitor failed to complete so precarious a journey. I wouldn't go so far as that. He was merely one of those would-be benefactors to the human race who go astray; get lost, ramble on down the wrong turning. *Qua* pioneer, I ask," he rapped his fingers on the pewter of the counter, "was he exceptional?" He was arguing with himself, not with me.

I nodded. "But what was your impression—was *he* sure —Mr. Kempe? Either way?"

"The Soul?"

"Yes," I echoed, "the Soul."

But I repeated the word under my breath, for something in the sound of our voices seemed to have attracted the attention of the landlady. And, alas, she had decided to light up.

The solemnity of Man's remotest ancestors lay over the schoolmaster's features. "I can't say," he replied. "I am not certain even if he was aware how densely populated his valley had appeared to be—to a chance visitor, I mean. What's more, to judge from the tones of his voice, he had scarcely the effect of a single personality. There were at least three Mr. Kempes present that evening. And I haven't the faintest wish in the world to meet any one of them again."

"And afterwards? Was it comparatively easy finding your way—on to the new cliff road?"

"Comparatively," said the schoolmaster. "Though it took

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time. But nights are fairly short in May, even in country so thickly wooded as that."

I continued to look at him without speaking; yet another unuttered question on my lips.

To judge from the remote friendly smile he just blinked at me, he appeared to have divined it, though it produced no direct answer. He got down from his stool, looked at his empty glass—and for the first time I noticed he was wearing mittens over his small bluish hands. "It's getting late," he said, with an eye fixed vacantly once more on the automatic machine in the corner of the tap room. There was no denying it; nor that even the musty taproom of the *Blue Boar* looked more hospitable than the torrential darkness of the night outside. How strange is man. The spectacle depressed me beyond words—as if it had any more significance than that for its passing hour a dense yet not unbeneficent cloud was spread betwixt me—a wayfaring man and a fool —and the faithful shining of the stars.

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A COUNTRY HOUSE.[1]

By DOROTHY EDWARDS

From *The Calendar of Modern Letters.*

From the day when I first met my wife she has been my first consideration always. It is only fair that I should treat her so because she is young. When I met her she was a mere child with black ringlets down her back and big blue eyes. She put her hair up to get married. Not that I danced attendance on her. That is nonsense. But from the very first moment I saw her I allowed all those barriers and screens that one puts up against people's curiosity to melt away. Nobody can do more than that. It takes many years to close up all the doors to your soul. And then a woman comes along, and at the first sight of her you push them all open, and you become a child again. Nobody can do more than that.

And then at the first sight of a stranger she begins talking about "community of interests" and all that sort of thing. I must tell you we live in the country, a long way from a town, so we have not electric light. It is a disadvantage, but you must pay something for living in the country. It is a big house, too, and carrying lamps and candles from one end of it to another is hard. Not that it worries me. I have lived here since I was born. I can find my way about in the dark. But it is natural that a woman would not like it.

I had thought about it for a long time. I do not know anything about electrical engineering; but there is a stream running right down the garden, not a very small stream either. Now why not use the water for a little power-station of our own and make our own electricity?

I went up to town and called at the electrician's. They

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would send someone down to look at it. But they could not send anyone until September. Their man was going for his holidays the next day. He would be away until September. Now I suddenly felt that there was a great hurry. I wanted it done before September. They had no one else they could send, and it would take some time if I decided to have it done. I asked them to send for the electrician. I would pay him anything he liked if he would put off his holiday. They sent for him and he came in and listened to my proposal.

At this point I ought to describe his appearance. He was tall, about forty years old. He had blue eyes and grey hair brushed straight up. His hair might have been simply fair, not grey. I cannot remember that now. He had almost a military appearance, only he was shy, reserved and rather prim. His voice was at least an octave deeper than is natural in a speaking voice. He smiled as though he was amused at everyone else's amusement, only this was not contemptuous. Do not think for a moment that I regard this as a melodrama. I do not. I saw at once that he was a nice fellow, something out of the ordinary, not a villain at all.

He smiled when I asked him to put off his vacation. Nothing could be done until he had had a look at the place, and he was perfectly willing to come down that evening to see it. If it were possible to start work at once something could, perhaps, be arranged. I was pleased with this and I invited him to stay the night with us.

At five o'clock he was standing on the office steps with a very small bag, which he carried as if it were too light for him. He climbed into the car and sat in silence during the whole long drive. When we reached the avenue of trees just before we turn in at my gate—although it was still twilight, under the trees it was quite dark, because they are so thick—he said: "I should imagine this was very dark at night?"

"Yes, as black as pitch," I said.

"It would be a good thing to have a light here. It looks dangerous."

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"No. I don't want one here," I said, "nobody uses this road at night but I, and I know it in the dark. Light in the house will be enough."

I wonder if he thought that unreasonable or not. He was silent again.

We turned in at the gate. My wife came across the lawn to meet us. I do not know how to describe her. That day she wore a large white panama hat and a dress with flowers on it. I said before that she had black hair and blue eyes. She is tall too, and she still looks very young.

The electrician, his name was Richardson, stood with his feet close together and bowed from the waist. I told her that I had brought him here to see if it was possible to put in electric light.

"In the house?" she said. "That would be lovely. Is it possible at all?"

"I hope so," said Richardson, in his deep voice. I could see that she was surprised at it.

"We don't know yet," I said, "we must take him to see the stream."

She came with us. The stream runs down by the side of the house, curving a little with the slope of the garden, until it joins the larger stream which flows between the garden wall and the fields. We followed it down, not going round by the paths, but jumping over flower beds and lawns. Richardson looked all the time at the water, except once, when he helped my wife across a border.

"There is enough water," he said, "and I suppose it is fuller than this sometimes?"

"Yes, when it rains," said my wife. "Sometimes it is impossible to cross the stepping stones without getting one's shoes wet."

Now I will tell you where the stepping stones are. Where the stream curves most a wide gravelled path crosses it, and some high stones have been put in the water. When we came down as far as that Richardson said: "This is the place where we could have it. We could put a small engine-house here, and the water could afterwards be carried

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through pipes to join the stream down below, forming a sort of triangle with the hypotenuse underground."

I asked him if he was certain that it could be done.

"I think so," he said seriously.

My wife smiled at him eagerly.

"I hope the building will not be ugly; it would spoil the garden."

Richardson smiled in the amused way, and answered:

"It will, but it will not be high. We must have it at least half underground, with steps to go down to it. Would it be possible to plant some thick trees round it? Yews, as long as they do not interfere with the wires."

"Oh, yes, thank you," she said, "I believe we could have that."

Richardson looked about him a bit more, and he took some measurements with a tape measure from his pocket. Then we went back to the house. At dinner I asked him where he meant to spend his holiday.

"I am not sure," he said seriously. "I thought perhaps the Yorkshire moors would be a good place."

"You won't find anything better than this," I said. "Put off your holiday until September."

My wife moved to the door.

"Would you have to stay here during the work?" she asked.

"Or somewhere near here, Madam," he said.

"Yes, of course, here," she said, and walked out of the room. Richardson bowed from the waist again.

We arranged it easily. He would not put it off, but he would make this his holiday. He would bring his motor bike here and explore the country around. He could be here always when there was anything for him to do, and he considered our invitation to him to stay here more than enough compensation for the change of his plans.

Afterwards in the drawing-room he asked my wife if she was fond of music.

"That is what she *is* fond of," I said. "She plays the piano."

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What can anyone do with a strange man in the drawing-room but play the piano to him? She played a Chopin nocturne. Now I could watch girls dancing to Chopin's music all day, but to play Chopin to a stranger that you meet for the first time! What must he think of you! I can understand her playing even the nocturnes when she is alone. When one is alone one is in the mood for anything. But to choose to play them when she is meeting someone for the first time—that is simply wrong. Chopin's nights are like days. There is no difference except that they are rounded off. That is nonsense. Night does not round things off, night is a distorter. Those nocturnes come of never having spent his nights alone, of spending them either in an inn or in someone else's bedroom. No! How do I know what Chopin did! But I tell you they are the result of thinking of darkness as the absence of the sun's light. It is better to think of it as a vapour rising from the depths of the earth and perhaps bringing many things with it.

But he liked it. That is, Richardson liked the nocturne. He asked her to play another. While she turned over the pages I said aloud:

"Night isn't like that. Night is a distorter."

My wife looked into the darkness outside the window.

Richardson looked at her, then he looked at me in uncertainty. She began to play, and he, for a moment pretending to be apologetic, studied her music with concentration.

Why didn't they ask me what I meant? I could have proved it to them. In any case, it was an interesting point.

She played a lot of Chopin. Then as she came from the piano she said:

"You are fond of music, too. Do you play?"

"No," he said. "It was my great ambition to be a 'cellist but I never learnt to play it well, and I haven't one now. It is my favourite instrument."

"It is only the heavy father of a violin," I said. But I said it only because all that Chopin had annoyed me. I like the 'cello very much.

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"I have never liked anything better than the piano," said my wife. "I am sorry you do not play."

"He sings," I said.

He smiled with amusement.

"Do you?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes," he said, half bowing from where he sat.

"I knew by your speaking voice," I said. "Please let us hear you."

"I will bring some songs with me if you wish it," he said. "That is very kind of you," and he leaned back in his chair and cut off all communication with us. We sat in silence until my wife left us. Then we talked a little about the electric light and then went to bed.

The next day the work began. Until the small building was up and the pipes laid from it back to the stream Richardson could do nothing more than see that the measurements were right. He carried a small black note-book and kept looking at it and then looking up at us and saying:

"This is no work at all, you know; it is simply like a holiday."

He brought his motor bike down, but he went for few rides. Most of the time he spent looking at the first few bricks of the building, or crossing and re-crossing the stream over the stepping stones, with no hat on, and his black note-book open in one hand, as though he were making some very serious calculations. I do not suppose he was for a moment.

As I said before, I do not regard this as a melodrama. I do not consider him a villain, but, on the contrary, a nice enough fellow, but it was irritating to me the way he wandered round in a circle looking for something to do.

In the daytime he could look after himself, but in the evening we treated him as a guest.

The second day he was here, after tea, I suggested taking him for a walk. He bowed with one hand behind his back, and he kept it there afterwards. I noticed it particularly. My wife came too. We walked down the garden, Richardson still with his hand behind his back, walking just behind

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her, talked to her about the work, and he said the same things over twice.

When we got to the bottom of the garden and through the door which opens on the bank of the stream she gave a cry of horror. And I will tell you why. It was because I had had the grass and weeds on the banks cut.

She turned to Richardson.

"I am so sorry," she said, "you should have seen this before it was cut. It was very pretty. What were those white flowers growing on the other side?"

"Hemlock," I said. "It had to be cut."

"I don't see why," she said. "It is a pity to spoil such a beautiful place for the sake of tidiness." She turned to him petulantly.

Now that is all nonsense. A place must be tidy. There were bulrushes and water lilies as it was. What more must she have? A lot of weeds dripping down into the water! There is a difference between garden flowers and weeds. If you want weeds then do not have gardens. And I suppose I am insensible to beauty because I keep the place cut and trimmed. Nonsense! Suppose my wife took off her clothes and ran about the garden like a bacchante! Perhaps I should like it very much, but I would shut her up in her room all the same.

We walked along in silence over the newly-cut grass. It was yellow already with having been left uncut too long. I went first across the bridge, and my two friends who admire Chopin so much came after. We were in the cornfield now, and I will tell you what it is like. There is a little hill just opposite the bridge and the corn grows on top of it and on its slopes. It is a very small hill, but the country around is flat, and from the top of it you can see over the trees a long distance. We began to walk up the path to the top. The corn was cut and stood up in sheaves. That is what I like. When we reached the top Richardson took his hand from behind his back and looked around him. There is a lake a few miles away, and on either side of it the land rises and there are trees. Beyond that again is the sea. And from

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the hill the sea looks nearer than it is and the lake like a bay. Richardson thought it was a bay. I thought so too when I was a child.

"I did not know the sea was so near," he said.

"It isn't near," I answered. "That is a lake. There are even houses in between it and the sea, only you cannot see them."

He took a deep breath.

"You know it is very kind of you to let me stay here. It is very beautiful. I have not seen a place I like better. I am most grateful. And the work is simply nothing. It is a real holiday."

At this point he fingered the black note-book which stuck out of his pocket.

If things had not happened as they did he might have come down often; he might have spent his week-ends here. He was not a bad sort of fellow.

He did not want to leave the hill, but my wife did not like walking about on the stubble in her thin shoes. We walked back by the path which leads between a low wall and some small fir trees to the back of the house. I had the path made for her, because she prefers that walk.

After dinner Richardson sang. His voice was all right, deep like his speaking voice, only not so steady. She played for him, and he stood up at attention, except that, with his right arm bent stiffly at the elbow and pressed to his side, he clutched the lapel of his coat. He sang some Brahms. It was quite nice.

I went to write some letters, and afterwards I walked about in the garden. When I returned they had left the piano and were talking. He was very fond of Strauss. She had not heard the *Alpine* symphony. We were so far from everywhere here.

The time went on. Richardson grew more restless every day. And yet he was lethargic too. He hardly left the house and garden, and he still wandered back and forth by the work. He did not interfere with the men by giving unnecessary orders, but he still studied his note-book as

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though there were important calculations there. I know all this because I watched him as if he were my brother.

My wife used to go down there to sit sometimes in the mornings. But he hardly spoke to her then. It is natural that a man would not care to talk about music and all that when the men were working in the sun. It was curious how much interest we all took in the little building and the pipes and the water, and yet when we thought of the electric light in the house, which was to be the result, all the romance was gone out of it. This is not simply my experience. It was so with my wife and Richardson too. I know by my own observation of them. The minute the building was finished we went down to see it. Nothing but a yellow brick hut with steps to go down and an opening like the mouth of a letter box in the wall nearest the stream.

"The water is shut off now," said Richardson. "We have to put a grating in it before the water comes through."

There was a hole in the concrete floor too, and from that the pipes would lead back to the stream. The first pipe was there with a big curve in it. It was nice to see it getting on.

After that they dug a ditch and put the pipes down. He helped them to dig.

Every night he sang and my wife played, but I did not always stay in the drawing-room. One night, though, I remember particularly, he sang a song by Hugo Wolf about a girl whose lover had gone, and while the men and women were binding the corn she went to the top of a hill and the wind played with the ribbon that he had put in her hat. It was something like that; I have forgotten it. I asked him to sing it again. I suppose they were pleased that I liked something. He sang it.

an dem Hut mein Rosenband, von seiner Hand
spielet in dem Winde.

Now I should think that the hill that she climbed in that song was like the hill in our cornfield, and the girl sat there for hours "like one lost in a dream."

The days passed, and everything remained the same except the work, and that went on quickly. We walked about to-

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gether sometimes. One evening we went again through the door to the little river where the grass had been cut. We were going along the bank talking when we heard a splash and there was a boy swimming in the water. I shouted to him and told him to come out and not swim there again. His white back flashed through the water to a bush on the other side, and he began to dress behind it. When I turned back she said:

"Why did you send him away? It looked so nice."

"He can go somewhere else to swim," I said.

Richardson said nothing.

"He does no harm here, surely?" she said.

Bulrushes and water lilies are not enough for her. She must have weeds and naked boys too. And do you think *she* ever bathed in a river when she was a child, and hid behind a bush when someone was coming? No, of course not. And does she think the boy wants to be seen bathing? And if he is not to be seen, when he is here, he might as well go somewhere else.

We never talked about anything except the work, and he talked about music with my wife. They never said anything illuminating on the subject though. It is a funny thing that you can spend days and weeks with a man and never mention anything but water pipes and electricity. But, after all, you can't talk about God and Immortality to a man you hardly know. Anyhow, it is nice to see someone so much interested in his work. No. That is nonsense. He was not interested in his work. When the engine came we were enthusiastic and he was as miserable as sin. What business has an electrician to get excited over yellow bricks and water pipes? He was restless. He could not settle to anything. If he read a book, half the time it would be open on his knee and he looking away from it. I noticed him very particularly.

The day before everything was finished and he was to go—he was not waiting to see the light actually put in the rooms—I was chalking out a garden bed just at the bottom of the garden by the door. It is a shady place, and I meant to

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plant violets there, especially white violets—not in August, of course, but it was better to get it prepared while I thought of it. I heard them coming alone on the other side of the wall. She was saying:

"Before I was married I stayed with my music master in London. He had two sons, but no daughters. His wife was very fond of me. That was the happiest time of my life. One of the sons is a first violin now. I went to a symphony concert when we were in London once and saw him play. I don't know what happened to the other one."

"Let us sit down here," said Richardson. I knew there was something wrong with him by his voice, I detected that at once.

I suppose they sat down on the large tree stump outside. They were silent for a moment. I suppose she was looking at the water and he was looking at her. Then he said, beginning as though he were talking to himself, and yet apologising too:

"Please forgive me, I ought not to say it. I have never been to a place which has given me such pleasure as this. I had never noticed scenery or nature much before. When one likes a place it is because one went to it in childhood or something of that sort. But this has been so very beautiful while I have been here. I suppose from the beginning I knew I could not come here again. It is impossible. Forgive me saying so." His voice became deeper as he went on, I noticed that.

"Oh, but you must come here again," she said, anxiously. "There is no one here at all, and we have so many tastes in common."

"No," he said, "you think I don't mean it. I walked up and down in the garden just now and I came to a decision. At first I thought I would not speak a word to you, but afterwards I decided it would not make any great difference if I did. People do not change their lives suddenly. That is, they don't except in literature. And now I feel at peace about it. No harm at all—none. I do not mean that litera-

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ture is artificial you know, only that it is concerned with different people."

Now, what word had he spoken that a husband could not listen to? And yet we would have looked very interesting from an aeroplane or from a window in heaven.

And do you suppose she wanted to know what he was talking about? All she said was:

"Oh, but my husband has asked you to come here himself. You must come often and bring your songs. There is no one to talk about music to here. And I cannot go to any concerts, we are so far from everywhere."

He was silent. They stood up, and I waited for them to come through the door. I suppose nobody could expect me to hide behind a tree so as to cause them no embarrassment. "Excuse me, I was just passing at this moment. Please go on with your pleasant conversation."

However, they chose to go back by the other way along the bank of the stream.

We spent dinner very pleasantly. Nobody spoke a word. Richardson was not fully aware that we were in the room. He looked at the tablecloth. I did not go away to write letters after dinner. I never left the drawing-room. I suppose no one could expect me to do that. After the music we sat round the empty grate and said nothing, and we went very late to bed.

The next morning, after breakfast, I went up to the flagstaff. If you climb up the steep bank at the left of the house and walk along until you come to a narrow path with trees growing there, you come to a ledge, and the flagstaff has been put there, because it can be seen above the trees. I was standing there disentangling the rope to pull the flag up when he came up to me.

"What time are you going?" I asked, and pulled out my watch.

"At eleven," he said.

"I suppose you think it funny that I should be putting the flag up on the day that you go?"

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"I did not know you had a flagstaff," he said. "I suppose it can be seen even from the sea?"

"Yes."

He was silent, and he looked across at the house.

"Where is my wife?" I asked.

"In the drawing-room, practising."

"I hope you will send in your bill as soon as possible."

"Oh, yes," he said. "It will come from the firm, you know. They pay me. I wanted to walk round the corn field before I go.'"

I pulled up the flag and fastened the cord.

"I'll come with you," I said.

We walked in silence to the top of the hill, and he stood and looked all round, at the house and at the sea. Taking leave of it, of course.

"In the village down there," I said, "there is a very nice girl called Agnes. She isn't pretty, but she is very nice."

Now Agnes was the name of the girl in the song by Hugo Wolf, but I knew he would not see that. He looked at me in surprise. Then he took out his watch and said he must go. There was no need for that. If you go away on a motor bike why go exactly at eleven? He had to keep himself to a time, that is what it was. We turned to go down the hill.

"I put up the flag because it is my birthday," I said, though that was not true.

He looked at me without listening to what I said.

When we got back to the house his motor bike was standing outside the gate ready. He went into the house to fetch his cap and my wife came out with him. Half way to the gate he turned to her and thanked her. He had never experienced such pleasure in a holiday before. Then he shook hands with me and said nothing.

"Come down to see us often," I said. "Come whenever you like, for week-ends."

"Oh yes," said my wife, "please come and bring your music."

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He looked embarrassed. I was watching him. I knew he would be. He looked at the ground and mumbled:

"Thank you very much. Good-bye." Then he turned and went out through the gate, and in a few minutes he drove away under the trees.

She went into the house. She thinks he will come again, call and listen to her play Chopin.

I went to sit down by the engine house. The engine was working, and it throbbed noisily, while there was hardly any water in the curve of the stream. It has made a great difference to the garden. Up above the flag waved senselessly in the wind.

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THE AUNT SALLY[1]

By CONSTANCE HOLME

From *The Adelphi.*

It seemed as if he would never get home. . . .

He had been an unusually long time coming over the pass,—so long, indeed, that already the dusk was falling. Already the mountains in front of him had faded. A film had come over the lake. On every side of him the gates of the valley were closing for the night.

But even the sight of the shadows creeping along the plain beneath him had failed to hurry him. His pony, recognizing its own dale even before its vague contours were visible from the heights, had chafed at the rein as it pushed forward down the winding track. But the soul in him had refused to push forward. He had held himself back as he held the pony back. While his body was carried downwards towards the valley to which he belonged, his mind remained obstinately fixed in the valley lying behind him.

He had had such a grand day, over there. . . . The Shepherds' Meeting in Hawesdale was always a great "do," but this year it had been better than ever. There had been a fox-hunt, to begin with, followed by the sorting of the sheep that had wandered from their heafs; and after an immense meal there had been sports and sheep-dog trials. He had had to leave the latter, though, before they were through, grumbling to all and sundry about the necessity. He had told everybody that he had to be getting back because he had stock to see to; but what he really had to be getting back to was his wife Cattie.

He had forgotten Cattie during the day, busy as he was with that sudden rushing busyness that comes every now and

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then in the rhythmical life of the dales. It seemed natural to forget her,—over there. Most of the people he met had known him before he was married, and found it easier than not to think of him as still unwed. He had found it easy to think it of himself, too, joyfully slipping back in their company to his boyhood days. He had laughed and joked as of old, and talked—especially talked—as if bent upon making up for all those hours at home when he gritted his teeth on his tongue and said nothing.

It was the innkeeper's wife who had reminded him of his own, and that just when he was at his happiest and freest. "And how's Mrs. Ewbank, these days?" she had asked, interested as the daleswoman always is in her neighbours, even when she is separated from them by the solid bulk of a mountain. "Not so well, isn't she? Eh, now, that's a sad pity! Likely she finds it dull at your spot after what she's been used to . . ." and he had been forced to remember Cattie. Bitterly resenting the interference, yet unable to refrain from acting upon it, he had saddled his pony and started angrily and reluctantly on his homeward journey.

Dropping down the last of the fell, he came to the stream that bordered the dale, and across which, no more than two or three hundred yards away, he could see the shepherd's cottage that was his dwelling. It had a curiously uninhabited look, he thought, regarding it grimly through the gloom, with no smoke going up from the chimney and nobody stirring about the door. But then Cattie, who hated the place, had always had the knack of making it seem as though nobody lived in it. That was a curious thing, when you came to think of it, seeing how highly coloured she was and shrill,—a thin, red-cheeked, flaunting type of woman, with a high, penetrating voice. . . .

His pace had slackened continually as he approached the bridge that led across the beck to his home, and now he drew rein altogether. The reluctance that had held him back on the hills swelled now into a fierce distaste. Empty though the house seemed, he knew quite well that it was nothing of the sort. Cattie would be waiting for him in-

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side,—waiting for him, yet not glad to see him, and full of snarled complaints. The pleasure of the day would be paid for and overpaid by the time he went to bed; and suddenly he felt that he could not face that payment. There came upon him, indeed, an almost physical horror of the bridge that led from the happiness he had just left to the bitterness lying before, a horror that was like an actual barrier preventing him from crossing it. He sat for a moment or two swearing to himself as he stared across at the cottage, and then, slipping from his saddle, turned the pony loose, and flung himself to the ground.

He said to himself, half-sitting and half-lying, his fingers scraping among the loose stones on the fellside, that he would not enter the house that night. . . . He knew so well what it would be like,—the dirty kitchen and larder, the frowsty bedroom, the general air of confusion and desolation produced by its careless mistress. As he went in he would see Cattie's red cheeks flaring at him through the gloom, those curiously red cheeks that always looked as though they were painted. They were not painted, as he knew, from the days when he had cared enough to put his own against them, but they looked like it, nevertheless. He had sometimes found himself wishing that they actually *were* painted; so that, one of these days, when the paint happened to be rubbed off, he might possibly find a human being underneath. . . .

For he had never found it yet. . . . In all the years that he had spent with Cattie she had never seemed to him quite a real woman. There were times when he felt that not only had she paint on her cheeks but in her veins, so little was there in her to which it seemed possible to appeal. There was no spring of tenderness or humanity in her, as far as he could tell; no more than could be expected or discovered in a brightly coloured doll. . . .

Raising himself a little, he flung a stone idly in the direction of the beck. They had had heavy rains lately, and the water was still out. The grey streak of the stream flowed

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away on either hand until it was lost in the greyer dusk. Behind him the pony pulled raspingly at the strong fell-side grass, munching contentedly in spite of its bridle. His dog, as tired as himself after the excitements of the day, lay with its head on its paws and shut lids set on the lightest of light springs.

He flung a second stone at an old tree-trunk half-submerged both by the water and by the shadow of the bridge, watching the grey curve of the missile as it swung upward and then down until it reached its objective. Miserable as he was, he was yet able to feel a thrill of pride in the correctness of his aim. He had always had a sure eye and a steady hand, and could still take pleasure in them, even though every stone that he threw reminded him of his first encounter with Cattie.

That encounter had taken place during one of his rare visits to the market-town, which was not only separated from him by the hills, but was a dozen miles away. There had been a fair in the place, that day, with hobby-horses in the evening, swinging-boats and cocoa-nut shies, and dancing, flaring lights. He had been the round of the shows, and was having his last shots at an Aunt Sally,—so many shots, indeed, and so successfully, that the showmen were getting tired of him. It was almost as if there was a fatal attraction for him in the great stuffed doll, with its blazing cheeks and twisted, leering mouth,—so much so that it seemed impossible for him to miss it. He had stopped for a moment to exchange a word and a laugh with the little crowd that had gathered admiringly around him, and as he turned himself about he had caught sight of Cattie. Laughing up at him, with her bright cheeks and her mocking mouth, she had reminded him sufficiently of the Aunt Sally to spoil the effect of his next shot. He had left the booth, after that, and followed her about for the rest of the evening. He had flung things at her, too, he remembered now,—orange-peel and paper-pellets, comfits and—kisses. She had fled from him and he had pursued

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her, drawn by the attraction of her red cheeks as he had been drawn by the red cheeks of the Aunt Sally. And he had caught her in the end. . . .

He sat up straighter, flinging a stone more viciously than before in the direction of the stump. He hit it right enough, he felt sure, even though there was no answering rap from the sodden wood, but only a musical answer from the water. The pony munched a little nearer, making those loud, strange sounds that seem so much louder and stranger in the failing light. The dog opened its eyes and shut them again. Groping about in the dusk, he found another stone. . . .

Yes, he had caught her all right . . . and from the very first moment of their marriage things had gone all wrong. It seemed incredible to him now that he should ever have been foolish enough to believe that they could possibly go right. She had hated his life and all that it stood for from the start,—the valley and the sheep, the fratching hours when he was with her, and the empty hours when he was not. And by the end of the first month he had hated HER—her harsh voice and her hard soul, her red cheeks and her mocking mouth. . . .

He had grown more than ever to think of her as a sort of Aunt Sally, later on, seeing the colour fix in her cheeks and the tightening line of her lips. The likeness had accentuated the desire that had grown upon him to fling things at her coloured face. (He threw another stone now with an added force that made it sing in the air.) She had never known how often his hand had crept to his side, stinging and aching with the strength of that desire. That was why it would be better for him not to enter the cottage to-night. He had always been able to hold his hand until now, but he knew he would not be able to hold his hand to-night.

His mind swung back again over the pass, and sunk once more into the heart of the company he had left. The sheep-dog trails would be over by now, and shepherds and dogs would be thronging into the inn. There would be fire and light, drink and song. . . . The innkeeper's wife would be

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moving about the place, and the innkeeper's buxom lasses. Good-humoured, smiling women, satisfied with their lot. . . . Kindly and homely women, taking care of men, as men wanted to be taken care of, when the evening came. . . .

And for him there was nothing but the slatternly cottage across, with for wife and companion a foul-tongued Aunt Sally at which he might not throw. . . .

He got to his knees in a sudden frenzy of resentment and thwarted longing and something that was curiously like fear, flinging his stones in great, fierce flings at the motionless, sodden stump. He threw first with one hand and then with the other, the better to keep pace with the driving-power that was in him. He scrabbled furiously among the stones, and threw with both hands at once. . . . It was as if he flung his very self at the stump, his hatred and his long martyrdom and all the pent-up vengeance that he dared not wreak. He swore as he threw, and cried,—great, tearing sobs that set the dog whimpering in sympathy behind him. He threw until the whole world seemed full of whirling stones that yet went straight to their mark, until his arms slowed in spite of him . . . slowed and stopped . . . began and stopped . . . until at long last his strength gave out altogether, and he sank down panting with his face against the grass. . . .

He stayed in that position for such a long time that when he lifted his head again the light had gone entirely. Only a grey streak against the greyer earth spoke to him of the river, with over it a more solid piece of the dark that he knew to be the bridge. He got to his feet unsteadily, feeling heavy in all his limbs. He knew himself to be tired beyond any tiredness he had ever known, and longed to be indoors. He must have the comfort of a roof-tree over him, he said to himself, even though it was the doubtful comfort of a roof that sheltered Cattie.

But at least there was no longer any reason why they should not be together. His rage had spent itself now, and had been succeeded by a dreary peace. He no longer felt any hatred for his wife, nor even his customary sensation of dull bitterness. For a moment, indeed, as he stood wrapped

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in the soft mantle of the thick hill-dark, a touch of glamour came to him out of the past, showing her as she had appeared to him on that first evening, mocking, indeed, but desirable and alluring, a laughing, coloured, dancing thing in a spinning circle of flame. . . .

The dog had risen silently as he rose, and at a wave of his hand rounded up the pony; but when he got the latter to the bridge, he found that it would not cross it. Planting its fore-feet, it leaned back against the rein, and by the vibration of the leather in his hand he knew that it was trembling. The dog had left his heels and was running up and down the bank, a piece of the dark that had got loose and was running, running, running. . . . It broke suddenly into loud barking,—crying and making little plunges at the old tree-stump in the shadow of the bridge.

And suddenly he remembered that there was no old tree-stump in the shadow of the bridge. . . .

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HALF HOLIDAY[1]

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

From *Harper's Magazine*

It was Saturday afternoon and fine. In the hazy spring sunlight London was beautiful like a city of the imagination. The lights were golden, the shadows blue and violet. Incorrigibly hopeful, the sooty trees in the Park were breaking into leaf; and the new green was unbelievably fresh and light and aërial, as though the tiny leaves had been cut out of the central emerald stripe of a rainbow. The miracle, to all who walked in the Park that afternoon, was manifest. What had been dead now lived; soot was budding into rainbow green. Yes, it was manifest. And, moreover, those who perceived this thaumaturgical change from death to life were themselves changed. There was something contagious about the vernal miracle. Loving more, the loitering couples under the trees were happier—or much more acutely miserable. Stout men took off their hats and while the sun kissed their bald heads made good resolutions—about whiskey, about the pretty typist at the office, about early rising. Accosted by spring-intoxicated boys, young girls consented, in the teeth of all their upbringing and their alarm, to go for walks. Middle-aged gentlemen, strolling homewards through the Park, suddenly felt their crusted, business-grimy hearts burgeoning, like these trees, with kindness and generosity. They thought of their wives, thought of them with a sudden gush of affection, in spite of twenty years of marriage. "Must stop on the way back," they said to themselves, "and

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buy the missus a little present." What should it be? A box of candied fruits? She liked candied fruits. Or a pot of azaleas? Or . . . And then they remembered that it was Saturday afternoon. The shops would be all shut. And probably, they thought, sighing, the missus's heart would also be shut; for the missus had not walked under the budding trees. Such is life, they reflected, looking sadly at the boats on the glittering Serpentine, at the playing children, at the lovers sitting, hand in hand, on the green grass. Such is life: when the heart is open the shops are generally shut. But they resolved, nevertheless, to try in future to control their tempers.

On Peter Brett, as on everyone else who came within their range of influence, this bright spring sunlight and the new-budded trees profoundly worked. They made him feel all at once more lonely, more heart-broken than he had ever felt before. By contrast with the brightness around him, his soul seemed darker. The trees had broken into leaf, but he remained dead. The lovers walked in couples; he walked alone. In spite of the spring, in spite of the sunshine, in spite of the fact that to-day was Saturday and that to-morrow would be Sunday—or rather because of all these things which should have made him happy and which did make other people happy—he loitered through the miracle of Hyde Park feeling deeply miserable.

As usual, he turned for comfort to his imagination. For example, a lovely young creature would slip on a loose stone just in front of him and twist her ankle. Grown larger than life and handsomer, Peter would rush forward to administer first aid. He would take her in a taxi (for which he had money to pay) to her home—in Grosvenor Square. She turned out to be a peer's daughter. They loved each other. . . .

Or else he rescued a child that had fallen into the Round Pond, and so earned the eternal gratitude, and more than the gratitude, of its rich young widowed mother. Yes, widowed—Peter always definitely specified her widowhood.

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His intentions were strictly honorable. He was still very young and had been well brought up.

Or else there was no preliminary accident. He just saw a young girl sitting on a bench by herself, looking very lonely and sad. Boldly yet courteously he approached, he took off his hat, he smiled. "I can see that you're lonely," he said; and he spoke elegantly and with ease, without a trace of his Lancashire accent, without so much as a hint of that dreadful stammer which, in real life, made speech such a torment to him. "I can see that you're lonely. So am I. May I sit down beside you?" She smiled and he sat down. And then he told her that he was an orphan and that all he had was a married sister who lived in Rochdale. And she said, "I'm an orphan too." And that was a great bond between them. And they told each other how miserable they were. And she began to cry. And then he said, "Don't cry. You've got me." And at that she cheered up a little. And then they went to the pictures together. And finally, he supposed, they got married. But that part of the story was a little dim.

But of course, as a matter of fact, no accidents ever did happen and he never had the courage to tell anyone how lonely he was; and his stammer was something awful; and he was small, he wore spectacles and nearly always had pimples on his face; and his dark-gray suit was growing very shabby and rather short in the sleeves; and his boots, though carefully blacked, looked just as cheap as they really were.

It was the boots which killed his imaginings this afternoon. Walking with downcast eyes, pensively, he was trying to decide what he should say to the peer's lovely young daughter in the taxi on the way to Grosvenor Square, when he suddenly became aware of his alternately striding boots, blackly obtruding themselves through the transparent phantoms of his inner life. How ugly they were! And how sadly unlike those elegant and sumptuously shining boots which encase the feet of the rich! They had been ugly enough when they were new; age had rendered them positively repulsive. No

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boot trees had corrected the effects of walking and the uppers, just above the toe-caps, were deeply and hideously wrinkled. Through the polish he could see a network of innumerable little cracks in the parched and shoddy leather. On the outer side of the left boot the toe-cap had come unstitched and had been coarsely sewn up again; the scar was only too visible. Worn by much lacing and unlacing, the eyeholes had lost their black enamel and revealed themselves obtrusively in their brassy nakedness.

Oh, they were horrible, his boots; they were disgusting! But they'd have to last him a long time yet. Peter began to re-make the calculations he had so often and often made before. If he spent three halfpence less every day on his lunch; if, during the fine weather, he were to walk to the office every morning instead of taking the bus . . . But however carefully and however often he made his calculations, twenty-seven and sixpence a week always remained twenty-seven and six. Boots were dear, and when he had saved up enough to buy a new pair, there was still the question of his suit. And, to make matters worse, it was spring; the leaves were coming out, the sun shone, and among the amorous couples he walked alone. Reality was too much for him to-day; he could not escape. The boots pursued him whenever he tried to flee and dragged him back to the contemplation of his misery.

The two young women turned out of the crowded walk along the edge of the Serpentine and struck uphill by a smaller path in the direction of Watts' statue. Peter followed them. An exquisite perfume lingered in the air behind them. He breathed it greedily and his heart began to beat with unaccustomed violence. They seemed to him marvellous and hardly human beings. They were all that was lovely and unattainable. He had met them walking down there by the Serpentine, had been overwhelmed by that glimpse of a luxurious and arrogant beauty, had turned immediately and followed them. Why? He hardly knew himself. Merely in order that he might be near them and

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perhaps with the fantastic, irrepressible hope that something might happen, some miracle which should project him into their lives.

Greedily he sniffed their delicate perfume; with a kind of desperation, as though his life depended on it, he looked at them, he studied them. Both were tall. One of them wore a gray cloth coat, trimmed with dark gray fur. The other's coat was all of fur; a dozen or two of brown beavers had been killed in order that she might be warm among the chilly shadows of this spring afternoon. One of them wore gray and the other, buff-colored stockings. One walked on gray kid, the other on serpent's leather. Their hats were small and close fitting. A small black French bull-dog accompanied them, running now at their heels, now in front of them. The dog's collar was trimmed with brindled badger's fur that stuck out like a ruff round its black head.

Peter walked so close behind them that when they were out ou the crowd he could hear snatches of their talk. One had a cooing voice; the other spoke rather huskily.

"Such a divine man," the husky voice was saying, "such a really divine man!"

"So Elizabeth told me," said the cooing one.

"Such a perfect party, too," Husky went on. "He kept us laughing the whole evening. Everybody got rather buffy too. When it was time to go I said I'd walk and trust to luck to find a taxi on the way. Whereupon he invited me to come and look for a taxi in his heart. He said there were so many there and all of them disengaged."

They both laughed. The chatter of a party of children, who had come up from behind and were passing at this moment, prevented Peter from hearing what was said next. Inwardly he cursed the children. Beastly little devils—they were making him lose his revelation. And what a revelation! Of how strange, unfamiliar and gaudy a life! Peter's dreams had always been idyllic and pastoral. Even with the peer's daughter he meant to live in the country, quietly and domestically. The world in which there are perfect parties where everybody gets rather buffy and divine

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men invite young goddesses to look for taxis in their hearts was utterly unknown to him. He had had a glimpse of it now; it fascinated him by its exotic and tropical strangeness. His whole ambition was now to enter this gorgeous world, to involve himself, somehow and at all costs, in the lives of these young goddesses. Suppose, now, they were both simultaneously to trip over that projecting root and twist their ankles. Suppose . . . But they both stepped over it in safety. And then, all at once, he saw a hope—in the bulldog.

The dog had left the path to sniff at the base of an elm tree growing a few yards away on the right. It had sniffed, it had growled, it had left a challenging souvenir of its visit and was now indignantly kicking up earth and twigs with his hinder paws against the tree, when a yellow Irish terrier trotted up and began in its turn to sniff, first at the tree, then at the bulldog. The bulldog stopped his scrabbling in the dirt and sniffed at the terrier. Cautiously, the two beasts walked around each other, sniffing and growling as they went. Peter watched them for a moment with a vague and languid curiosity. His mind was elsewhere; he hardly saw the two dogs. Then, in an illuminating flash, it occurred to him that they might begin to fight. If they fought he was a made man. He would rush in and separate them, heroically. He might even be bitten. But that didn't matter. Indeed, it would be all the better. A bite would be another claim on the goddesses' gratitude. Ardently he hoped that the dogs would fight. The awful thing would be if the goddesses or the owners of the yellow terrier were to notice and interfere before the fight could begin. "Oh God," he fervently prayed, "don't let them call the dogs away from each other now. But let the dogs fight. For Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." Peter had been piously brought up.

The children had passed. The voices of the goddesses once more became audible.

"Such a fearful bore," the cooing one was saying. "I can never move a step without finding him there. And nothing penetrates his hide. I've told him that I hate Jews, that I

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think he's ugly and stupid and tactless and impertinent and boring. But it doesn't seem to make the slightest difference."

"You should make him useful, at any rate," said Husky.

"Oh, I do," affirmed Coo.

"Well, that's something."

"Something," Coo admitted. "But not much."

There was a pause. "Oh, God," prayed Peter, "don't let them see."

"If only," began Coo meditatively, "if only men would understand that . . . " A fearful noise of growling and barking violently interrupted her. The two young women turned in the direction from which the sound came.

"Pongo!" they shouted in chorus, anxiously and commandingly. And again, more urgently, "Pongo!"

But their cries were unavailing. Pongo and the yellow terrier were already fighting too furiously to pay any attention.

"Pongo! Pongo!"

And, "Benny!" the little girl and her stout nurse to whom the yellow terrier belonged as unavailingly shouted, "Benny, come here!"

The moment had come, the passionately anticipated, the richly pregnant moment. Exultantly, Peter threw himself on the dogs. "Get away, you brute," he shouted, kicking the Irish terrier. For the terrier was the enemy, the French bulldog—*their* French bulldog—the friend whom he had come, like one of the Olympian gods in the Iliad, to assist. "Get away." In his excitement he forgot that he had a stammer. The letter "G" was always a difficult one for him; but he managed on this occasion to shout "Get away" without a trace of hesitation. He grabbed at the dogs by their stumpy tails, by the scruffs of their necks, and tried to drag them apart. From time to time he kicked the yellow terrier. But it was the bulldog which bit him. Stupider even than Ajax, the bulldog had failed to understand that the immortal was fighting on his side. But Peter felt no resent-

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ment and, in the heat of the moment, hardly any pain. The blood came oozing out of a row of jagged holes in his left hand.

"Ooh!" cried Coo, as though it were her hand that had been bitten.

"Be careful," anxiously admonished Husky. "Be careful."

The sound of their voices nerved him to further efforts. He kicked and he tugged still harder; and at last, for a fraction of a second, he managed to part the angry beasts. For a fraction of a second neither dog had any portion of the other's anatomy in his mouth. Peter seized the opportunity and, catching the French bulldog by the loose skin at the back of his neck, he lifted him, still furiously snapping, growling, and struggling, into the air. The yellow terrier stood in front of him, barking and every now and then leaping up in a frantic effort to snap the dangling black paws of his enemy. But Peter, with the gesture of Perseus, raising on high the severed head of the Gorgon, lifted the writhing Pongo out of danger to the highest stretch of his arm. The yellow dog he kept off with his foot; and the nurse and the little girl, who had by this time somewhat recovered their presence of mind, approached the furious animal from behind and succeeded at last in hooking the leash to his collar. His four rigidly planted paws skidding over the grass, the yellow terrier was dragged away by main force, still barking, though feebly—for he was being half strangled by his efforts to escape. Suspended six feet above the ground by the leathery black scruff of his neck, Pongo vainly writhed.

Peter turned and approached the goddesses. Husky had narrow eyes and a sad mouth; it was a thin, tragic-looking face. Coo was rounder, pinker and whiter, bluer eyed. Peter looked from one to the other and could not decide which was the more beautiful.

He lowered the writhing Pongo. "Here's your dog," was what he wanted to say. But the loveliness of these radiant creatures suddenly brought back all his self-consciousness and with his self-consciousness his stammer. "Here's

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your . . ." he began; but could not bring out the dog. "D," for Peter, was always a difficult letter.

For all common words beginning with a difficult letter Peter had a number of easier synonyms in readiness. Thus, he always called cats "pussies," not out of any affection of childishness, but because "P" was more pronounceable than the impossible "C." Coal he had to render in the vaguer form of "fuel." Dirt, with him, was always "muck." In the discovery of synonyms he had become almost as ingenious as those Anglo-Saxon poets who, using alliteration instead of rhyme, were compelled, in their efforts to make (shall we say) the sea begin with the same letter as its waves or its billows, to call it the "whale-road," or the "bath of the swans." But Peter, who could not permit himself the full poetic license of his Saxon ancestors, was reduced sometimes to spelling the most difficult words to which there happened to be no convenient and prosaic equivalent. Thus, he was never quite sure whether he should call a cup a mug or a c—u—p. And since "ovum" seemed to be the only synonym for egg, he was always reduced to talking of e—g—g's.

At the present moment, it was the miserable little word "dog" that was holding him up. Peter had several synonyms for dog. "P" being a slightly easier letter than "D," he could, when not too nervous, say, "pup." Or if the "P"'s weren't coming easily, he could call the animal, rather facetiously and mock-heroically, a "hound." But the presence of the two goddesses was so unnerving, that Peter found it as hopelessely impossible to pronounce a "P" or an "H" as a "D." He hesitated painfully, trying to bring out in turn, first dog, then pup, then hound. His face became very red. He was in an agony.

"Here's your whelp," he managed to say at last. The word, he was conscious, was a little too Shakespearian for ordinary conversation. But it was the only one which came.

"Thank you most awfully," said Coo.

"You were splendid, really splendid," said Husky. "But I'm afraid you're hurt."

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"Oh, it's n-nothing," Peter declared, and twisting his handkerchief round the bitten hand, he thrust it into his pocket.

Coo meanwhile had fastened the end of her leash to Pongo's collar. "You can put him down now," she said.

Peter did as he was told. The little black dog immediately bounded forward in the direction of his reluctantly retreating enemy. He came to the end of his tether with a jerk that brought him up on to his hind legs and kept him, barking, in the position of a rampant lion on a coat of arms.

"But are you sure it's nothing?" Husky insisted. "Let me look at it."

Obediently, Peter pulled off the handkerchief and held out his hand. It seemed to him that all was happening as he had hoped. Then he noticed with horror that the nails were dirty. If only, if only he had thought of washing before he went out! What would they think of him? Blushing, he tried to withdraw his hand. But Husky held it.

"Wait," she said, and then added, "It's a nasty bite."

"Horrid," affirmed Coo, who had also bent over it. "I'm so awfully sorry that my stupid dog should have . . ."

"You ought to go straight to a chemist," said Husky, interrupting her, "and get him to disinfect it and tie it up."

She lifted her eyes from his hand and looked into his face.

"A chemist," echoed Coo, and also looked up.

Peter looked from one to the other, dazzled equally by the wide-open blue eyes and the narrowed, secret eyes of green. He smiled at them vaguely and vaguely shook his had. Unobstrusively he wrapped up his hand in his handkerchief and thrust it away, out of sight.

"It's n-nothing," he said.

"But you must," insisted Husky.

"You must," cried Coo.

"N-nothing," he repeated. He didn't want to go to a chemist. He wanted to stay with the goddesses.

Coo turned to Husky. *"Qu'est-ce qu'on donne à ce petit bonhomme?"* she asked, speaking very quickly and in a low voice.

Husky shrugged her shoulders and made a little grimace

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suggestive of uncertainty. *"Il serait offensé, peut-être,"* she suggested.

"Tu crois?"

Husky stole a rapid glance at the subject of their discussion, taking him in critically from his cheap felt hat to his cheap boots, from his pale spotty face to his rather dirty hands, from his steel-framed spectacles to his leather watch-guard. Peter saw that she was looking at him and smiled at her with shy, vague rapture. How beautiful she was! He wondered what they had been whispering about together. Perhaps they were debating whether they should ask him to tea. And no sooner had the idea occurred to him than he was sure of it. Miraculously, things were happening just as they happened in his dreams. He wondered if he would have the face to tell them—this first time—that they could look for taxis in his heart.

Husky turned back to her companion. Once more she shrugged her shoulders. *"Vraiment, je ne sais pas,"* she whispered.

"Si on lui donnait une livre?" suggested Coo.

Husky nodded, *"Comme tu voudras."* And while the other turned away to fumble unobtrusively in her purse, she addressed herself to Peter.

"You were awfully brave," she said smiling.

Peter could only shake his head, blush and lower his eyes from before that steady, self-assured, cool gaze. He longed to look at her; but when it came to the point, he simply could not keep his eyes steadily fixed on those unwavering eyes of hers.

"Perhaps you're used to dogs," she went on. "Have you got one of your own?

"N-no," Petter managed to say.

"Ah, well, that makes it all the braver," said Husky. Then, noticing that Coo had found the money she had been looking for, she took the boy's hand and shook it, heartily. "Well, good-by," she said, smiling more exquisitely than ever. "We're so awfully grateful to you. Most awfully," she repeated. And as she did so she wondered why she used

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that word "awfully" so often. Ordinarily she hardly ever used it. It had seemed suitable somehow when she was talking with this creature. She was always very hearty and emphatic and schoolboyishly slangy when she was with the lower classes.

"G-g-g . . ." began Peter. Could they be going, he wondered in an agony, suddenly waking out of his comfortable and rosy dream. Really going, without asking him to tea or giving him their addresses? He wanted to implore them to stop a little longer, to let him see them again. But he knew that he wouldn't be able to utter the necessary words. In the face of Husky's good-by he felt like a man who sees some fearful catastrophe impending and can do nothing to arrest it. "G-g . . ." he feebly stuttered. But he found himself shaking hands with the other one before he had got to the end of that fatal good-by.

"You were really splendid," said Coo, as she shook his hand. "Really splendid. And you simply must go to a chemist and have the bite disinfected at once. Good-by, and thank you very, very much. As she spoke these last words she slipped a neatly folded one-pound note into his palm and with her two hands shut his fingers over it. "Thank you *so* much," she repeated.

Violently blushing, Peter shook his head "N-n . . ." he began, and tried to make her take the note back.

But she only smiled more sweetly. "Yes, yes," she insisted. "Please." And without waiting to hear any more, she turned and ran lightly after Husky, who had walked on, up the path, leading the reluctant Pongo, who still barked and strained heraldically at his leash.

"Well, that's all right," she said, as she came up with her companion.

"He accepted it?" asked Husky.

"Yes, yes." She nodded. Then changing her tone, "Let me see," she went on, "what were we saying when this wretched dog interrupted us?"

"N-no," Peter managed to say at last. But she had already turned and was hurrying away. He took a couple

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of strides in pursuit then checked himself. It was no good. It would only lead to further humiliation if he tried to explain. Why, they might even think while he was standing there, straining to bring out his words, that he had run after them to ask for more. They might slip another pound into his hand and hurry away still faster. He watched them till they were out of sight over the brow of the hill, then turned back towards the Serpentine.

In his imagination he re-acted the scene, not as it had really happened, but as it ought to have happened. When Coo slipped the note into his hand he smiled and courteously turned it, saying, "I'm afraid you've made a mistake. A quite justifiable mistake, I admit. For I look poor, and indeed I am poor. But I am a gentleman, you know. My father was a doctor in Rochdale. My mother was a doctor's daughter. I went to a good school till my people died. They died when I was sixteen, within a few months of each other. So I had to go to work, before I'd finished my schooling. But you see that I can't take your money." And then, becoming more gallant, personal, and confidential, he went on, "I separated those beastly dogs because I wanted to do something for you and your friend, because I thought you so beautiful and wonderful. So that even if I weren't a gentleman, I wouldn't take your money." Coo was deeply touched by this little speech. She took him by the hand and told him how sorry she was. And he put her at her ease by assuring her that her mistake had been perfectly comprehensible. And then she asked if he'd care to come along with them and take a cup of tea. And from this point onwards Peter's imagination became vaguer and rosier, till he was dreaming the old familiar dream of the peer's daughter, the grateful widow, and the lonely orphan; only there happened to be two goddesses this time and their faces, instead of being dim creations of fancy, were real and definite.

But he knew, even in the midst of his dreaming, that things hadn't happened like this. He knew that she had gone before he could say anything; and that even if he had run after them and tried to make his speech of explanation,

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he could never have done it. For example, he would have had to say that his father was a "medico," not a doctor, "M" being an easier letter than "D." And when it came to telling them that his people had died, he would have had to say that they had "perished"—which would sound facetious, as though he were trying to make a joke of it. No, no, the truth must be faced. He had taken the money and they had gone away thinking that he was just some sort of a street loafer, who had risked a bite for the sake of a good tip. They hadn't even dreamed of treating him as an equal. As for asking him to tea and making him their friend . . .

But his fancy was still busy. It struck him that it had been quite unnecessary to make any explanation. He might simply have forced the note back into her hand, without saying a word. Why hadn't he done it? He had to excuse himself for his remissness. She had slipped away too quickly; that was the reason.

Or what if he had walked on ahead of them and ostentatiously given the money to the first street boy he happened to meet? A good idea, that. Unfortunately it had not occurred to him at the time.

All that afternoon Peter walked and walked, thinking of what had happened, imagining creditable and satisfying alternatives. But all the time he knew that these alternatives were only fanciful. Sometimes the recollection of his humiliation was so vivid that it made him physically wince and shudder.

The light began to fail. In the gray and violet twilight the lovers pressed closer together as they walked, more frankly clasped each other beneath the trees. Strings of yellow lamps blossomed in the increasing darkness. High up in the pale sky overhead, a quarter of the moon made itself visible. He felt unhappier and lonelier than ever.

His bitten hand was by this time extremely painful. He left the Park and walked along Oxford Street till he found a chemist. When his hand had been disinfected and bandaged he went into a tea shop and ordered a poached e—g—g, a roll, and a mug of mocha, which he had to translate for

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the benefit of the uncomprehending waitress as a c—u—p of c—o—f—f—e—e.

"You seem to think I'm a loafer or a tout." That's what he ought to have said to her, indignantly and proudly. "You've insulted me. If you were a man I'd knock you down. Take your dirty money." But then, he reflected, he could hardly have expected them to become his friends, after that. On second thoughts he decided that indignation would have been no good.

"Hurt your hand?" asked the waitress sympathetically, as she set down his ege and his mug of mocha.

Peter nodded. "B-bitten by a d—d . . . by a h—h—hound." The word burst out at last, explosively.

Remembered shame made him blush as he spoke. Yes, they had taken him for a tout: they had treated him as though he didn't really exist, as though he were just an instrument whose services you hired and to which, when the bill had been paid, you gave no further thought. The remembrance of humiliation was so vivid, the realization of it so profound and complete, that it affected not only his mind but his body too. His heart beat with unusual rapidity and violence; he felt sick. It was with the greatest difficulty that he managed to eat his egg and drink his mug of mocha.

Still remembering the painful reality, still feverishly constructing his fanciful alternatives to it, Peter left the tea shop and, though he was very tired, resumed his aimless walking. He walked along Oxford Street as far as the Circus, turned down Regent Street, halted in Piccadilly to look at the epileptically twitching sky signs, walked up Shaftesbury Avenue and, turning southwards, made his way through by-streets towards the Strand.

In a street near Covent Garden a woman brushed against him. "Cheer up, dearie," she said. "Don't look so glum."

Peter looked at her in astonishment. Was it possible that she should have been speaking to him? A woman—was it possible? He knew, of course, that she was what people called a bad woman. But the fact that she should have

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spoken to him seemed none the less extraordinary; and he did not connect it, somehow, with her "badness."

"Come along with me," she wheedled.

Peter nodded. He could not believe it was true. She took his arm.

"You got money?" she asked anxiously.

He nodded again.

"You look as though you'd been to a funeral," said the woman.

"I'm l—lonely," he explained. He felt ready to weep. He even longed to weep—to weep and to be comforted. His voice trembled as he spoke.

"Lonely? That's funny. A nice looking boy like you's got no call to be lonely." She laughed significantly and without mirth.

Her room was dimly and pinkly lighted. A smell of cheap scent haunted the air.

"Wait a tick," she said, and disappeared through a door into an inner room.

He sat there, waiting. A minute later she returned. She sat on his knees, threw her arms round his neck. Her eyes were hard and cold. Seen at close range, she was indescribably horrible.

Peter saw her, it seemed to him, for the first time—saw and completely realized her. He averted his face. Remembering the peer's daughter who had sprained her ankle, the lonely orphan, the widow whose child had tumbled into the Round Pond; remembering Coo and Husky, he untwined her arms, he pushed her away from him, he sprang to his feet.

"S-sorry," he said. "I must g—g . . . I'd forg—gotten something. I . . ." He picked up his hat and moved towards the door.

The woman ran after him and caught him by the arm. "You young devil, you," she screamed. Her abuse was horrible and filthy. "Asking a girl and then trying to sneak away without paying. Oh, no you don't, no, you don't. You . . .

And the abuse began again.

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Peter dipped his hand into his pocket and pulled out Coo's neatly folded note. "L—let me g—go," he said as he gave it to her.

While she was suspiciously unfolding it, he hurried away, slamming the door behind him, and ran down the dark stairs into the street.

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THE PREVAILING ILL.[1]

By HUMFREY JORDAN

From *Blackwood's Magazine*

The mail flag hung limp in the clammy heat; even the siren appeared to have difficulty in forcing its voice through a super-saturated atmosphere overladen with many mixed but powerful stenches. The s.s. *Sir Hubert Hinton,* carrying His Majesty's mails, such passengers as necessity forced to travel on her, and a varied cargo chiefly of rich and penetrating odours, was ready to sail and bleated the fact impatiently. But the four white passengers booked for the trip hung back in the shelter of a shed on the wharf and gossiped. It was raining gently, somewhere in the nature of a paltry eighth of an inch an hour, but a real shower seemed to be waiting almost directly overhead; and the four whites, aware that there was no question of missing tides, and caring nothing at all for the *Hubert Hinton* or her scheduled times, were inclined to let it fall before attempting the run across the open jetty. The mate, a man of infinite politeness where white passengers, especially white woman passengers, were concerned, waited beside the gangway without impatience; but from up above the siren broke into short gasping barks, then stopped, and a square reddish face and a pair of remarkably powerful shoulders appeared over the canvas at the port end of the bridge; and the man owning the reddish face spoke in an effortless bawl that could be heard a good way across the river.

"Come on, good people," he ordered. "Get a move on. Let's see your pace. This craft has got a job of work to do, and she's starting right away to do it. Lively."

So the four white passengers, one woman and three men,

[1] Copyright, 1926, by Humfrey Jordan.

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trotted out from the shelter of the shed reluctantly, and broke into a smart run as the sky opened and let down solid masses of warm water upon them. In the thirty-yard sprint to the gangway they were drenched, so that their thin clothing clung to them, and even their shoes were filled.

The square reddish face peering from the bridge grinned broadly.

"Lively it was," its owner called. "As near even time as no matter; but the heavens beat you."

And he disappeared chuckling.

The mate, however, disguised his enjoyment of the incident, and met the dripping passengers with polite concern.

"Good-night! Mrs. Manton," he declared, "you're wet. You'll want a change before breakfast."

"Dampish," the lady admitted, squeezing her skirts. "You're pretty empty this trip, Mr. Bunn."

Nodding, she made her way among the boxes which crowded the miniature promenade deck to her stateroom, but her husband, taking off his hat and wiping sweat and rain water from his face, lingered to have a word with the mate.

"The new skipper seems a humorist, and looks a bit of a bruiser," he stated. "Is he a good sort, Bunn?"

"Couldn't be better," Bunn declared. "No nerves about him. And, good-night! man, he can handle a ship. He'll have one of the company's big boats soon. See you later. I must get her untied now."

The *Hubert Hinton* is well known in the corner of the world in which she sails. In marine circles she is highly considered, otherwise her reputation is unsavory. She was built in England especially for her run, and the tales which are told of her maiden voyage from home would fill a volume. She is registered at something a trifle over five hundred tons, can carry a dozen saloon passengers, twenty second-class, and a matter of near two hundred in the stifling hell called the steerage. Besides mails she will take any cargo she can find, but it is alleged that for really vicious-smelling merchandise she will cut her freight rate to a minimum. She certainly specialises in evil stinks, and napi

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and durian are seldom separated from her. When she is lying at moorings in the Rangoon River or elsewhere there is no trouble to find her in thick weather. Competent authorities declare that she cannot hide in the thickest fog that ever covered salt water. You have only to get somewhere to leeward of where she ought to be, and then steer straight up the smell. Scent is never catchy with the *Hubert Hinton* within a mile or so.

Her accommodation is seriously considered for preeminence by those who have knocked about a bit and believe that they know something about the world's worst vessels. The food supplied upon her is unquestionably rich and, fortunately, rare. Strong and hungry men do, weakly, quail before it. She is owned by a rich and powerful company, yet in the expensive brochures, which inform intending passengers of the comfort and luxury of the line, neither her name nor her portrait appears. Periodically, when high Government officials are forced to travel on her, the agents receive dignified complaints in writing, to which they reply suitably; further action is not considered necessary, as there is no possibility of competition on the run. Consequently, the traders and the small officials, who make up her regular passenger list, are compelled to take her as she is, contenting themselves with much plain speech concerning the filth of her, and the pious hope that some curious turn of fortune might induce the noble chairman or some other opulent director of the line which owns her to spend a week in her during the height of the south-west monsoon. The hope is, of course, futile, but it comforts the regular passengers.

Yet in marine circles the *Hubert Hinton* is highly considered. She is unquestionably staunch in a seaway. She will do strange things when there is no more than a light breeze blowing, and she will positively touch originality when the monsoon is raging through the islands. On such occasions her buck and wriggle when she is contending with seas that tower above her compel admiration. Bunn, her present mate, who has sailed on her as long as any officer she has ever had, has got it down to a phrase; and, being a man not

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inclined to let a good thing be forgotten for want of repetition, he repeats it to any passenger who will listen to it.

"Lively!" he will declare, in reply to anguished questions as to whether the *Hubert Hinton* can ever run steady. "Good-night! man, you should see her when she's really at it. She's a daisy. There isn't anything she can't do, and won't, except lie on her back. That beats her."

But many of those passengers who recognise the simple accuracy of the statement have wished, upon occasions, that she might learn the trick of her one missing accomplishment, and so finish her evil-smelling career.

She only carries two navigating officers, master and mate, who work her trick and trick about, through good weather and bad. Towards the end of the monsoon, when she has bumped and bored and twisted and screwed her way during many weeks through all that the tropic seas have sent her, her two nurses wear the look of tired men. Yet, if you ask them, they will tell you that their billet is a plum. But, except Bunn, who seems to have a knack of holding on, the nurses do not last long. They get moved on to something better, or they meet a mishap and step down again, or death steps in and removes them quickly; but while they are at it they seem to like to have the job. To understand why is difficult. It is true that the *Hubert Hinton* lies for two nights out of every ten in the port of Rangoon, so that the master can stretch his legs ashore for forty-eight hours, and the mate stands a decent chance of a run round if nothing hinders the working of cargo. It is also true that, owing to the trick and trick business when the craft is at sea, and the fact that the master is his own pilot, extra pay goes with the job. On the other hand, the *Hinton* has to run to time, and her run is mixed up with some funny anchorages and a crop of islands that take a bit of knowing, so that even in fine weather sleep comes sparingly to the navigators, and in bad it does not come at all. Besides, the smell of the vessel alone would be enough for most men; even the frequent run ashore and the extra pickings could hardly make up for continuous acquaintance with it.

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On the particular trip on which Captain Field, the square, reddish-faced humorist, was entertained by the sight of sprinting passengers, the south-west monsoon was getting into its stride. All the way down-river driving rain blotted out everything but a small circle of muddy water. Passing the Hastings solid sheets of falling water shut out every trace of buildings or even of river-bank. Off the Brig the rain had cleared, but it was blowing strong. During lunch, as the *Hinton* altered course south, she began to slide the plates about the saloon table; and one of the passengers, having consumed two full pegs of whisky in quick succession, left hurriedly. By tea-time, when the three survivors had finished their afternoon sleep, the wind had gone, and the *Hinton* rolled amazingly on a heavy swell under a hot grey sky. By dinner-time, after the passengers had with much abuse and threatening of the chief steward procured sufficient water for baths, and had discovered, what they had expected, that the stifling heat of the staterooms made bathing and the changing of clothes an extravagant waste of time, the sky was clear and the monsoon appeared dead or sleeping.

Punctually as the bell rang for dinner Captain Field came down the ladder from his quarters. He had never seen any one of the passengers before that morning, yet he greeted them all by name as though they had sailed with him a dozen times before.

"One casualty on a beautiful night like this!" he announced. "But perhaps running before breakfast isn't good for Mr. Hicks. I must remember that. Now, Mrs. Manton, come and sit down alongside me. If you want to get your own back——though I don't see why you should, for you sprinted beautifully——you'll ask me to button up the collar of my jacket. I'll do it if you insist. But it will cramp my style considerably, and I want to eat largely of this excellent re

"If," Mrs. Manton replied, as though genuinely astonished, "y

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Oh, I really intend to do that, I wouldn't dream of asking you to spoil such a hero's act."

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Captain Field turned upon the lady grey eyes that twinkled amongst a mass of fine wrinkles.

"Pass partner," he declared. "I won't be drawn. And you just watch the hero at work."

He took up the menu-card and began reading it aloud as though the names of the dishes brought him pleasurable anticipation. Manton, his wife, and Ward, the third passenger, watched him with real interest. He was either a very fine actor or he actually looked forward to enjoying his meal; but the latter assumption seemed against nature.

While the passengers toyed with a dubious greasy fluid described on the menu-card as "Soup: Julienne," while the captain consumed his plateful rapidly and with determination, Hicks, the casualty, came in. The saloon, which serves on the *Hinton* as dinning-room, smoking-room, drawing-room, where also the native stewards sleep on the floor at nights after lights out, was insufferably hot and heavy with mixed smells. In spite of fans and open windows no clean air appeared to find its way within the walls. From the open hatch to the pantry a thick odour of rancid grease, stale food, and hot native flowed steadily out, and the electric lights gleamed on moist faces. On such a night in such surroundings the arrival of any one on whom ragged nerves can settle as a justifiable annoyance comes like a solid relief. To the three passengers at the table Hicks came as that relief. His appearance enabled them to forget for a moment the unrelievable discomfort of their surroundings, and to fix their attention on something which clearly demanded definite remedial treatment.

The saloon accommodation of the *Hubert Hinton* is such that privacy is impossible. Partition walls are thin, space is cramped, bathrooms and lavatories are so placed as to make the domestic intimacies of any one passenger the public knowledge of all. Unless, for instance, he be a singularly silent performer at the unpleasant business, it is useless for a sufferer to deny the fact if he has been sick. Consequently, Mrs. Manton, Manton, and Ward were all aware

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that not only had Hicks been sick, and not silently, twice during the afternoon, but that he had omitted to have a bath before dinner. To top up everything, he now appeared in a white dinner suit, which was very far from clean. Tradition aboard the *Hubert Hinton* prescribes as full dinner kit for men a clean pair of shorts and a clean shirt to be put on after a bath. It was, therefore, immediately clear that Hicks was an offence not second in magnitude to the atmosphere of the saloon; and his behaviour as he sat down next to Ward made it plain that he was beyond pity. He settled himself in his chair and ordered a full peg of whisky, then he nodded casually without speaking towards Mrs. Manton; he ignored the captain.

Mrs. Manton decided that she had not previously realised quite what a little worm the man was, but that now he cried the fact aloud by putting on clothes that he ought to avoid like the plague; Manton speculated as to where the fellow had sprung from, and hoped that he was not bound for their station; and Ward wondered uneasily whether, judging by the man's form, he was not capable of the supreme offence of being sick at table. Yet, while all three of them at once recognised him as a first-class offence, they also perceived that his possible behaviour was a welcome counter-irritation to the physical discomfort about them.

Captain Field alone gave no indication of having formed any opinion whatsoever about the new arrival. He helped himself largely to fish, and his voice was cheerful.

"Good-evening, Mr. Hicks," he said. "Hope you're feeling better. We shan't get the wind again until your're all safely tucked up in your little white beds. I expect you appreciate the luxury of our little white beds, don't you, Mrs. Manton?"

"Immeasurably," Mrs. Manton declared, laughing. "Particularly their snowy whiteness." But it was evident that Hicks did not intend to be put off by flippancy and side-issues. He had been asked a question about his health, and he intended giving a suitable reply.

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"No, captain," he replied, "I'm not much better. I'm not really up to eating yet." At this Ward stirred anxiously. "But," Hicks went on, "I thought I'd have a try. Generally I'm a very good sailor. It's this wretched little boat."

"Is it, now," Captain Field replied. "Personally, I should have guessed it was the sea."

But Hicks was not the man to let a snub turn him from a topic of real interest.

"Not at all," he declared. "Boy, another peg, and don't drown it this time. As I was saying, when I'm on a real liner it can be as rough as it likes, and I don't feel it. Never have a qualm. Why, last time I came out from home, on the worst day, so the chief officer told me, that they had had for two years I performed at the ship's concert."

"Good God!" Manton muttered, but his wife reproved him with a glance, and her face had suddenly assumed a strange solemnity.

"Did you," she asked, almost wistfully—"did you by any chance recite, Mr. Hicks?"

"I did, madam," Hicks answered. "Why?"

"I just thought you probably did," she told him, and was interrupted by Ward before she could finish what she wanted to say.

Ward had apparently forgotten his uneasiness. He turned to Hicks with eager eyes, and let out a name explosively.

"Gunga Din?"

"If," Hicks replied, and it was plain that he was annoyed, "you mean, did I recite on that occasion the poem entitled 'Gunga Din,' I did. What of it, sir? Have you any objection?"

"Of course, Mr. Ward hasn't any objection," Mrs. Manton joined in before Ward himself could reply. "What he means and what I mean is that it's very interesting to spot the 'Gunga Din' recitation faces. We are not too bad at it, but you can probably pick out a brother Gunga Din-er at the first glance. It's very interesting."

While the baiting of the offence was in progress, Manton watched Captain Field, interested to know how he would

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take it, and whether an occupation so eminently suitable for a vilely uncomfortable night would have to be abandoned. But he got nothing from the captain's face except the conviction that it would be mighty useful to a poker player. The burly skipper, his reddish complexion contrasting strongly with the heat-paled faces of the passengers, ate his dinner with cheerfulness, as though he were a man possessing the rare power of excluding from his thoughts all unpleasantness. He was obviously shrewd; he clearly missed nothing of what was going on about him; but he kept all comment on what he saw and heard away from the cheerful mask of his face. Manton began to like the man; and he remembered what Bunn had said about him, that he was a good fellow at his job, and that he had no nerves, the trouble that, sooner or later, in one form or another, gets hold of the majority of white men and women in the tropics. Idly, Manton decided that he was certainly efficient at his job—he had the face of a good sailor—and that nerves did never trouble him. The cheerfulness showed the man's character; it was not an assumed mask. Could a prolonged experience of navigating the *Hubert Hinton* through the islands break down the cheerfulness and bring out the nerves? Manton, before he turned his attention again to the baiting of the offence, felt inclined to offer heavy odds against the ship.

Hicks, having lowered his drink in two gulps, ordered another one, speaking with unnecessary sharpness to the bare-footed, strong-smelling native steward, whose white drill coat exhibited many stains of spilled food. Whisky and annoyance had temporarily conquered his qualms.

"I suppose," he retorted, beads of moisture beginning to join and form a trickle down his temples, "you've made that joke before, madam. But I happen to have recited at ships' concerts more than once, and my repertoire is not limited to 'Gunga Din.'"

"Of course not," Mrs. Manton agreed, smiling sweetly at the offence. "I expect that sometimes you recite 'If,' don't you?"

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"Sometimes, possibly," Ward argued. "But it's really always odds on 'Gunga Din' for the first number, isn't it, sir?" He turned eagerly to Hicks. "At heart, as Mrs. Manton said, you are a true Gunga Din-er. I'm sure we can't be wrong."

Hicks flushed, and the beads of moisture coalesced and the trickles ran all over his face.

"My recitations were not the topic under discussion," he replied viciously. "I was telling the captain that it's this miserable little boat that affects me. I had to travel by it two or three months ago before the monsoon, and I was just the same. It's not sea-sickness at all. It's the stuffiness and the smell and the dirt. Yes, captain, I'm bound to say it. The dirt. As a passenger who pays for decent accommodations, it's my duty to say it. And it's worse than it was. Three months ago the other captain used to apologise for the food, and go on at the stewards about the dirt. Yes, things were better then. Dennis, that was the other captain's name. What's become of him?"

At the question the delight, which had been growing on the three other passengers' faces at the prospect of the masterful telling off for which Hicks had been asking, disappeared. Embarrassment seemed to get hold of all of them, and they looked at the captain as though he had the first right to answer that inquiry.

Captain Field helped himself to a banana, and sat back in his chair at the end of the table peeling it.

"You are right, Mrs. Hicks," he replied, speaking simply, as though he recounted a very usual incident. "Captain Dennis was always worrying about the accommodation here. He is dead now. He died three weeks ago. He was taken ill on the run back, and he asked to be put ashore at Sin Byu. You probably know that there's a hospital of sorts there. Bunn wanted to take him back to Rangoon. It wouldn't have made any difference. When he got into hospital he didn't like it. Nobody would; it's not cheerful. He was worrying; he knew what was coming to him. The doctor said it wasn't, but the doctor was a black, and his

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opinion didn't count. Dennis was moved into her bungalow and nursed by Mrs. Manton. He was dying, and everybody knew it except the black doctor. Poor Dennis worried a lot. These people"—he indicated the other passengers—"and others in the station tried to cheer him up. They didn't succeed. He died on the third evening. Next morning the white residents got the usual notice, and that evening just before sundown Manton here, and Ward and the other men stood in clean white suits, wearing collars and black ties, under umbrellas in the rain. The D. C. read the service, and the body was put into a shallow trench half full of muddy water. Then Manton and the others hurried off to the club and made it a peg instead of a half peg in order to get the taste away. And Dennis was left to himself."

There was silence in the evil-smelling saloon, while from the night outside the swirl of water rushing past the ship's side and the thrash of seas at the bows sounded noisily. The *Hubert Hinton* met a steep hillock, reared at it, squirmed her way over the top, and wriggled down the other side lying well over.

Annoyance had departed from Hicks; he was extremely white and his eyes looked scared. He seemed to be framing too careful a picture of Captain Dennis being left to himself, but he managed to sign to the steward to bring him another peg.

"What," he asked, with something of an effort—"what did he really die of?"

Captain Field looked at him and hesitated a moment before he answered, but when he spoke he gave his reply with absolute and complete assurance.

"Nerves," he said; "simply and wholly nerves."

Hicks stared; then, without a word of muttered excuse, slid out of his chair and disappeared down the alley-way to his cabin.

Captain Field nodded towards the passage.

"Another case of them," he commented; "trying the whisky cure too."

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"During the war," Manton declared, without apologising for that well-known opening, "I saw a fellow, a great Hercules of a ranker officer, who had got and earned the D. C. M., faint when the M. O. gave us some pointers as to what to do if we caught it in the neck in the forthcoming show. It's funny."

"I was afraid," said Ward, "that your powers of description might make him forget, captain, that it was just about time he left the table. If he doesn't faint, he'll be as sick as a cat."

"Poor little beast," declared Mrs. Manton. "I'm sorry we baited him. But"—she wriggled her shoulders slightly as though to fling something off—"I must say, captain, that for a man who did not see it you describe a thing well."

"But they are so very much alike, Mrs. Manton," the captain explained.

And Manton and Ward, thinking of those groups in clean white, wearing irksome collars and black ties, standing under umbrellas about a shallow grave half filled with muddy water, while some civilian touched with self-consciousness murmured of "our dear brother here departed," declared that they were. But Mrs. Manton was not satisfied. She saw a man, emaciated beyond belief, lying in a stifling bare bedroom high and open to the roof, a man obviously dying, whose mind was tortured with terror at what must come.

"But why did you insist that he worried?" she asked, and her voice was troubled. "You weren't there. You couldn't have known. Perhaps if he hadn't so much—but he did, and there it is."

"Of course he did," Captain Field stated, and the unconquerable quiet cheerfulness of the man gave a sort of wholesomeness to his talk, as though there were fresh clean air somewhere about. "And that is why I say he died of nerves. He did. I knew him for years. We were apprentices together. Later I was fourth officer to his third on the home run. Then we both came together every now and again out here. Now I've got his job, and mean to

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hold it down. He was the best fellow imaginable, but he always was touched in the nerves, and the war and this climate did the rest."

"Is it true," Ward asked, "that he had inherited property at home and could have retired if he had wanted to? Bunn told me something of the kind."

"Quite," Captain Field replied. "Poor Dennis. He was the damnedest sort of fool. Soon after the war he came into a decent property somewhere in the west country. I never saw it, but he showed me some photographs. You know the sort of thing. Old, grey, stone farmhouse, mullion windows, roof covered with lichen; and lawns, smooth lawns, and roses, and lush, green meadows all buttercups and peace. He——"

"Shut up," Mrs. Manton interrupted curtly, and her eyes, as she stared across the hot saloon out to the dark tumble of sea beyond the open door, were hungry.

"Yes, captain," Ward agreed, "give the sweating exiles a chance on a night like this. All reference to green meadows is barred."

"Sorry, good people," Captain Field apologised, "but I want you to realise it, then you'll see the madness of the business. Dennis had all that—no, I won't go into details; but it's July now, and you can picture it."

"We might be able to," Mrs. Manton admitted, and murmured to herself, "buttercups and peace. Yes, we might."

"Dennis was a bachelor," the captain continued. "His people were all dead; he had no ties and no obligations. He came into this place, and money enough to let him live comfortably on it and pay for his amateur farming. For thirty years he had yapped about the days when he would leave the sea and settle in the west; and when they came, came when he wasn't fifty, he stuck them for something under a year."

"Call of the sea?" Manton asked. "It seems incredible under the circumstances."

"Not on your life, sir," Captain Field told him. "Nothing so sane as that. The call of his twelfth cousin twenty-

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four times removed. He was right bang out of the inheriting business, and never expected anything; but the war thinned a fine standing crop of relatives, and he moved up and up till some old lady snuffed out and he stepped in. Dennis loved it when he had it, loved it. He told me so. But it appears that somebody at some time had sold some fields that had gone with the place since the flood uncovered it. Of course, that was the sort of thing Dennis would be all over—I told you his nerves were unstrung. He thought of those damned fields and forgot the rest. Worked it out that three more years at sea and letting the place meanwhile would give him the money to buy those fields back; wangled his way back into the line; came out here, and—well, you good people buried him."

"Oh," said Mrs. Manton. "Oh, it's insane."

"Let's have the moral, captain?" Manton asked with interest. "Get on with it."

"This isn't a Sunday school story," Captain Field objected, but he went on with it. "Dennis came back to sea, and from the day he got back it was clear that he would worry himself into his grave. Nerves! I've never seen anything like it. First, it was having wangled his way back and having got in the way of some of the juniors. Then it was this infernal packet. He must have her clean, he must improve the food, he must alter the whole system, cut the agents' profits for the good of the passengers, and all manner of other absurdities. Of course he got run down, and the fever in him warmed up. I got hold of him in Anderson's bar one night and talked to him straight. Told him it was nerves, and that he was asking for trouble. Naturally he wouldn't have it; always had a definite and excellent excuse for each of his worries; wouldn't admit that they were all due to condition. Finally, he got the idea that he might not be going to purchase those fields after all, and that put the lid on it. He started to give his health attention. Each time he got ashore he went to a different doctor, and they all told him the same yarn: he was as sound as a bell, but his nerves were jumpy. He took to vegetarianism and

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wallowed in mixed drugs. Then religion bothered him—it's the usual tale—he wasn't one of those fellows who can swallow all that the padres say and think no more about it, and he wasn't like most of us, resigned to knowing nothing. He worried. He hardly slept at all, Bunn tells me."

"He didn't even lie down," Mrs. Manton declared with conviction. "I've been in the cabin below his and heard him walking the deck for hours. Up and down all night."

"Then," Captain Field announced, "your husband is to blame. He ought to have seen that you had an extra cot and slept properly."

"Sorry," Manton apologised. "I'll see to it in future. But I think you are right about Dennis. It was nerves."

"I remember," Mrs. Manton added, "that on the last trip I had with him he talked farming all through dinner, and he had the weirdest ideas about horse-breeding. Of course, he was thinking about those fields."

"But," Ward argued, "given that it was nerves—and I'll admit he died of nothing else—are you any forrarder? Is there a remedy?"

Captain Field smiled and shook his head.

"I'm not entering as a quick-cure merchant," he declared. "But I should say that the best chance, and it's a good one, is to recognise that you have got them. Don't be put off with fancy excuses like poor Dennis was. One sees enough of them out here. That is why I rammed it into that poor little squirt of a drummer, Hicks. It's just about time he recognised that they want looking in the face."

He got up and stood balancing himself to the antics of the *Hubert Hinton,* and his large sane cheerfulness shone out of the man.

"I suppose," Mrs. Manton asked, "that, as we got it rammed in too, we were a bit nervy about the baiting of the drummer?"

"As you like," the captain admitted, grinning.

"And," Mrs. Manton continued, replying to his grin, "as you won't have any truck with worry and nerves, I suppose there is no chance of better food here."

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"Not a hope, I'm afraid," Captain Field agreed. "But I'll go so far as to grant that the stew, which called itself ragout to-night, was fierce—really fierce. And now I'll be off to see how things are going. Bunn will be hungry, Mrs. Manton. But I'll warn him about the stew. Good-night, good people."

He nodded and went out on deck, and as he passed the pantry hatch the passage of his large and cheerful bulk wafted a richer stream of sickly reek into the hot saloon.

"Come on," said Ward, "let's get out of this and taste some air. He's a good man, the captain."

"He is," Mrs. Manton agreed. "I don't believe that even this filthy little tub will be able to beat him either."

"I'll lay odds it won't," her husband declared. "The brute has found her master this time. O Lord! Come on out."

For sounds of an active crisis proceeded from the direction of the unclean drummer's stateroom.

. . . . . .

The launch *Maymyo* lay at the anchorage seven miles up the Sin Byu River, and plunged and wrestled with her cable. Rain lashed and beat upon her in furious squalls, and even though she lay under the shelter of high, unseen hills, the wind whistled and moaned about her, flapping her soaked canvas screens with the noise of a monstrous whip cracking. A muddy torrent of land water tore hissing past her sides, bumping and scraping her with the mixed flotsam of a tropic river in flood. The night was pitch black, like the interior of a closed box, except where breaking water momentarily stained the darkness with shifting patches of grey. The wind was hot and the rain was hot, and the atmosphere irksome to the lungs like something thick and treacly.

On the small foredeck beside the binnacle and the lashed wheel the skipper of the launch lay in a canvas chair, dozing, his face in the light of a single electric bulb showing dead white and very pallid. In the tiny saloon Mrs. Man-

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ton, Manton, Ward, and Duffield, the agent, sat on rickety swivel chairs round a table that invariably collapsed when any one inadvertently sat upon it. The four of them had dozed uncomfortably in their clothes on frowsy bunks during the thirty mile passage down-river from Sin Byu, but had got up when the *Maymyo* dropped anchor, since with the launch lying at moorings the interior became too insufferably airless to attempt sleep. They had got out cards and discussed the question of a round or two of *vingt et un;* and Ward had moved to rope in the skipper, but Duffield had negatived that.

"Give him a miss to-night," he had advised. "The old man is inclined to be fractious. Got some bee in his bonnet that there are too many logs floating about the river, and that he is going to hit one. Better let him snooze. I wish he took things as calmly as Field on the *Hubert Hinton.* Nothing ruffles him, and he's got a size larger in jobs to tackle than this river work."

So the four had had a round or two at the cards, but had failed to produce sufficient energy to make the game a success and so had dropped into desultory talk. Sitting back in their rickety chairs, four white-faced, tired, listless, clammy people, knowing each other's conversation inside out, devoid of any outside news, they attempted spasmodically to keep some sort of ball of talk rolling.

"I wonder," said Manton, breaking a silence that had become irksome, "whether you'll have the chairs and the table mended by the time we come back."

"Don't talk of coming back," his wife entreated. "I'm trying to believe that we are going home for ever."

"When you come back to the broken chairs," Duffield insisted, "I shall just about be starting my leave. Don't be selfish, Mrs. Manton; in face of you three hopping off for a nice sea voyage with England at the end of it, I must think of something cheerful."

"Nice sea voyage!" said Ward, and groaned. "The *Hubert Hinton* in this weather! Listen to that." He held up

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hand, and into the tiny, ill-lit, ai
accompaniment to the noise of
rent, there came from beyon
ing of great seas thundering
"Pouf!" he declared, when
ce, "I foresee that for the nex
e horridly ill. Whisky while y
ne the motto of the moment."
he got busy with the drinks
. Manton refused drink, but s
uppose," she announced ruefu
ssed monsoon most of the way
blinking hour of it," D
inking hour until you ma
eeks of it. But, joking a
now. She was late in gett
well now. I expect th
ck outside. She should
it in the
or more ago-"

But it was another long hour b
steamer were si ghted and lost again
and then resig hted, tiny points, re
away down-riv er. It was yet anothe
neighbouring C arkness there come
hawse-hole. T he weather showed n
up, and the dar kness outside seemed
blinds on to the *that Manton, peering* through the op
and the launch w small foredeck, wo
telegraph of the M *Jaymyo* rang, and
ing in cable, and a voice, sharp and i
the foredeck.
"Keep those blin s shut, can't you
npossible to see a thing ahead
rough."
Manton snapped the blin shut
dly at his tired co mpanio

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"Told you the way of it," he said. "The old man has got the jumps to-night. It's quite on the cards he makes a boss shot at getting alongside."

But it was not one boss shot by several that the skipper of the *Maymyo* made. In actual fact it took him two hours and much complicated manœuvring, accompanied by a fine crop of abuse, unloaded on all and sundry, before he got tied up. During all that time there was no comment on the performance from the bridge of the *Hubert Hinton;* but when at last the two craft were tied together, grinding and bumping, a booming cheerful voice gave tongue on the steamer's bridge.

"Done it at last, captain," it called. "But I shall have to be extravagant on coal if I am to hit the Rangoon River up to time after this."

And Manton, uneasy at the fury and blackness of the night, recognised with a feeling of comfort that Captain Field was a man beyond the reach of nerves.

The transfer of passengers and luggage from launch to steamer was hurried forward by Bunn, who, Manton thought, was struggling to make natural politeness triumph over the irritability of extreme fatigue. As he greeted the four Europeans and assured them that it was a "daisy of a night outside," the lines about the little mate's eyes appeared to have deepened, and he spoke like a man who would fall asleep all standing if his will faltered for a moment. Mrs. Manton retired immediately to her cabin, stoutly declaring that she did not intend to budge from it till the peace of the Rangoon River was reached. Duffield, Ward, and Manton had a final nightcap in the evil-smelling saloon; then Duffield, his routine business finished, went back to the launch, and Ward and Manton to their cabins. The *Maymyo* untied, and disappeared instantly into the rain and lashed darkness, and the *Hubert Hinton* weighed anchor and set her nose down-stream.

As the engines sent their tremor through the vessel, Manton tried to make himself appreciate the fact that he was actually starting on the way home, but fatigue and the atmosphere of the night prevented him from getting any real

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pleasure from the realisation. He l
ating, his body slack and listless
der-line of sleep and waking
all of exceptional violence w
Then, as the *Hubert Hinton* g
thud as the stem hit something
graph sounded, a hail came from
by commands from the br
a beam of blinding light acr
spoke, and was answered fr
light. Again the engine-roo
tremor of her power shook
her way. Manton wonder
uble was, but he lacked t
ully he appreciated that
s business. Sweat trickli
his slept.

He awakened to the confused idea th
to stand him roughly on his head; th
realised that the fool was the *Hubert H*
making very hea vy weather of it. H
reasons, had al gned the saloon berth
of fore and aft, so that when she roll
which she was i nordinately fond, the
sometimes stopp ed a slide downhill
times with their heads. Manton, ha
head, sat up cautiously and rubbed
the miserable tub and her ways, climb
from the upper be rth, and wedged hi
it and the washsta d *while* he shave
complexion and the *fact* that she was
yes shut by consci us effort convinc
on was beyond co ment. He wen
way from one hand-hold to anoth
ng three inches of salt water rus
's over him and sl op out on the
t into the saloon in search of te
elling more vilely th

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had led him to suppose it could. He also found two native stewards, comatose with sea sickness, lying on the floor. So, having incautiously let go his hold on the doorpost as he entered, and having in consequence been hurled across the saloon to the detriment of his knees and his right elbow, he lost his temper and booted the stewards out of their coma and ordered them to open up the place and produce tea within five minutes. Then he went out on deck, and was chased about by solid lumps of sea until he found a comparatively dry spot on the top of No. 1 hatch.

The *Hubert Hinton* was running past small islands—steep little islands covered from breakers to hilltop with a tangle of vegetation, which appeared and disappeared in squalls of driving rain. The monsoon was doing well, and the noise of it, whistling and screaming through the ship, was continuous and violent. The sea was big, so big that it seemed like cruelty to ask the little vessel to make her way through it. Great wind-whipped hills of water towered over her, and shouldered her aside and rolled her one way and another, and licked round and across her. Yet she crawled and squirmed amongst them, only occasionally thrusting her nose into them, withdrawing it with a sucking wrench, and passing a foaming torrent aft along her decks. She was lively. There were moments when Manton, watching her performance, wondered how rivets could stand the strain of her antics. Waiting for breakfast, enjoying beyond expression the clean taste of the wind, he watched the *Hubert Hinton's* bows swung points off her course, and then forced by her helm back to her right path again; and he imagined the native quarter-master at the wheel having the devil of a time of it. Then when a monstrous great mound of water took hold of her and pushed her over and held her down until the starboard rails disappeared and the Indian Ocean reached almost to the combing of the hatch on which he sat, he began to feel thankful that there was a man in charge of her. This sailoring business, he perceived, was no job for the nervous.

While Manton drank a cup of tea and saw to it that two

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chairs were lashed in position
the saloon, Ward appeared.
ot speak as he tottered past
he chairs.
er look out," Manton advis
a bit this morning. You may
ard opened his eyes feebly.
tink of that blasted cabin,"
closed his eyes again, and cont
social life aboard. So Manto
d made him fast in his chair
ery figure of Captain Field s
eezy morning," he decla
lking to him about brea
A couple of chops, an egg or
passes aboard this craft as
my form. You can do to
"Not the Hubert Hinton's goat ch
him firmly. "Can do the rest."
"Come on, then," the captain urge
"I hear," he st ted as they sat down
been doing a j b of work since we las
it you had been piling up the overtim
"Somewhat," Manton admitted. "
it, though."
"Foolish," Captain Field announc
You ought to know better. Overtime in
stupidity."
"You never go in for it, I suppose?" I
"Not I," the cap ain replied, grinning
me is meant to cove twenty-four hours
isn't liking it any m e than Ward, I ta
While he got outside a remarkably
captain gossiped; his eyes were red from
the lines about his mouth were accent
et the sane ch rfuln ss of the man fitt
er. But as y we e tackling the yell

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which passed for marmalade, he asked a question somewhat abruptly.

"You haven't told me," he said, "what you think of my little performance last night?"

A note in his voice convinced Manton that the business was of some importance to the sailor, that whatever it was it had been in his thoughts throughout the meal, although he had not chosen to advertise the fact.

"Little performance!" he asked. "What little performance?"

"Lord, man!" Captain Field laughed, "don't tell me that you didn't feel me run into a lighter below the anchorage."

"I felt a bump," Manton admitted. "Oh yes, and the searchlights went."

"Good boy," the captain commented; "they did. And we imagine that the passengers are always watching us and our doings! Yes, I ran into a lighter, which, as usual, wasn't showing lights, and I sank it and its crew of six. With this weather and Parker doing that jazz round me with the *Maymyo* before he tied up, I was behind time. Also, the channel isn't over wide for manœuvring just there, and I'd got you and the mails aboard. So I told Parker to stand by and pick up what he could, and came on. I should think that he probably didn't pick up anything."

"Well," said Manton, filling his pipe, "then there are probably six less black ruffians in the world. Rather a blessing than otherwise, I should say."

"Would you," Captain Field answered. "Well, you may be right. But, my dear man, you may have heard of the Burma for the Burmans and the East for the East racket. If the news gets into certain quarters, I shall be advertised in the papers as a callous brute who lets black men drown where he would heave-to and search for white."

"But, good Lord, captain," Manton asked, "what does it matter what lies the local rags choose to print? Nobody gives a damn for them."

"Don't they," Captain Field replied. "I'm not so sure. And, besides, you know it isn't a lie. If you or your missis

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d had gone overboard, I shoul
u back and chanced bumping
getting my ticket dirtied.
r to Parker only made a sle
ore slender, and whatever pe
y ticket for that."
nk!" Manton asked indignantly
They would think a fat sight
tives, you had piled up this
a launch, much better fitted f
by. It's preposterous."
agree to that," Captain Field
hat people often have sensib
to them. Prefer to prete
ff, black man and brother
e. I fancy that Bunn will
had a spell. See you at
did not see the skipper
him again until the foll
minute or two about su
him.
is rattled," Bunn decla
and I don't wonder.
lighter it will be handed
you kid yourself that
if there's black v. wh
ays."
red eyes and yawned

But Manton
he did not see
saw Bunn for a
had a drink with
"The old man
direct question,
over that blinking
night, man, don't
consider one of us
round. Not these
And he rubbed
his job.

The weather breed up considerably th
became impossible to move about the H
out risking injury, an Manton spent mo
day wedged on a sofa in one of the spare
dozing. No officers ap peared at meals, so
heavy on his hands. At times he found h
ignant at the thought that Captain Fi
made to suffer for a ccident which
ut by native careles ss in not show

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moreover, the skipper had handled in the only sensible and sane fashion. To have attempted to manœuvre the *Hubert Hinton* in a narrow channel with the river in full flood on a night as black and wild as it had been, or to lower a boat with the launch not two hundred yards away, would have been the action of a theatrically minded fool. Yet Manton recognised the chance of political capital in the yarn, robbed of its explanatory details, that the vessel had held unconcernedly on her way while human beings struggled and drowned alongside. He wondered how the captain would take things if they went against him, but he was prepared to give long odds that whatever happened the man would be master of his nerves.

On the second evening the monsoon let up a trifle, and the captain appeared at dinner. He was fresh and, comparatively, cool-looking from a bath, his white uniform was uncreased, and the brass buttons shone; but Manton thought that the reddish face was not as fresh as the kit, that the man looked thoroughly over-tired.

He greeted the passenger, however, as cheerily as ever, and attacked his food with a good appetite; but it was significant that twice he condemned the dishes whole-heartedly, and once he sent an abusive message to the cook. It was also significant that he kept the talk going on his domestic affairs. Manton recognised this as an infallible sign of trouble. So, when Captain Field pointed out that his own wife was a stranger to him, that it was a hopeless life for him and for her, Manton agreed, and waited for the sequel to that familiar opening. Then the skipper turned from generalities. His son, he declared, had got hold of the fool idea that he wanted to follow his father and go to the sea for a living. In these degenerate days, the father pointed out, it was hopeless to attempt to thrash the nonsense out of the boy; besides, he couldn't get home to do it; but he had an idea that, if he sent the youngster to a decent public school and got him soaked in tradition and turned out strictly according to the conventional pattern, he might forget the sea until it was too late for him to follow it. Again Man-

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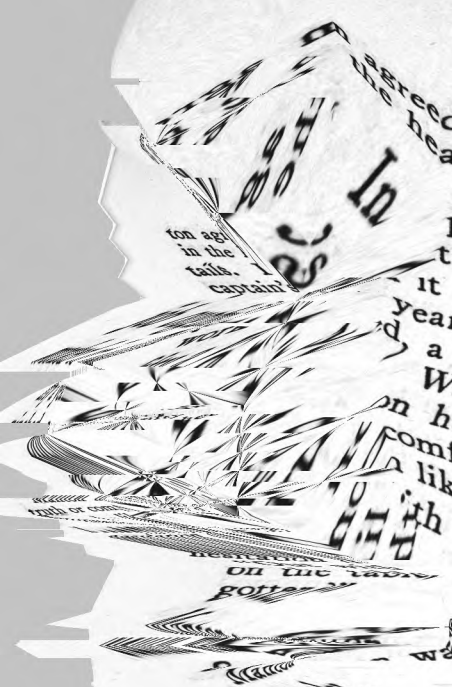
greed; and the master of the *Hu*
heat of his evil-smelling saloon
spite of her filth, the craft
point of view. The extra
t to make his scheme qui
it out, he declared, and he th
year, or, possibly, in order that
a hundred and sixty, ought
What did Manton think?
n hesitated, wondering whet
omforting assurances; and the
like a knife.
h it," he urged, leaning for
"Which of the damned

wanted to say "all of them

abrup
"You want a really decent school,"
want the whole cost. Well then, captai
a hundred to your top figure, and ma
that."
Captain Field
sat back in his chair
at Manton.
"That isn't a fool joke?" he asked.
Manton shook his head.
"Looks as though father would hav
breeches or something," Captain Field
dred, you say. Even so it might be do
He checked himself, and sat silent, o
his best poker face to his assistance.
like the look that shown in his eye
mask fixed. He began to grow slightly
Outside the rain lashed the little ship
nd drive of it distinct above the whine
ind, the creaking of the fittings, and th
e sea. Inside in the stifling reek of
n sat silent, mechanically steadying
es, when the table canted to a danger

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ladder to the officers' quarters the captain paused, and shouted to Manton to look out that he did not run into a life-boat. At the top of the ladder to the bridge he paused again, but did not shout; instead he stretched out a large hand, and guided Manton's head past a taut wire that hummed and vibrated in the wind. For a second Manton wondered why he had not shouted again, then as he came on to the bridge the strangely intent figure of the native quartermaster at the wheel gave him the reason. The man stood with his bare splay feet wide apart, his head a little forward, all his mind and senses concentrated on the illuminated compass card. Until some one slipped quietly alongside him, and with trained skill took over the wheel, there must be no world for him beyond that illumined card; to stand securely on his high swaying perch, passing and repassing the spokes through his hands, to keep the card pointing where it should was his whole business; sudden shouts might bring his eyes from their one duty. Manton glanced at the intent figure

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bit too infernally neat and professional for me. I'd like to see a pipe or something lying about. Just to show that human men do use the place."

Captain Field had remained leaning over the chart-table, but he turned suddenly as Manton spoke. His face wore the set look of extreme fatigue, and there was an expression in his eyes which his companion did not like.

"Do they use it?" he asked; "I hear you say so. It's meant for ships' officers to work in. If they are such damned fools as to want to remember their blasted humanity that is their trouble, not the ship's."

He spoke without emphasis or apparent resentment, in a quiet voice. Seating himself on the table, he took out his pipe and filled it from an oiled silk pouch. Manton's uneasiness increased, and it grew into alarm as the captain continued talking without emphasising his points or allowing any expression of feeling into his voice.

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For Captain Field spoke of things that were of import-

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that he did not know how to handle it.

"Look here, captain," he urged, "last time we were on this craft of yours you gave my missis and Ward and me a nice little lecture about nerves. If you go on like this, meeting trouble before it comes, I'll say you've got them."

"Then," said Captain Field, and he got up and paced backwards and forwards between the table and the sofa, "then you would be right. Of course I've got them."

Manton stirred on the sofa; he was conscious that the trouble was coming to a head, and he wondered what would happen if the man let himself go.

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no good blinking facts. I know the only remedy for my condition, and I'm going to apply it."

"What——" Manton began, but the skipper silenced him.

He got up, and stood balancing himself to the antics of the *Hubert Hinton,* a powerful figure, dangerous in a scrap. Manton felt the atmosphere of the little chart-room intolerably oppressive. He understood quite clearly that the captain had squarely, as he said himself, deliberately, during hours of anxious work, fought what he called his nerves, and that, like Captain Dennis and many others, he had lost the fight.

"If," Captain Field continued, "I'm right, and there is trouble about that damned lighter and I get shot out of this billet and pushed down the line, things are going to start moving. I'm not standing for it. Do you understand that? I'm not standing for it. I've run their damned ships for them for nearly thirty years, and never so much as scraped off an ounce of paint through my own fault. I'm not taking

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"There isn't any 'but,'" Captain
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lighter, and made much of it. Five out of the six men of the crew had been drowned; and the newspaper version of the affair was that the captain of the *Hubert Hinton* had left them to their fate. Racial feeling was nicely fomented on the matter. On the third day of their four-day wait before the home going liner sailed, Ward came in to lunch at the hotel where he and the Mantons were living with the news that the *Hubert Hinton* had sailed with a new skipper; and during the meal the three of them discussed the confounded injustice of the business.

The following morning there was a break in the rains, and the sun beat down on the streets of Rangoon through an atmosphere like high-scented treacle. About noon, as he strolled limply along the Suele Pagoda road, telling himself that in another twenty-four hours the infernal damp heat would be a memory to laugh at, Manton saw a large cheerful figure ahead waving a greeting.

"Morning, captain," he called as he approached the large man. "Anderson's bar, I think?"

"And a great thought, too," Captain Field agreed.

As they made their way to that house of refreshment, Manton decided that whatever had happened, the sailor had regained command of his nerves, but he noticed with interest a cut over his right eye. When they were seated on cane chairs beneath a fan with drinks on a table before them, he opened the subject at once.

"I hear that you were right and I was wrong," he said, "and that this damned nonsense in the newspapers has put another man into the *Hubert Hinton.* Where are you going?"

"Malay archipelago," Captain Field told him. "Daisy of a run. No pickings, nothing extra. Likely to be there some time. Better designed ship than the *Hinton,* though. Here's fun."

He raised his glass, and Manton took up his.

"Here's to it," he replied, sipping. "What damnable nonsense. They ought to be confounded well shot for it, the silly idiots." He paused, thinking of the uncanny quiet of

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sage to go and see the manager man, I knew what was co
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his questions, I let him speak his piece about the compa
not being able to overlook actions of their officers calculat
to do their prestige harm; and when he came to the finis
that I was relieved from the *Hinton* and was to go on th
daisy of a run, I just nodded. He was a new man to m
not long out from the London office, and he seemed puzzle
'Well, captain,' he asked, 'anything to say?' 'Not muc
sir,' I told him. 'Just this. I've served the company getti
on for thirty years, and this seems to me just a trifle t
thick. I'm not standing for it.' 'Indeed,' he asked. 'Wh
are you going to do about it?' 'Give you the hiding of yo

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whistle. Afterwards he told me not to be a damn fool again, or somebody not fond of exercise would sack me. A good sort that new manager man."

Manton sat staring at the second round of drinks, which the barefoot waiter had brought in answer to a sign.

"What gets me," he declared, "is why a man with your common-sense wants to run amok deliberately."

"I told you aboard the *Hinton*," Captain Field replied, taking up his glass. "Nerves."

"But what's the sense of it?" Manton argued. "You pulled off a thousand to one chance. If you had not, if you had got what you asked for, what then?"

The captain got up.

"Must go," he stated. "Got an appointment at the office. What then? Why, I should have been on the beach. But," he leaned towards his companion, a large, sanely cheerful man, "you've got to recognise it when your nerves go wrong. I'd rather be on the beach looking for a job than turn a blind eye to them and finish like old Dennis did or like that drummer fellow, Hicks, will. Remember that when you get back, my boy."

He finished his drink, shook hands, and muttering, "Meet again some day, somewhere, I expect," hurried out into the glare of sunlight. And Manton, mopping the sweat from his face, watched the large figure disappear, and pondered the truth of his philosophy.

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THE WOMAN WHO RODE AWAY [1]

By D. H. LAWRENCE

From *The New Criterion* and *The Dial*

I

She had thought that this marriage, of all marriages, would be an adventure. Not that the man himself was exactly magical to her. A little, wiry, twisted fellow, twenty years older than herself, with brown eyes and greying hair, who had come to America a scrap of a wastrel, from Holland, years ago, as a tiny boy, and from the gold-mines of the west had been kicked south into Mexico, and now was more or less rich, owning silver-mines in the wilds of the Sierra Madre: it was obvious that the adventure lay in his circumstances, rather than his person. But he was still a little dynamo of energy, in spite of accidents survived, and what he had accomplished he had accomplished alone. One of those human oddments there is no accounting for.

When she actually *saw* what he had accomplished, her heart quailed. Green-covered, unbroken mountain-hills, and in the midst of the lifeless isolation, the sharp pinkish mounds of the dried mud from the silver-works. Under the nakedness of the works, the walled-in, one-storey adobe house, with its garden inside, and its deep inner verandah with tropical climbers on the sides. And when you looked up from this shut-in flowered patio, you saw the huge pink cone of the silver-mud refuse, and the machinery of the extracting plant against heaven above. No more.

To be sure, the great wooden doors were often open. And then she could stand outside, in the vast open world. And

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see great, void, tree-clad hills piling behind one another, from nowhere into nowhere. They were green in autumn time, for the rest, pinkish stark dry and abstract.

And in his battered Ford car her husband would take her into the dead, thrice-dead little Spanish town forgotten among the mountains. The great, sundried dead church, the dead portales, the hopeless covered market-place, where, the first time she went, she saw a dead dog lying between the meat stalls and the vegetable array, stretched out as if for ever, nobody troubling to throw it away. Deadness within deadness.

Everybody feebly talking silver, and showing bits of ore. But silver was at a standstill. The great war came and went. Silver was a dead market. Her husband's mines were closed down. But she and he lived on in the adobe house under the works, among the flowers that were never very flowery to her.

She had two children, a boy and a girl. And her eldest, the boy, was nearly ten years old before she aroused from her stupor of subjected amazement. She was now thirty-three, a large, blue-eyed, dazed woman, beginning to grow stout. Her little, wiry, tough, twisted, brown-eyed husband was fifty-three, a man as tough as wire, tenacious as wire, still full of energy, but dimmed by the lapse of silver from the market, and by some curious inaccessibility on his wife's part.

He was a man of principles, and a good husband. In a way, he doted on her. He never quite got over his dazzled admiration of her. But essentially, he was still a bachelor. He had been thrown out on the world, a little bachelor, at the age of ten. When he married he was over forty, and had enough money to marry on. But his capital was all a bachelor's. He was boss of his own works, and marriage was the last and most intimate bit of his own works.

He admired his wife to extinction, he admired her body, all her points. And she was to him always the rather dazzling Californian girl from Berkeley, whom he had first known. Like any sheik, he kept her guarded among those

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mountains of Chihuahua. He was jealous of her as he was of his silver-mine: and that is saying a lot.

At thirty-three she really was still the girl from Berkeley, in all but physique. Her conscious development had stopped mysteriously with her marriage, completely arrested. Her husband had never become real to her, neither mentally nor physically. In spite of his late sort of passion for her, he never meant anything to her, physically. Only morally he swayed her, downed her, kept her in an invincible slavery.

So the years went by, in the adobe house strung round the sunny patio, with the silver-works overhead. Her husband was never still. When the silver went dead, he ran a ranch lower down, some twenty miles away, and raised pure-bred hogs, splendid creatures. At the same time, he hated pigs. He was a squeamish waif of an idealist, and really hated the physical side of life. He loved work, work, work, and making things. His marriage, his children, were something he was making, part of his business, but with a sentimental income this time.

Gradually her nerves began to go wrong: she must get out. She must get out. So he took her to El Paso for three months. And at least it was the United States.

But he kept his spell over her. The three months ended: back she was, just the same, in her adobe house among those eternal green or pinky-brown hills, void as only the undiscovered is void. She taught her children, she supervised the Mexican boys who were her servants. And sometimes her husband brought visitors, Spaniards or Mexicans or occasionally white men.

He really loved to have white men staying on the place. Yet he had not a moment's peace when they were there. It was as if his wife were some peculiar secret vein of ore in his mines, which no one must beware of except himself. And she was fascinated by the young gentlemen, mining engineers, who were his guests at times. He too was fascinated by a real gentleman. But he was an old-timer bachelor with a wife, and if a gentleman looked at his wife, he felt as if his mine were being looted, the secrets of it pried out.

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It was one of these young gentlemen who put the idea into her mind. They were all standing outside the great wooden doors of the patio, looking at the outer world. The eternal, motionless hills were all green, it was September, after the rains. There was no sign of anything, save the deserted mine, the deserted works, and a bunch of half-deserted miners' dwellings.

"I wonder," said the young man, "what there is behind those great blank hills."

"More hills," said Lederman. "If you go that way, Sonora and the coast. This way is the desert—you came from there— And the other way, hills and mountains."

"Yes, but what *lives* in the hills and the mountains? *Surely* there is something wonderful! It looks *so* like nowhere on earth: like being on the moon."

"There's plenty of game, if you want to shoot. And Indians, if you call *them* wonderful."

"Wild ones?"

"Wild enough."

"But friendly?"

"It depends. Some of them are quite wild, and they don't let anybody near. They kill a missionary at sight. And where a missionary can't get, nobody can."

"But what does the government say?"

"They're so far from everywhere, the government leaves 'em alone. And they're wily; if they think there'll be trouble, they send a delegation to Chihuahua and make a formal submission. The government is glad to leave it at that."

"And do they live quite wild, with their own savage customs and religion?"

"Oh yes. They use nothing but bows and arrows. I've seen them in town, in the Plaza, with funny sort of hats with flowers round them, and a bow in one hand, quite naked except for a sort of shirt, even in cold weather—striding round with their savage's bare legs."

"But don't you suppose it's wonderful, up there in their secret villages?"

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"No. What would there be wonderful about it? Savages are savages, and all savages behave more or less alike: rather low-down and dirty, unsanitary, with a few cunning tricks, and struggling to get enough to eat."

"But surely they have old, old religions and mysteries—it *must* be wonderful, surely it must."

"I don't know about mysteries—howling and heathen practices, more or less indecent. No, I see nothing wonderful in that kind of stuff. And I wonder that you should, when you have lived in London or Paris or New York——"

"Ah, *everybody* lives in London or Paris or New York"—said the young man, as if this were an argument.

And his peculiar vague enthusiasm for unknown Indians found a full echo in the woman's heart. She was overcome by a foolish romanticism more unreal than a girl's. She felt it was her destiny to wander into the secret haunts of these timeless, mysterious, marvellous Indians of the mountains.

She kept her secret. The young man was departing, her husband was going with him down to Torreon, on business:—would be away for some days. But before the departure, she made her husband talk about the Indians: about the wandering tribes, resembling the Navajo, who were still wandering free; and the Yaquis of Sonora: and the different groups in the different valleys of Chihuahua State.

There was supposed to be one tribe, the Chilchuis, living in a high valley to the south, who were the sacred tribe of all the Indians. The descendants of Montezuma and of the old Aztec or Totonac kings still lived among them, and the old priests still kept up the ancient religion, and offered human sacrifices—so it was said. Some scientists had been to the Chilchui country, and had come back gaunt and exhausted with hunger and bitter privation, bringing various curious, barbaric objects of worship, but having seen nothing extraordinary in the hungry, stark village of savages.

Though Lederman talked in this off-hand way, it was obvious he felt some of the vulgar excitement at the idea of ancient and mysterious savages.

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"How far away are they?" she asked.

"Oh—three days on horesback—past Cuchitee and a little lake there is up there."

Her husband and the young man departed. The woman made her crazy plans. Of late, to break the monotony of her life, she had harassed her husband into letting her go riding with him, occasionally, on horseback. She was never allowed to go out alone. The country truly was not safe, lawless and crude.

But she had her own horse, and she dreamed of being free as she had been as a girl, among the hills of California.

Her daughter, nine years old, was now in a tiny convent in the little half-deserted Spanish mining-town five miles away.

"Manuel," said the woman to her house-servant, "I'm going to ride to the convent to see Margarita, and take her a few things. Perhaps I shall stay the night in the convent. You look after Freddy and see everything is all right till I come back."

"Shall I ride with you on the master's horse, or shall Juan?" asked the servant.

"Neither of you. I shall go alone."

The young man looked her in the eyes, in protest. Absolutely impossible that the woman should ride alone!

"I shall go alone," repeated the large, placid-seeming, fair-complexioned woman, with peculiar overbearing emphasis. And the man silently, unhappily yielded.

"Why are you going alone, mother?" asked her son, as she made up parcels of food.

"Am I *never* to be let alone? Not one moment of my life?" she cried, with sudden explosion of energy. And the child, like the servant, shrank into silence.

She set off without a qualm, riding astride on her strong roan horse, and wearing a riding suit of coarse linen, a riding skirt over her linen breeches, a scarlet neck tie over her white blouse, and a black felt hat on her head. She had food in her saddle-bags, an army canteen with water, and a large, native blanket tied on behind the saddle. Peering into the distance, she set off from her home. Manuel and the little

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boy stood in the gateway to watch her go. She did not even turn to wave them farewell.

But when she had ridden about a mile, she left the wild road and took a small trail to the right, that led into another valley, over steep places and past great trees, and through another deserted mining-settlement. It was September, the water was running freely in the little stream that had fed the now-abandoned mine. She got down to drink, and let the horse drink too.

She saw natives coming through the trees, away up the slope. They had seen her, and were watching her closely. She watched in turn. The three people, two women and a youth, were making a wide détour, so as not to come too close to her. She did not care. Mounting, she trotted ahead up the silent valley, beyond the silver-works, beyond any trace of mining. There was still a rough trail, that led over rocks and loose stones into the valley beyond. This trail she had already ridden, with her husband. Beyond that she knew she must go south.

Curiously, she was not afraid, although it was a frightening country, the silent, fatal-seeming mountain-slopes, the occasional distant, suspicious, elusive natives among the trees, the great carrion birds occasionally hovering, like great flies, in the distance, over some carrion or some ranch house or some group of huts.

As she climbed the trees shrank and the trail ran through a thorny scrub, that was trailed over with blue convolvulus and an occasional pink creeper. Then these flowers lapsed. She was nearing the pine-trees.

She was over the crest, and before her another silent, void, green-clad valley. It was past midday. Her horse turned to a little runlet of water, so she got down to eat her midday meal. She sat in silence looking at the motionless unliving valley, and at the sharp-peaked hills, rising higher to rock and pine-trees, southwards. She rested two hours in the heat of the day, while the horse cropped around her.

Curious that she was neither afraid nor lonely. Indeed, the loneliness was like a drink of cold water to one who is

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very thirsty. And a strange elation sustained her from within.

She travelled on, and camped at night in a valley beside a stream, deep among the bushes. She had seen cattle and had crossed several trails. There must be a ranch not far off. She heard the strange wailing shriek of a mountain-lion, and the answer of dogs. But she sat by her small camp fire in a secret hollow place and was not really afraid. She was buoyed up always by the curious, bubbling elation within her.

It was very cold before dawn. She lay wrapped in her blanket looking at the stars, listening to her horse shivering, and feeling like a woman who has died and passed beyond. She was not sure that she had not heard, during the night, a great crash at the centre of herself, which was the crash of her own death. Or else it was a crash at the centre of the earth, and meant something big and mysterious.

With the first peep of light she got up, numb with cold, and made a fire. She ate hastily, gave her horse some pieces of oil-seed cake, and set off again. She avoided any meeting —and since she met nobody, it was evident that she in turn was avoided. She came at last in sight of the village of Cuchitee, with its black houses with their reddish roofs, a sombre, dreary little cluster below another silent, long-abandoned mine. And beyond, a long, great mountain-side, rising up green and light to the darker, shaggier green of pine trees. And beyond the pine trees stretches of naked rock against the sky, rock slashed already and brindled with white stripes of snow. High up, the new snow had already begun to fall.

And now, as she neared, more or less, her destination, she began to go vague and disheartened. She had passed the little lake among yellowish aspen trees whose white trunks were round and suave like the white round arms of some woman. What a lovely place! In California she would have raved about it. But here she looked and saw that it was lovely, but she didn't care. She was weary and spent with her two nights in the open, and afraid of the coming

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night. She didn't know where she was going, or what she was going for. Her horse plodded dejectedly on, towards that immense and forbidding mountain-slope, following a stony little trail. And if she had had any will of her own left, she would have turned back, to the village, to be protected and sent home to her husband.

But she had no will of her own. Her horse splashed through a brook, and turned up a valley, under immense yellowing cotton wood trees. She must have been near nine thousand feet above sea level, and her head was light with the altitude and with weariness. Beyond the cotton wood trees she could see, on each side, the steep sides of mountain-slopes hemming her in, sharp-plumaged with overlapping aspen, and higher up, with sprouting, pointed spruce and pine-tree. Her horse went on automatically. In this tight valley, on this slight trail, there was nowhere to go but ahead, climbing.

Suddenly her horse jumped, and three men in dark blankets were on the trail before her.

"Adios!" came the greeting, in the full, restrained Indian voice.

"Adios!" she replied, in her assured, American woman's voice.

"Where are you going?" came the quiet question, in Spanish.

The men in the dark sarapes had come closer, and were looking up at her.

"On ahead," she replied coolly, in her hard, Saxon Spanish.

These were just natives to her: dark-faced, strongly-built men in dark sarapes and straw hats. They would have been the same as the man who worked for her husband, except, strangely, for the long black hair that fell over their shoulders. She noted this long black hair with a certain distaste. These must be the wild Indians she had come to see.

"Where do you come from?" the same man asked. It was always the one man who spoke. He was young, with quick, large, bright black eyes that glanced sideways at her.

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He had a soft black moustache on his dark face, and a sparse tuft of beard, loose hairs on his chin. His long black hair, full of life, hung unrestrained on his shoulders. Dark as he was, he did not look as if he had washed lately.

His two companions were the same, but older men, powerful and silent. One had a thin black line of moustache, but was beardless. The other had the smooth cheeks and the sparse dark hairs marking the lines of his chin with the beard characteristic of the Indians.

"I come from far away," she replied, with half-jocular evasion.

This was received in silence.

"But where do you live?" asked the young man, with that same quiet insistence.

"In the north," she replied airily.

Again there was a moment's silence. The young man conversed quietly, in Indian, with his two companions.

"Where do you want to go, up this way?" he asked suddenly, with challenge and authority, pointing briefly up the trail.

"To the Chilchui Indians," answered the woman laconically.

The young man looked at her. His eyes were quick and black, and inhuman. He saw, in the full evening light, the faint sub-smile of assurance on her rather large, calm, fresh-complexioned face; the weary, bluish lines under her large blue eyes; and in her eyes, as she looked down at him, a half-childish, half-arrogant confidence in her own female power. But in her eyes also, a curious look of trance.

"*Usted es Señora?* You are a lady?" the Indian asked her.

"Yes, I am a lady," she replied complacently.

"With a family?"

"With a husband and two children, boy and girl," she said.

The Indian turned to his companions and translated, in the low, gurgling speech, like hidden water running. They were evidently at a loss.

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"Where is your husband?" asked the young man.

"Who knows?" she replied airily. "He has gone away on business for a week."

The black eyes watched her shrewdly. She, for all her weariness, smiled faintly in the pride of her own adventure and the assurance of her own womanhood, and the spell of the madness that was on her.

"And what do *you* want to do?" the Indian asked her.

"I want to visit the Chilchui Indians—to see their houses and to know their gods," she replied.

The young man turned and translated quickly, and there was a silence almost of consternation. The grave elder men were glancing at her sideways, with strange looks, from under their decorated hats. And they said something to the young man, in deep chest voices.

The latter still hesitated. Then he turned to the woman.

"Good!" he said. "Let us go. But we cannot arrive until to-morrow. We shall have to make a camp to-night."

"Good!" she said. "I can make a camp."

Without more ado, they set off at a good speed up the stony trail. The young Indian ran alongside her horse's head, the other two ran behind. One of them had taken a thick stick, and occasionally he struck her horse a resounding blow on the haunch, to urge him forward. This made the horse jump, and threw her against the saddle horn, which, tired as she was, made her angry.

"Don't do that!" she cried, looking round angrily at the fellow. She met his black, large, bright eyes, and for the first time her spirit really quailed. The man's eyes were not human to her, and they did not see her as a beautiful white woman. He looked at her with a black, bright inhuman look, and saw no woman in her at all. As if she were some strange, unaccountable *thing*, incomprehensible to him, but inimical. She sat in her saddle in wonder, feeling once more as if she had died. And again he struck her horse, and jerked her badly in the saddle.

All the passionate anger of the spoilt white woman rose in

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her. She pulled her horse to a standstill, and turned with blazing eyes to the man at her bridle.

"Tell that fellow not to touch my horse again," she cried.

She met the eyes of the young man, and in their bright black inscrutability she saw a fine spark, as in a snake's eye, of derision. He spoke to his companion in the rear, in the low tones of the Indian. The man with the stick listened without looking. Then, giving a strange low cry to the horse, he struck it again on the rear, so that it leaped forward spasmodically up the stony trail, scattering the stones, pitching the weary woman in her seat.

The anger flew like a madness into her eyes, she went white at the gills. Fiercely she reined in her horse. But before she could turn, the young Indian had caught the reins under the horse's throat, jerked them forward, and was trotting ahead rapidly, leading the horse.

The woman was powerless. And along with her supreme anger there came a slight thrill of exultation. She knew she was dead.

The sun was setting, a great yellow light flooded the last of the aspens, flared on the trunks of the pine-trees, the pine-needles bristled and stood out with dark lustre, the rocks glowed with unearthly glamour. And through this effulgence the Indian at her horse's head trotted unwearily on, his dark blanket swinging, his bare legs glowing with a strange transfigured ruddiness in the powerful light, and his straw hat with its half-absurd decorations of flowers and feathers shining showily above his river of long black hair. At times he would utter a low call to the horse, and then the other Indian, behind, would fetch the beast a whack with the stick.

The wonder-light faded off the mountains, the world began to grow dark, a cold air breathed down. In the sky, half a moon was struggling against the glow in the west. Huge shadows came down from steep rocky slopes. Water was rushing. The woman was conscious only of her fatigue, her unspeakable fatigue, and the cold wind from the heights. She was not aware how moonlight replaced daylight. It

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happened while she travelled unconscious with weariness.

For some hours they travelled by moonlight. Then suddenly they came to a standstill. The men conversed in low tones for a moment.

"We camp here," said the young man.

She waited for him to help her down. He merely stood holding the horse's bridle. She almost fell from the saddle, so fatigued.

They had chosen a place at the foot of rocks that still gave off a little warmth of the sun. One man cut pine-boughs, another erected little screens of pine-boughs against the rock for shelter, and put boughs of balsam pine, for beds. The third made a small fire, to heat tortillas. They worked in silence.

The woman drank water. She did not want to eat—only to lie down.

"Where do I sleep?" she asked.

The young man pointed to one of the shelters. She crept in and lay inert. She did not care what happened to her, she was so weary, and so beyond everything. Through the twigs of spruce she could see the three men squatting round the fire on their hams, chewing the tortillas they picked from the ashes with their dark fingers, and drinking water from a gourd. They talked in low, muttering tones, with long intervals of silence. Her saddle and saddle-bags lay not far from the fire, unopened, untouched. The men were not interested in her nor her belongings. There they squatted with their hats on their heads, eating, eating mechanically, like animals, the dark sarape with its fringe falling to the ground before and behind, the powerful dark legs naked and squatting like an animal's, showing the dirty white shirt and the sort of loin-cloth which was the only other garment, underneath. And they showed no more sign of interest in her than if she had been a piece of venison they were bringing home from the hunt, and had hung inside a shelter.

After a while they carefully extinguished the fire, and went inside their own shelter. Watching through the screen of boughs, she had a moment's thrill of fear and anxiety, seeing

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the dark forms cross and pass silently in the moonlight. Would they attack her now?

But no! They were as if oblivious of her. Her horse was hobbled; she could hear it hopping wearily. All was silent, mountain-silent, cold, deathly. She slept and woke and slept in a semi-conscious numbness of cold and fatigue. A long, long night, icy and eternal, and she aware that she had died.

II

Yet when there was a stirring, and a clink of flint and steel, and the form of a man crouching like a dog over a bone, at a red sputter of fire, and she knew it was morning coming, it seemed to her the night had passed too soon.

When the fire was going, she came out of her shelter with one real desire left: for coffee. The men were warming more tortillas.

"Can we make coffee?" she asked.

The young man looked at her, and she imagined the same faint spark of derision in his eyes. He shook his head.

"We don't take it," he said. "There is no time."

And the elder men, squatting on their haunches, looked up at her in the terrible paling dawn, and there was not even derision in their eyes. Only that intense, yet remote, inhuman glitter which was terrible to her. They were inaccessible. They could not see her as a woman at all. As if she *were* not a woman. As if, perhaps, her whiteness took away all her womanhood, and left her as some giant, female white ant. That was all they could see in her.

Before the sun was up, she was in the saddle again, and they were climbing steeply, in the icy air. The sun came, and soon she was very hot, exposed to the glare in the bare places. It seemed to her they were climbing to the roof of the world. Beyond against heaven were slashes of snow.

During the course of the morning, they came to a place where the horse could not go further. They rested for a time with a great slant of living rock in front of them, like

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the glossy breast of some earth-beast. Across this rock, along a wavering crack, they had to go. It seemed to her that for hours she went in torment, on her hands and knees, from crack to crevice, along the slanting face of this pure rock-mountain. An Indian in front and an Indian behind walking slowly erect, shod with sandals of braided leather. But she in her riding-boots dared not stand erect.

Yet what she wondered, all the time, was why she persisted in clinging and crawling along these mile-long sheets of rock. Why she did not hurl herself down, and have done! The world was below her.

When they emerged at last on a stony slope, she looked back, and saw the third Indian coming carrying her saddle and saddle bags on his back, the whole hung from a band across his forehead. And he had his hat in his hand, as he stepped slowly, with the slow, soft, heavy tread of the Indian, unwavering in the chinks of rock, as if along a scratch in the mountain's iron shield.

The stony slope led downwards. The Indians seemed to grow excited. One ran ahead at a slow trot, disappearing round the curve of stones. And the track curved round and down, till at last in the full blaze of the mid-morning sun, they could see a valley below them, between walls of rock, as in a great wide chasm let in the mountains. A green valley, with a river, and trees, and clusters of low flat sparkling houses. It was all tiny and perfect, three thousand feet below. Even the flat bridge over the stream, and the square with the houses around it, the bigger building piled up at opposite ends of the square, the tall cotton-wood trees, the pastures and stretches of yellow-sere maize, the patches of brown sheep or goats in the distance, on the slopes, the railed enclosures by the stream-side. There it was, all small and perfect, looking magical, as any place will look magical, seen from the mountains above. The unusual thing was that the low houses glittered white, white-washed, looking like crystals of salt, or silver. This frightened her.

They began the long, winding descent at the head of

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the barranca, following the stream that rushed and fell. At first it was all rocks: then the pine-trees began, and soon, the silver-limbed aspens. The flowers of autumn, big pink daisy-like flowers, and white ones, and many yellow flowers, were in profusion. But she had to sit down and rest, she was so weary. And she saw the bright flowers shadowily, as pale shadows hovering, as one who is dead must see them.

At length came grass and pasture-slopes between mingled aspen and pine-trees. A shepherd, naked in the sun save for his hat and his cotton loin-cloth, was driving his brown sheep away. In a grove of trees they sat and waited, she and the young Indian. The one with the saddle had also gone forward.

They heard a sound of someone coming. It was three men, in fine sarapes of red and orange and yellow and black, and with brilliant feather head-dresses. The oldest had his grey hair braided with fur, and his red and orange-yellow sarape was covered with curious black markings, like a leopard-skin. The other two were not grey-haired, but they were elders too. Their blankets were in stripes, and their head-dresses not so elaborate.

The young Indian addressed the elders in a few quiet words. They listened without answering or looking at him or at the woman, keeping their faces averted and their eyes turned to the ground, only listening. And at length they turned and looked at the woman.

The old chief, or medicine-man, whatever he was, had a deeply wrinkled and lined face of dark bronze, with a few sparse grey hairs round the mouth. Two long braids of grey hair, braided with fur and coloured feathers, hung on his shoulders. And yet, it was only his eyes that mattered. They were black and of extraordinary piercing strength, without a qualm of misgiving in their demonish, dauntless power. He looked into the eyes of the white woman with a long, piercing look, seeking she knew not what. She summoned all her strength to meet his eyes and keep up her guard. But it was no good. He was not looking at her as one human being looks at another. He never even per-

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ceived her resistance or her challenge, but looked past them both, into she knew not what.

She could see it was hopeless to expect any human communication with this old being.

He turned and said a few words to the young Indian.

"He asks, what do you seek here?" said the young man in Spanish.

"I? Nothing! I only came to see what it was like."

This was again translated, and the old man turned his eyes on her once more. Then he spoke again, in his low muttering tone, to the young Indian.

"He says, why does she leave her house with the white men? Does she want to bring the white man's God to the Chilchui?"

"No," she replied, foolhardy. "I came away from the white man's God myself. I came to look for the God of the Chilchui."

Profound silence followed, when this was translated. Then the old man spoke again, in a small voice almost of weariness.

"Does the white woman seek the gods of the Chilchui because she is weary of her own God?" came the question.

"Yes, she does. She is tired of the white man's God," she replied, thinking that was what they wanted her to say. She would like to serve the gods of the Chilchui.

She was aware of an extraordinary thrill of triumph and exultance passing through the Indians, in the tense silence that followed when this was translated. Then they all looked at her with piercing black eyes, in which a steely covetous intent glittered incomprehensible. She was the more puzzled, as there was nothing sensual or sexual in the look. It had a terrible glittering purity that was beyond her. She was afraid, she would have been paralysed with fear, had not something died within her, leaving her with a cold, watchful wonder only.

The elders talked a little while, then the two went away, leaving her with the young man and the oldest chief. The old man now looked at her with a certain solicitude.

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"He says are you tired?" asked the young man.

"Very tired," she said.

"The men will bring you a carriage," said the young Indian.

The carriage, when it came, proved to be a litter consisting of a sort of hammock of dark woollen frieze, slung on to a pole which was borne on the shoulders of two long-haired Indians. The woollen hammock was spread on the ground, she sat down on it, and the two men raised the pole to their shoulders. Swinging rather as if she were in a sack, she was carried out of the grove of trees, following the old chief, whose leopard-spotted blanket moved curiously in the sunlight.

They had emerged in the valley-head. Just in front were the maize fields, with ripe ears of maize. The corn was not very tall, in this high altitude. The well-worn path went between it, and all she could see was the erect form of the old chief, in the flame and black sarape, stepping soft and heavy and swift, his head forward, looking to neither to right nor left. Her bearers followed, stepping rhythmically, the long blue-black hair glistening like a river down the naked shoulders of the man in front.

They passed the maize, and came to a big wall or earthwork made of earth and adobe bricks. The wooden doors were open. Passing on, they were in a network of small gardens, full of flowers and herbs and fruit trees, each garden watered by a tiny ditch of running water. Among each cluster of trees and flowers was a small, glittering white house, windowless, and with closed door. The place was a network of little paths, small streams, and little bridges among square, flowering gardens.

Following the broadest path—a soft narrow track between leaves and grass, a path worn smooth by centuries of human feet, no hoof of horses nor any wheel to disfigure it—they came to the little river of swift bright water, and crossed on a log bridge. Everything was silent—there was no human being anywhere. The road went on under mag-

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nificent cotton wood trees. It emerged suddenly outside the central plaza or square of the village.

This was a long oblong of low white houses with flat roofs, and two bigger buildings, having as it were little square huts piled on top of bigger long huts, stood at either end of the oblong, facing each other rather askew. Every little house was a dazzling white, save for the great round beam-ends which projected under the flat eaves, and for the flat roofs. Round each of the bigger buildings, on the outside of the square, was a stockyard fence, inside which was a garden with trees and flowers, and various small houses.

Not a soul was in sight. They passed silently between the houses into the central square. This was quite bare and arid, the earth trodden smooth by endless generations of passing feet, passing across from door to door. All the doors of the windowless houses gave on to this blank square, but all the doors were closed. The firewood lay near the threshold, a clay oven was still smoking, but there was no sign of moving life.

The old man walked straight across the square to the big house at the end, where the two upper storeys, as in a house of toy bricks, stood each one smaller than the lower one. A stone staircase, outside, led up to the roof of the first storey.

At the foot of this staircase the litter-bearers stood still, and lowered the woman to the ground.

"You will come up," said the young Indian who spoke Spanish.

She mounted the stone stairs to the earthen roof of the first house, which formed a platform round the wall of the second storey. She followed around this platform to the back of the big house. There they descended again, into the garden at the rear.

So far they had seen no one. But now two men appeared, bare-headed, with long-braided hair, and wearing a sort of white shirt gathered into a loin-cloth. These went along with the newcomers, across the garden where red tree

flowers and yellow flowers were blooming, to a long, low white house. There they entered without knocking.

It was dark inside. There was a low murmur of men's voices. Several men were present, their white shirts showing in the gloom, their dark faces invisible. They were sitting on a great log of smooth old wood, that lay along the far wall. And save for this log, the room seemed empty. But no, in the dark at one end was a couch, a sort of bed, and someone lying there, covered with furs.

The old Indian in the spotted sarape, who had accompanied the woman, now took off his hat and his blanket and his sandals. Laying them aside, he approached the couch, and spoke in a low voice. For some moments there was no answer. Then an old man with snow-white hair hanging round his darkly-visible face, roused himself like a vision, and leaned on one elbow, looking vaguely at the company, in tense silence.

The grey-haired Indian spoke again, and then the young Indian, taking the woman's hand, led her forward. In her linen riding habit, and black boots and hat, and her pathetic bit of a red tie, she stood there beside the fur-covered bed of the old, old man, who sat reared up, leaning on one elbow, remote as a ghost, his white hair streaming in disorder, his face almost black, yet with a far-off intentness, not of this world, leaning forward to look at her.

His face was so old, it was like dark glass, and the few curling hairs that sprang white from his lips and chin were quite incredible. The long white locks fell unbraided and disorderly on either side of the glassy dark face. And under a faint powder of white eyebrows, the black eyes of the old chief looked at her as if from the far, far dead, seeing something that was never to be seen.

At last he spoke a few deep, hollow words, as if to the dark air.

"He says, do you bring your heart to the god of the Chilchui?" translated the young Indian.

"Tell him yes," she said, automatically.

There was a pause. The old Indian spoke again, as if

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to the air. One of the men present went out. There was a silence as if of eternity, in the dim room that was lighted only through the open door.

The woman looked round. Four old men with grey hair sat on the log by the wall facing the door. Two other men, powerful and impassive, stood near the door. They all had long hair, and wore white shirts gathered into a loin-cloth. Their powerful legs were naked and dark. There was a silence like eternity.

At length the man returned, with white and black clothing on his arm. The young Indian took them, and holding them in front of the woman, said:

"You must take off your clothes, and put these on."

"If all you men will go out," she said.

"No one will hurt you," he said quietly.

"Not while you men are here," she said.

He looked at the two men by the door. They came quickly forward, and suddenly gripped her arms as she stood, without hurting her, but with great power. Then two of the old men came, and with curious skill slit her boots down with keen knives, and drew them off, and slit her clothing so that it came away from her. In a few moments she stood there white and uncovered. The old man on the bed spoke, and they turned her round for him to see. He spoke again, and the young Indian deftly took the pins and comb from her fair hair, so that it fell over her shoulders in a bunchy tangle.

Then the old man spoke again. The Indian led her to the bedside. The white-haired, glassy-dark old man moistened his finger-tips at his mouth, and most delicately touched her on the breasts and on the body, then on the back. And she winced strangely each time, as the finger-tips drew along her skin, as if Death itself were touching her.

And she wondered, almost sadly, why she did not feel shamed in her nakedness. She only felt sad and lost. Because nobody felt ashamed. The elder men were all dark and tense with some other deep, gloomy, incomprehensible emotion, which suspended all her agitation, while the young

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Indian had a strange look of ecstasy on his face. And she, she was only utterly strange and beyond herself, as if her body were not her own.

They gave her the new clothing: a long white cotton shift, that came to her knees: then a tunic of thick blue woollen stuff, embroidered with scarlet and green flowers. It was fastened over one shoulder only, and belted with a braid sash of scarlet and black wool.

When she was thus dressed, they took her away, barefoot, to a little house in the stockaded garden. The young Indian told her she might have what she wanted. She asked for water to wash herself. He brought it in a jar, together with a long wooden bowl. Then he fastened the gate-door of her house, and left her a prisoner. She could see through the bars of the gate door of her house, the red flowers of the garden, and a humming bird. Then from the roof of the big house she heard the long, heavy sound of a drum, unearthly to her in its summons, and an uplifted voice calling from the housetop in a strange language, with a far-away emotionless intonation, delivering some speech or message. And she listened as if from the dead.

But she was very tired. She lay down on a couch of skins, pulling over her the blanket of dark wool, and she slept, giving up everything.

When she woke it was late afternoon, and the young Indian was entering with a basket-tray containing food, tortillas and corn-mush with bits of meat, probably mutton, and a drink made of honey, and some fresh plums. He brought her also a long garland of red and yellow flowers with knots of blue buds at the end. He sprinkled the garland with water from a jar, then offered it to her, with a smile. He seemed very gentle and thoughtful, and on his face and in his dark eyes was a curious look of triumph and ecstasy, that frightened her a little. The glitter had gone from the black eyes, with their curving dark lashes, and he would look at her with this strange soft glow of ecstasy that was not quite human, and terribly impersonal, and which made her uneasy.

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"Is there anything you want?" he said, in his low, slow, melodious voice, that always seemed withheld, as if he were speaking aside to somebody else, or as if he did not want to let the sound come out to her.

"Am I going to be kept a prisoner here?" she asked.

"No, you can walk in the garden to-morrow," he said softly. Always this curious solicitude.

"Do you like that drink?" he said, offering her a little earthenware cup. "It is very refreshing."

She sipped the liquor curiously. It was made with herbs and sweetened with honey, and had a strange, lingering flavour. The young man watched her with gratification.

"It has a peculiar taste," she said.

"It is very refreshing," he replied, his black eyes resting on her always with that look of gratified ecstasy. Then he went away. And presently she began to be sick, and to vomit violently, as if she had no control over herself.

Afterwards she felt a great soothing languor steal over her, her limbs felt strong and loose and full of languor, and she lay on her couch listening to the sounds of the village, watching the yellowing sky, smelling the scent of burning cedar-wood, or pine-wood. So distinctly she heard the yapping of tiny dogs, the shuffle of far-off feet, the murmur of voices, so keenly she detected the smell of smoke, and flowers, and evening falling, so vividly she saw the one bright star infinitely remote, stirring above the sunset, that she felt as if all her senses were diffused on the air, that she could distinguish the sound of evening flowers unfolding, and the actual crystal sound of the heavens, as the vast belts of the world-atmospheres slid past one another, and as if the moisture ascending and the moisture descending in the air resounded like some harp in the cosmos.

She was a prisoner in her house and in the stockaded garden, but she scarcely minded. And it was days before she realised that she never saw another woman. Only the men, the elderly men of the big house, that she imagined must be some sort of temple, and the men priests of some sort. For always had the same colours, red, orange,

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yellow, and black, and the same grave, abstracted demeanour.

Sometimes an old man would come and sit in her room with her, in absolute silence. None spoke any language but Indian, save the one younger man. The older men would smile at her, and sit with her for an hour at a time, sometimes smiling at her, when she spoke in Spanish, but never answering save with this slow, benevolent-seeming smile. And they gave off a feeling of almost fatherly solicitude. Yet their dark eyes, brooding over her, had something away in their depths that was awesomely ferocious and relentless. They would cover it with a smile, at once, if they felt her looking. But she had seen it.

Always they treated her with this curious impersonal solicitude, this utterly impersonal gentleness, as an old man treats a child. But underneath it she felt there was something else, something terrible. When her old visitor had gone away, in his silent, insidious, fatherly fashion, a shock of fear would come over her; though of what she knew not.

The young Indian would sit and talk with her freely, as if with great candour. But with him too she felt that everything real was unsaid. Perhaps it was unspeakable. His big dark eyes would rest on her almost cherishingly, touched with ecstasy, and his beautiful, slow, languorous voice would trail out its simple, ungrammatical Spanish. He told her he was the grandson of the old, old man, son of the man in the spotted sarape: and they were caciques, kings from the old, old days, before even the Spaniards came. But he himself had been in Mexico City, and also in the United States. He had worked as a laborer, building the roads in Los Angeles. He had travelled as far as Chicago.

"Don't you speak English, then?" she asked.

His eyes rested on her with a curious look of duplicity and conflict and he mutely shook his head.

"What did you do with your long hair, when you were in the United States?" she asked. "Did you cut it off?"

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Again, with the look of torment in his eyes, he shook his head.

"No," he said, in the low, subdued voice, "I wore a hat, and a handkerchief tied round my head."

And he relapsed into silence, as if of tormented memories.

"Are you the only man of your people who has been to the United States?" she asked him.

"Yes. I am the only one who has been away from here for a long time. The others come back soon, in one week. They don't stay away. The old men don't let them."

"And why did you go?"

"The old men want me to go—because I shall be the Cacique——"

He talked always with the same naiveté, an almost childish candour. But she felt that this was perhaps just the effect of his Spanish. Or perhaps speech altogether was unreal to him. Anyhow, she felt that all the real things were kept back.

He came and sat with her a good deal—sometimes more than she wished—as if he wanted to be near her. She asked him if he was married. He said he was—with two children.

"I should like to see your children," she said.

But he answered only with that smile, a sweet, almost ecstatic smile, above which the dark eyes hardly changed from their enigmatic abstraction.

It was curious, he would sit with her by the hour, without ever making her self-conscious, or sex-conscious. He seemed to have no sex, as he sat there so still and gentle and apparently submissive, with his head bent a little forward, and the river of glistening black hair streaming maidenly over his shoulders.

Yet when she looked again, she saw his shoulders broad and powerful, his eye-brows black and level, the short, curved, obstinate black lashes over his lowered eyes, the small, fur-like line of moustache above his blackish, heavy lips, and the strong chin, and she knew that in some other way he was darkly and powerfully male. And

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he, feeling her watching him, would glance up at her swiftly with a dark, lurking look in his eyes, which immediately he veiled with that half-sad smile.

The days and the weeks went by, in a vague kind of contentment. She was uneasy sometimes, feeling she had lost the power over herself. She was not in her own power, she was under the spell of some other power. And at times she had moments of terror and horror. But then these Indians would come and sit with her, casting their insidious spell over her by their very silent presence, their silent, sexless, powerful physical presence. As they sat they seemed to take her will away, leaving her will-less and victim to her own indifference. And the young man would bring her sweetened drink, often the same emetic drink, but sometimes other kinds. And after drinking, the languor filled her heavy limbs, her senses seemed to float in the air, listening, hearing. They had brought her a little female dog, which she called Flora. And once, in the trance of her senses, she felt she *heard* the little dog conceive, in her tiny womb, and begin to be complex, with young. And another day she could hear the vast sound of the earth going round, like some immense arrow-string booming.

But as the days grew shorter and colder, when she was cold, she would get a sudden revival of her will, and a desire to go out, to go away. And she insisted to the young man, she wanted to go out.

So one day, they let her climb to the topmost roof of the big house where she was, and look down the square. It was the day of the big dance, but not everybody was dancing. Women with babies in their arms stood in their doorways, watching. Opposite, at the other end of the square, there was a throng before the other big house, and a small, brilliant group on the terrace-roof of the first storey, in front of wide open doors of the upper storey. Through these wide open doors she could see fire glinting in darkness, and priests in headdresses of black and yellow and scarlet feathers, wearing robe-like blankets of black and red and yellow, with long green fringe, were moving about.

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A big drum was beating slowly and regularly, in the dense, Indian silence. The crowd below waited——

Then a drum started on a high beat, and there came the deep, powerful burst of men singing a heavy, savage music, like a wind roaring in some timeless forest, many mature men singing in one breath, like the wind; and long lines of dancers walked out from under the big house. Men with naked, golden-bronze bodies and streaming black hair, tufts of red and yellow feathers on their arms, and kilts of white frieze with a bar of heavy red and black and green embroidery round their waists, bending slightly forward and stamping the earth in their absorbed, monotonous stamp of the dance, a fox-fur, hung by the nose from their belt behind, swaying with the sumptuous swaying of a beautiful fox-fur, the tip of the tail writhing above the dancer's heels. And after each man, a woman with a strange, elaborate headdress of feathers and seashells, and wearing a short black tunic, moving erect, holding up tufts of feathers in each hand, swaying her wrists rhythmically and subtly beating the earth with her bare feet.

So, the long line of the dance unfurling from the big house opposite. And from the big house beneath her, strange scent of incense, strange tense silence, then the answering burst of inhuman male singing, and the long line of the dance unfurling.

It went on all day, the insistence of the drum, the cavernous, roaring, storm-like sound of male singing, the incessant swinging of the fox-skins behind the powerful, gold-bronze, stamping legs of the men, the autumn sun from a perfect blue heaven pouring on the rivers of black hair, men's and women's, the valley all still, the walls of rock beyond, the awful huge bulking of the mountain against the pure sky, its snow seething with sheer whiteness.

For hours and hours she watched, spell-bound, and as if drugged. And all in all the terrible persistence of the drumming and the primeval, rushing deep singing, and the endless stamping of the dance of fox-tailed men, the tread of heavy, bird-like erect women in their black tunics, she seemed

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at last to feel her own death; her own obliteration. As if she were to be obliterated from the field of life again. In the strange towering symbols on the heads of the changeless, absorbed women she seemed to read once more the *Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin.* Her kind of womanhood, intensely personal and individual, was to be obliterated again, and the great primeval symbols were to tower once more over the fallen individual independence of woman. The sharpness and the quivering nervous consciousness of the highly-bred white woman was to be destroyed again, womanhood was to be cast once more into the great stream of impersonal sex and impersonal passion. Strangely, as if clairvoyant, she saw the immense sacrifice prepared. And she went back to her little house in a trance of agony.

After this, there was always a certain agony when she heard the drums at evening, and the strange uplifted savage sound of men singing round the drum, like wild creatures howling to the invisible gods of the moon and the vanished sun. Something of the chuckling, sobbing cry of the coyote, something of the exultant bark of the fox, the far-off wild melancholy exultance of the howling wolf, the torment of the puma's scream, and the insistence of the ancient fierce human male, with his lapses of tenderness and his abiding ferocity.

Sometimes she would climb the high roof after nightfall, and listen to the dim cluster of young men round the drum on the bridge just beyond the square, singing by the hour. Sometimes there would be a fire, and in the fire-glow, men in their white shirts or naked save for a loin-cloth, would be dancing and stamping like spectres, hour after hour in the dark cold air, within the fire-glow, forever dancing and stamping like turkeys, or dropping squatting by the fire to rest, throwing their blankets round them.

"Why do you all have the same colours?" she asked the young Indian. "Why do you all have red and yellow and black, over your white shirts? And the women have black tunics?"

He looked into her eyes, curiously, and the faint, evasive

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smile came on to his face. Behind the smile lay a soft, strange malignancy.

"Because our men are the fire and the daytime, and our women are the spaces between the stars at night," he said.

"Aren't the women even stars?" she said.

"No. We say they are the spaces between the stars, that keep the stars apart."

He looked at her oddly, and again the touch of derision came into his eyes.

"White people," he said, "they know nothing. They are like children, always with toys. We know the sun, and we know the moon. And we say, when a white woman sacrifice herself to our gods, then our gods will begin to make the world again, and the white man's gods will fall to pieces."

"How sacrifice herself?" she asked quickly.

And he, quickly covered, covered himself with a subtle smile.

"She sacrifice her own gods and come to our gods, I mean that," he said, soothingly.

But she was not reassured. An icy pang of fear and certainty was at her heart.

"The sun he is alive at one end of the sky," he continued, "and the moon lives at the other end. And the man all the time have to keep the sun happy in his side of the sky, and the woman have to keep the moon quiet at her side of the sky. All the time she have to work at this. And the sun can't ever go into the house of the moon, and the moon can't ever go into the house of the sun, in the sky. So the woman, she asks the moon to come into her cave, inside her. And the man, he draws the sun down till he has the power of the sun. All the time he do this. Then when the man gets a woman, the sun goes into the cave of the moon, and that is how everything in the world starts."

She listened watching him closely, as one enemy watches another who is speaking with double meaning.

"Then," she said, "why aren't you Indians masters of the white men?"

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"Because," he said, "the Indian got weak, and lost his power with the sun, so the white men stole the sun. But they can't keep him—they don't know how. They got him, but they don't know what to do with him, like a boy who catch a big grizzly bear, and can't kill him, and can't run away from him. The grizzly bear eats the boy that catch him, when he want to run away from him. White men don't know what they are doing with the sun, and white women don't know what they do with the moon. The moon she got angry with white women, like a puma when someone kills her little ones. The moon, she bites white woman—here inside," and he pressed his side. "The moon, she is angry in a white woman's cave. The Indian can see it—And soon," he added, "the Indian women get the moon back and keep her quiet in their house. And the Indian men get the sun, and the power over all the world. White men don't know what the sun is. They never know."

He subsided into a curious exultant silence.

"But," she faltered, "why do you hate us so? Why do you hate me?"

He looked up suddenly with a light on his face, and a startling flame of a smile.

"No, we don't hate," he said softly, looking with a curious glitter into her face.

"You do," she said, forlorn and hopeless.

And after a moment's silence, he rose and went away.

Winter had now come, in the high valley, with snow that melted in the day's sun, and nights that were bitter cold. She lived on, in a kind of daze, feeling her power ebbing more and more away from her, as if her will were leaving her. She felt always in the same relaxed, confused victimised state, unless the sweetened herb drink would numb her mind altogether, and release her senses into a sort of heightened, mystic acuteness and a feeling as if she were diffusing out deliciously into the harmony of things. This at length became the only state of consciousness she really recognised: this exquisite sense of bleeding out into the

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higher beauty and harmony of things. Then she could actually hear the great stars in heaven, which she saw through her door, speaking from their motion and brightness, saying things perfectly to the cosmos, as they trod in perfect ripples, like bells on the floor of heaven, passing one another and grouping in the timeless dance, with the spaces of dark between. And she could hear the snow on a cold, cloudy day twittering and faintly whistling in the sky, like birds that flock and fly away in autumn, suddenly calling farewell to the invisible moon, and slipping out of the plains of the air, releasing peaceful warmth. She herself would call to the arrested snow to fall from the upper air. She would call to the unseen moon to cease to be angry, to make peace again with the unseen sun like a woman who ceases to be angry in her house. And she would smell the sweetness of the moon relaxing to the sun in the wintry heaven, when the snow fell in a faint, cold-perfumed relaxation, as the peace of the sun mingled again in a sort of unison with the peace of the moon.

She was aware too of the sort of shadow that was on the Indians of the valley, a deep, stoical disconsolation, almost religious in its depth.

"We have lost our power over the sun, and we are trying to get him back. But he is wild with us, and shy like a horse that has got away. We have to go through a lot." So the young Indian said to her, looking into her eyes with a strained meaning. And she, as if bewitched, replied:

"I hope you will get him back."

The smile of triumph flew over his face.

"Do you hope it?" he said.

"I do," she answered, fatally.

"Then all right," he said. "We shall get him."

And he went away in exultance.

She felt she was drifting on some consummation, which she had no will to avoid, yet which seemed heavy and finally terrible to her.

It must have been almost December, for the days were

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short, when she was taken again before the aged man, and stripped of her clothing, and touched with the old finger-tips.

The aged cacique looked her in the eyes, with his eyes of lonely, far-off, black intentness, and murmured something to her.

"He wants you to make the sign of peace," the young man translated, showing her the gesture. "Peace and farewell to him."

She was fascinated by the black, glass-like, intent eyes of the old cacique, that watched her without blinking, like a basilisk's, overpowering her. In their depths also she saw a certain fatherly compassion, and pleading. She put her hand before her face, in the required manner, making the sign of peace and farewell. He made the sign of peace back again to her, then sank among his furs. She thought he was going to die, and that he knew it.

There followed a day of ceremonial, when she was brought out before all the people, in a blue cloak with white fringe, and holding blue feathers in her hands. Before an altar of one house, she was perfumed with incense and sprinkled with ash. Before the altar of the opposite House she was fumigated again with incense by the gorgeous, terrifying priests in yellow and scarlet and black, their faces painted with scarlet paint. And then they threw water on her. Meanwhile she was faintly aware of the fire on the altar, the heavy, heavy sound of a drum, the heavy sound of men beginning powerfully, deeply, savagely to sing, and the swaying of the crowd of faces in the plaza below, and the formation for a sacred dance.

But at this time her commonplace consciousness was numb, she was aware of her immediate surroundings as shadows, almost immaterial. With refined and heightened senses she could hear the sound of the earth winging on its journey, like a shot arrow, the ripple-rustling of the air, and the boom of the great arrow-string. And it seemed to her there were two great influences in the upper air, one golden towards the sun, and one invisible silver; the

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first travelling like rain ascending to the gold presence sunwards, the second like rain silverily descending the ladders of space towards the hovering, lurking clouds over the snowy mountain-top. Then between them, another presence, waiting to shake himself free of moisture, of heavy white snow that had mysteriously collected about him. And in summer, like a scorched eagle, he would wait to shake himself clear of the weight of heavy sunbeams. And he was coloured like fire. And he was always shaking himself clear, of snow or of heavy heat, like an eagle rustling.

Then there was a still stranger presence, standing watching from the blue distance, always watching. Sometimes running in upon the wind, or shimmering in the heat-waves. The blue wind itself, rushing as it were out of the holes in the earth into the sky, rushing out of the sky down upon the earth. The blue wind, the go-between, the invisible ghost that belonged to two worlds, that played upon the ascending and the descending chords of the rains.

More and more her ordinary personal consciousness had left her, she had gone into that other state of passional cosmic consciousness, like one who is drugged. The Indians, with their heavily religious natures, had made her succumb to their vision.

Only one personal question she asked the young Indian: "Why am I the only one that wears blue?"

"It is the colour of the wind. It is the colour of what goes away and is never coming back, but which is always here, waiting like death among us. It is the colour of the dead. And it is the colour that stands away off, looking at us from the distance, that cannot come near to us. When we go near, it goes further. It can't be near. We are all brown and yellow and black hair, and white teeth and red blood. We are the ones that are here. You with blue eyes, you are the messengers from the far-away, you cannot stay, and now it is time for you to go back."

"Where to?" she asked.

"To the way-off things like the sun and the blue mother of rain, I'd tell them that we are the people on the world

again, and we can bring the sun to the moon again, like a red horse to a blue mare; we are the people. The white women have driven back the moon in the sky, won't let her come to the sun. So the sun is angry. And the Indian must give the moon to the sun."

"How?" she said.

"The white woman got to die and go like a wind to the sun, tell him the Indians will open the gate to him. And the Indian women will open the gate to the moon. The white woman don't let the moon come down out of the blue corral. The moon used to come down among the Indian women, like a white goat among the flowers. And the sun want to come down to the Indian men, like an eagle to the pine-trees. The sun, he is shut out behind the white man, and the moon she is shut out behind the white woman, and they can't get away. They are angry, everything in the world gets angrier. The Indian says, he will give the white woman to the sun, so the sun will leap over the white man and come to the Indian again. And the moon will be surprised, she will see the gate open, and she not know which way to go. But the Indian woman will call to the moon, *Come! Come! Come back into my grass-lands. The wicked white woman can't harm you any more.* Then the sun will look over the heads of the white men, and see the moon in the pastures of our women, with the Red Men standing around like pine trees. Then he will leap over the heads of the white men, and come running past to the Indians through the spruce trees. And we, who are red and black and yellow, we who stay, we shall have the sun on our right hand and the moon on our left. So we can bring the rain down out of the blue meadows, and up out of the black; and we can call the wind that tells the corn to grow, when we ask him, and we shall make the clouds to break, and the sheep to have twin lambs. And we shall be full of power, like a spring day. But the white people will be a hard winter, without snow——"

"But," said the white woman, "I don't shut out the moon —how can I?"

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"Yes," he said, "you shut the gate, and then laugh, think you have it all your own way."

She could never quite understand the way he looked at her. He was always so curiously gentle, and his smile was so soft. Yet there was such a glitter in his eyes, and an unrelenting sort of hate came out of his words, a strange, profound, impersonal hate. Personally he liked her, she was sure. He was gentle with her, attracted by her in some strange, soft, passionless way. But impersonally he hated her with a mystic hatred. He would smile at her, winningly. Yet if, the next moment, she glanced round at him unawares, she would catch that gleam of pure after-hate in his eyes.

"Have I got to die and be given to the sun?" she asked.

"Sometime," he said, laughing evasively. "Sometime we all die."

They were gentle with her, and very considerate with her. Strange men, the old priests and the young cacique alike, they watched over her and cared for her like women. In their soft, insidious understanding, there was something womanly. Yet their eyes, with that strange glitter, and their dark, shut mouths that would open to the broad jaw, the small, strong, white teeth, had something very primitively male and cruel.

One wintry day, when snow was falling, they took her to a great dark chamber in the big House. The fire was burning in a corner on a high raised dais under a sort of hood or canopy of adobe-work. She saw in the fire-glow, the glowing bodies of the almost naked priests, and strange symbols on the roof and walls of the chamber. There was no door or window in the chamber, they had descended by a ladder from the roof. And the fire of pinewood danced continually, showing walls painted with strange devices, which she could not understand, and a ceiling of poles making a curious pattern of black and red and yellow, and alcoves or niches in which were curious objects she could not discern.

The old priests were going through some ceremony near the fire, in intense Indian silence. She was seated

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on a low projection of the wall, opposite the fire, two men seated beside her. Presently they gave her a drink from a cup, which she took gladly, because of the semi-trance it would induce.

In the darkness and in the silence she was accurately aware of everything that happened to her: how they took off her clothes, and standing her before a great, weird device on the wall, coloured blue and white and black, washed her all over with water and the amole infusion; washed even her hair, softly, carefully, and dried it on white cloths, till it was soft and glistening. Then they laid her on a couch under another great indecipherable image of red and black and yellow, and now rubbed all her body with sweet-scented oil, and massaged all her limbs, and her back, and her sides, with a long, strange, hypnotic massage. Their dark hands were incredibly powerful, yet soft with a watery softness she could not understand. And the dark faces, leaning near her white body, she saw were darkened with red pigment, with lines of yellow round the cheeks. And the dark eyes glittered absorbed, as the hands worked upon the soft white body of the woman.

They were so impersonal, absorbed in something that was beyond her. They never saw her as a personal woman: she could tell that. She was some mystic object to them, some vehicle of passions too remote for her to grasp. Herself in a state of trance, she watched their faces bending over her, dark, strangely glistening with the transparent red paint, and lined with bars of yellow. And in this weird, luminous-dark mask of living face, the eyes were fixed with an unchanging steadfast gleam, and the purplish-pigmented lips were closed in a full, sinister, sad grimness. The immense fundamental sadness, the grimness of ultimate decision, the fixity of revenge, and the nascent exultance of those that are going to triumph—these things she could read in their faces, as she lay and was rubbed into a misty glow, by their uncanny dark hands. Her limbs, her flesh, her very bones at last seemed to be diffusing into a roseate

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sort of mist, in which her consciousness hovered like some sun-gleam in a flushed cloud.

She knew the gleam would fade, the cloud would go grey. But at present she did not believe it. She knew she was a victim; that all this elaborate work upon her was the work of victimising her. But she did not mind. She wanted it.

Later, they put a short blue tunic on her and took her to the upper terrace, and presented her to the people. She saw the plaza below her full of dark faces and of glittering eyes. There was no pity: only the curious hard exultance. The people gave a subdued cry when they saw her, and she shuddered. But she hardly cared.

Next day was the last. She slept in a chamber of the big house. At dawn they put on her a big blue blanket with a fringe, and led her out into the plaza, among the throng of silent, dark-blanketed people. There was pure white snow on the ground, and the dark people in their dark-brown blankets looked like inhabitants of another world.

A large drum was slowly pounding, and an old priest was declaring from a housetop. But it was not till noon that a litter came forth, and the people gave that low, animal cry which was so moving. In the sack-like litter sat the old, old cacique, his white hair braided with black braid and large turquoise stones. His face was like a piece of obsidian. He lifted his hand in token, and the litter stopped in front of her. Fixing her with his old eyes, he spoke to her for a few moments, in his hollow voice. No one translated.

Another litter came, and she was placed in it. Four priests moved ahead, in their scarlet and yellow and black, with plumed head-dresses. Then came the litter of the old cacique. Then the light drums began, and two groups of singers burst simultaneously into song, male and wild. And the golden-red, almost naked men, adorned with ceremonial feathers and kilts, the rivers of black hair down their backs, formed into two files and began to tread the dance. So they threaded out of the snowy plaza, in two long,

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sumptuous lines of dark red-gold and black and fur, swaying with a faint tinkle of bits of shell and flint, winding over the snow between the two bee-clusters of men who sang around the drum.

Slowly they moved out, and her litter, with its attendance of feathered, lurid, dancing priests, moved after. Everybody danced the tread of the dance-step, even, subtly, the litter-bearers. And out of the plaza they went, past smoking ovens, on the trail to the great cotton wood trees, that stood like grey-silver lace against the blue sky, bare and exquisite above the snow. The river, diminished, rushed among fangs of ice. The chequer-squares of gardens within fences were all snowy, and the white houses now looked yellowish.

The whole valley glittered intolerably with pure snow, away to the walls of the standing rock. And across the flat cradle of snow-bed wound the long thread of the dance, shaking slowly and sumptuously in its orange and black motion. The high drums thudded quickly, and on the crystalline frozen air the swell and roar of the chant of savages was like an obsession.

She sat looking out of her litter with big, transfixed blue eyes, under which were the wan markings of her drugged weariness. She knew she was going to die, among the glisten of this snow, at the hands of this savage, sumptuous people. And as she stared at the blaze of blue sky above the slashed and ponderous mountain, she thought: "I am dead already. What difference does it make, the transition from the dead I am to the dead I shall be, very soon!" Yet her soul sickened and felt wan.

The strange procession trailed on, in perpetual dance, slowly across the plain of snow, and then entered the slopes between the pine-trees. She saw the copper-dark men dancing the dance-tread, onwards, between the copper-pale tree trunks. And at last she too, in her swaying litter, entered the pine-trees.

They were travelling on and on, upwards, across the snow

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under the trees, past the superb shafts of pale, flaked copper, the rustle and shake and tread of the threading dance, penetrating into the forest, into the mountain. They were following a stream-bed: but the stream was dry, like summer, dried up by the frozenness of the headwaters. There were dark, red-bronze willow bushes with wattles like wild hair, and pallid aspen trees looking like cold flesh against the snow. Then jutting dark rocks.

At last she could tell that the dancers were moving forward no more. Nearer and nearer she came upon the drums, as to a lair of mysterious animals. Then through the bushes she emerged into a strange amphitheatre. Facing was a great wall of hollow rock, down the front of which hung a great, dripping, fang-like spoke of ice. The ice came pouring over the rock from the precipice above, and then stood arrested, dripping out of high heaven, almost down to the hollow stones where the stream-pool should be below. But the pool was dry.

On either side the dry pool, the lines of dancers had formed, and the dance was continuing without intermission, against a background of bushes.

But what she felt was that fanged inverted pinnacle of ice, hanging from the lip of the dark precipice above. And behind the great rope of ice, she saw the leopard-like figures of priests climbing the hollow cliff face, to the cave that like a dark socket, bored a cavity, an orifice, half way up the crag.

Before she could realise, her litter-bearers were staggering in the footholds, climbing the rock. She too was behind the ice. There it hung, like a curtain that is not spread, but hangs like a great fang. And near above her was the orifice of the cave sinking dark into the rock. She watched it as she swayed upwards.

On the platform of the cave stood the priests, waiting in all their gorgeousness of feathers and fringed robes, watching her ascent. Two of them stooped to help her litter bearer. And at length she was on the platform of the cave,

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far in behind the shaft of ice, above the hollow amphitheatre among the bushes below, where men were dancing, and the whole populace of the village was clustered in silence.

The sun was sloping down the afternoon sky, on the left. She knew that this was the shortest day of the year, and the last day of her life. They stood her facing the iridescent column of ice, which fell down marvellously arrested, away in front of her.

Some signal was given, and the dance below stopped. There was now absolute silence. She was given a little to drink, then two priests took off her mantle and her tunic, and in her strange pallor she stood there, between the lurid robes of the priests, beyond the pillar of ice, beyond and above the dark-faced people. The throng below gave the low, wild cry. Then the priests turned her round, so she stood with her back to the open world, her long blond hair to the people below. And they cried again.

She was facing the cave, inwards. A fire was burning and flickering in the depths. Four priests had taken off their robes, and were almost as naked as she was. They were powerful men in the prime of life, and they kept their dark, painted faces lowered.

From the fire came the old, old priest, with an incense-pan. He was naked and in a state of barbaric ecstasy. He fumigated his victim, reciting at the same time in a hollow voice. Behind him came another robeless priest, with two flint knives.

When she was fumigated, they laid her on a large flat stone, the four powerful men holding her by the outstretched arms and legs. Behind stood the aged man, like a skeleton covered with dark glass, holding a knife and transfixedly watching the sun; and behind him again was another naked priest, with a knife.

She felt little sensation, though she knew all that was happening. Turning to the sky, she looked at the yellow sun. It was sinking. The shaft of ice was like a shadow between her and it. And she realised that the yellow rays were filling half the cave, though they had not reached

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the altar where the fire was, at the far end of the funnel-shaped cavity.

Yes, the rays were creeping round slowly. As they grew ruddier, they penetrated further. When the red sun was about to sink, he would shine full through the shaft of ice deep into the hollow of the cave, to the innermost.

She understood now that this was what the men were waiting for. Even those that held her down were bent and twisted round, their black eyes watching the sun with a glittering eagerness, and awe, and craving. The black eyes of the aged cacique were fixed like black mirrors on the sun, as if sightless, yet containing some terrible answer to the reddening winter planet. And all the eyes of the priests were fixed and glittering on the sinking orb, in the reddening, icy silence of the winter afternoon.

They were anxious, terribly anxious, and fierce. Their ferocity wanted something, and they were waiting the moment. And their ferocity was ready to leap out into a mystic exultance, of triumph. But still they were anxious.

Only the eyes of that oldest man were not anxious. Black, and fixed, and as if sightless, they watched the sun, seeing beyond the sun. And in their black, empty concentration there was power, power intensely abstract and remote, but deep, deep to the heart of the earth, and the heart of the sun. In absolute motionless he watched till the red sun should send his ray through the column of ice. Then the old man would strike, and strike home, accomplish the sacrifice and achieve the power.

The mastery that man must hold, and that passes from race to race.

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STEP-MOTHER EARTH [1]

By ENA LIMEBEER

From *The Nation and Athenæum*

Two Polish emigrants were going home, coming from the far west of America after forty years and going back to Poland. The woman sits stark upright in her seat in the train. Only her grained, root-coloured hands move, thrusting nervously, spasmodically, into the tied stuff bundle which she keeps on her knee. She does not speak, but watches the man crouched up in his corner, his eyes sunk deep in his head. The man is worrying. He remembers walking up a long street between the train and the ship when he landed in New York harbour long ago. Perhaps it is changed now, and hard to see. They showed him pictures of New York out west before he left: strange pictures, frightening pictures.

But when they get out of the train they find themselves in the subway. It seems as if they were just pushed in, stuck in a crowd that buzzes like a wasp cluster. But maybe it is all right: a good thing after all that they need not walk, with the bundles so heavy, and the street perhaps hard to find, or strange. They stand waiting on the subway platform. Here comes the train. It comes out of the ground. It is shining like gold, and it comes through ground; through mould; mould like a man's acres, mould that a man ploughs. It is a little terrible.

They step in, sit down very close together inside it. Then closer and closer, for as it pulls out of the station, the train begins to cry, to roar, to groan, to rattle, to shriek; to shake them and knock them; and the black ground hoops over them, and the shining steel train licks like a tongue right

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through. First it seems there is the loudest noise ever a man heard on earth; but inside the train there is no noise at all. No voices, nobody talks. Dumb shapes sit round, pale undigested morsels in the earth's belly. The man and the woman press very tight; two bundles and four hands knotted on them; two fixed faces, fixed as stone, fixed as an animal not willing to betray its fright by so much as a wrinkle of fur.

But now the man is walking down the car. He is miraculously steady. The woman watches him with eyes that burn. The man does not know much English. There were always Poles where he was, his own people. But he is going to ask, to make sure of their street. He must say "Eighteen Street." His dry mouth forms it: "Street, eighteen." He knows it quite well. Then what devil, what evil comic devil, confuses him suddenly and makes him say "Mister Eighteen"?

A peculiar leer, quite good-natured, glides over the conductor's face. He stops rolling gum in his jaw, and makes a little spiral of gum which he pushes slowly out from his lips like a cigarette, and finally draws in again. A little giggle like a hiccup rattles in his throat. The large expanse of his face is all crinkled up with subtle enjoyment of the mistake.

Something terrible happens to the man. In the violent-moving crowd he gets pushed out on to the platform.

The woman watches the gate with eyes that burn. People take their seats, the space by the gate becomes empty. The train moves on. With one stroke, life flashes the woman's face awake. The eyes turn with terror, the mouth is quite stiff. She half stands, her back curved like a sick animal. Her lips form a word. The sound comes out hard like the fall of a stone. "Ivan!" She steps towards the gate, the hard bundle crushed against her breast. Someone speaks to her. Her head swings round and back. She straightens herself. Her eyes are glazed, her face fantastic in its last effort at calm reasoning. . . . Going home! To the round fields and the river, the old grey river that pushes

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his bank further and further north, so that Father Adam is thinking of claiming a bit on the other side. Yes, going home! Sunday after church, people dancing, a ring of red and white dresses going round like a wheel in the sun. Ivan carting the hay. Oh, going home! only the way they must go home, through a hole in the ground, the black ground hooped over them, eating them up. . . . *Oh, Ivan! Come here!*

But the man is not there. The bundle falls down, thick, hard, heavy. Then backwards and forwards, forwards and back she goes, her hands beating spasmodically. A man tries to hold her. She cries out in Polish, flinging herself free. She darts to the gate, beats it and shakes it. Out of the ground, to get out of the ground! The train-man wrenches her shoulder, twists her down into safety. There are cries in the carriage, a tumult. At the station she leaps free. She is as strong as wire. She leaps to the turnstile, flings herself hard on the iron, and back, and again on the iron. Then turns towards the tunnel.

Shouts, and people running. "Stop her! You there. A mad woman running! A mad woman loose in the subway. O God, she'll leap on the lines. Got her! She's down. Strong for her age. Can you hear what she says? Do you speak Polish?"

"A river . . . he's pushing his banks up . . . Father Adam. . . . The way to go home. Oh, Ivan, it's different now. One must go in the ground, through a hole in the ground. But a man ploughs ground, ploughs ground in the sun."

Next day the man found her in the morgue.

The man is still in New York. He is wiping tables in a caféteria. On Saturday afternoons and Sundays he takes rides in the subway. At every station he looks out, as if searching the platforms, the stairways, the arriving trains. He always goes as far as he can for a nickel. To his poor confused mind it seems he saves something by doing this, something to take back home when he finds her at last,

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one Saturday early, and they go home together, back to the river that pushes his banks further and further, stealing their land, yes, making them poorer perhaps. . . . Oh, back to the old wicked river, to the ground a man ploughs in the sun!

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DOWN AND OUT [1]

By ALLAN N. MONKHOUSE

From *The Manchester Guardian*

Grant and I sat in comfortable chairs before the fire at the club, and occasionally grunted remarks to one another. He was looking at a newspaper, and he asked me whether I always read the list of deaths, the obituary column. I admitted that I did so usually, and he said that when you got to our age it became too damned interesting. "Yes," I said, "and you say to yourself, 'I've outlasted that chap, anyhow.' "

"Well," said he, "we've outlasted old Sam Bailey." The name did not convey anything to me, and he continued: "You didn't know him? He never borrowed half-crowns from you?" And Grant stared gloomily into the fire.

"It's a singular thing," he went on; "a man's down and out and he disappears, but when he dies there's always somebody to pay for a place in the obituary column. And look here! 'Deeply regretted.' Who regretted? There wasn't anybody."

"Why not?"

"Because he had been on the cadge for years," said Grant.

"Perhaps he was cadging for somebody at home," I said.

"Home!" said Grant. "No, no. There was no home. Everybody was gone."

"New acquaintances?" I suggested.

"But who could be such a fool as to take up with him?"

"You know more about it than I do."

"Yes," he said. "I know too much." He went back to his paper. Presently he threw it down. "That wretched

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old man lies heavy on my soul," he said. "Tell me," said I, kindly. So he told me.

"He was a business acquaintance," said Grant. "No more. And one day he came into my office and asked me to lend him five pounds. I was taken aback, and at first I refused curtly. He stood there, a great, shambling fellow, very respectable, but with a wild look in his eye. He was going out, and then something—something—impelled me to say 'Why d'you want it?' I suppose that was idiotic, but he looked such a helpless lump. It apeared that he had lost his job and was looking for another. He was expecting any day to receive a very satisfactory appointment. He pretended to be quite brisk."

"And you lent him the five pounds," I said.

"No," said Grant. "I beat him down to three. I'm not a generous man."

"And so he kept coming back?"

"Naturally," said Grant, "and of course he couldn't get anything to do. He was obselete, a survival, getting old, very respectable. It's the most hopeless case in the world. If he had any reserve it wasn't enough to keep him. Yes, I soon got down to half-crowns; I couldn't go on giving him pound notes. Why, man, I've given him a shilling. He was half beggar and half man of the world asking casually for a loan. That wore away, and he was just importunate. His voice would rise as the beggar's does when you break away from him. A whine, you know. I couldn't stand it. He used to waylay me, knowing the way I went home and the time. I went down back streets to avoid him. It was like a game; could he catch me? I hated the sight of him. I was cruel, and I tell you I struggled with my cruelty. I didn't know what to do. I tried to get him a job, I wrote to people—introductions, recommendations. I couldn't take him on. You understand, he wasn't a friend of mine. I pitied him but I detested him."

The waiter brought Grant the tea that he had ordered.

"What's that?" said Grant, pointing.

"That, sir, is the muffin."

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"Muffin!" cried Grant. "Take it away."

The waiter was disconcerted. "You asked for it," I said.

"I'm sorry," said Grant. "Dry toast." The waiter retired.

And then Grant began to laugh. "The idea of bringing me a muffin!" he said. "You see that as funny, don't you?" He laughed again. He had command of himself yet there was a touch of hysteria. I said: "Finish your story."

Grant said: "He came to my office one day, though I had forbidden it. He put a parcel on a chair and said he had something to show me. His clothes hung rather loose on him, and he had raw, dangling hands. He was beginning to look fine-drawn, almost healthy, like a man in good training. It was an oil-painting he had brought, and he wanted me to buy it. The artist was the cousin of a Royal Academician, he said, and the picture one of a pair that originally fetched fifteen pounds. He insisted on my seeing it, and, of course, it was rubbish. He pressed it on me, talking rapidly; he became clamorous and almost menacing. I was obstinate and wouldn't buy—I think he named seven-and-six—and he went away.

"And he came again and tried to sell me a 'Life of Christ,' to be taken in monthly numbers. His palaver made me sick. 'It's an investment, Mr. Grant,' he said. 'The plates will increase in value.' He tried to keep up the fiction of a business transaction. I was very busy that day and he had walked in uninvited. I asked him to go, and he closed up his miserable little bag. We faced one another, both sullen. I felt a dreadful resentment against this man. He would interfere with my comfort. And suddenly, I don't know why, I shouted: 'Be off! I think it wasn't my own voice. He seemed terrified and made for the door. And then he turned and shook his fist at me. He stammered, 'Damn—, damn—.' His great, hagard figure shook with emotion. He turned again and was shambling out of the room. I cried, 'Stop!' and I got out a pound note and thrust it upon him. He crunched it in his hand and threw it at me. Then he went.

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"I sat there feeling bad—bad. I sat there for several minutes, I suppose, and then my clerk came in. He said: 'That gentleman has come again, sir.' And Bailey came in.

"He mumbled apologies. He had forgotten himself. He was very sensible of all my kindnesses. And so on. All the time his eyes were darting about the room and upon my desk; he was looking for the pound note. It still lay on the floor, but he couldn't see it. At last I pointed to it. Yes, I know I should have picked it up and given it to him. But I let him go down on his knees and fumble for it under a chair. I ought to burn in hell for that. He clutched it and went away with it in his fist. I suppose he straightened it out when he was safe. He was the shattered remnant of a man."

"Did you see him again?"

"Yes; but he disappeared, and I've not seen him for years. I thought he must be dead. That's all. I never told anybody before. I dare say it's done me good. I'm trying to get the poison out of my system."

"Why, man," I said, "if any of us had done half what you did for him we should feel quite smug about it."

"But, I tell you," said Grant, "I found something very ugly in myself; something that doesn't bear inspection."

"We are all children," I said. "Sometimes one is a naughty child. You are not bad as children go."

"Well, I'm glad I told you," said Grant. "I'm like a child in wanting to be comforted."

"You made a mistake in sending away that muffin," I said.

"Would he think me a fool if I had it back again?"

"I'll order one, and you shall eat it," said I.

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CRAZYWELL [1]

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

From *The Graphic*

I

The way that men and women be thrown against each other is always interesting, and always new, because each class have got its own peculiar properties. You might think otherwise, and suppose that when two men love the same woman, for example, there weren't nothing new to be said on the subject; but you'd be mistaken, for though two males have fought for one female ever since the world began, yet no case was ever exactly like another. So the tale of two men and one woman ain't told beyond retelling; but, contrariwise. It never will be told, but have surprises in it till the end of the human story.

Take the case of they Sheepstor people. We was telling it over at the "Bull Ring" public-house after a funeral yesterday morning. A droughty day, and a heavy load, and a long walk for the bearers, and a thirsty lot of men. But a good few of the younger ones had never heard the whole story, for it was ancient history now; so they stood me a pint.

Lydia White was the woman, and when the race for her came near the finish, only two out of a big field were left to decide the winner. A very pretty, fair creature, was Lydia, with a lift to her upper lip and a dimple in her chin and a gracious gladness in her big grey eyes. She'd wakened desire in a good few, being a tall, comely girl of twenty. Not stout, you understand, but something as you couldn't mistake for any other thing on God's earth than a fine woman. The creatures with no hair on their heads nor shape to their figures weren't invented in them days, and

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a man liked his mate to be a woman and not a walking hairpin. So Lydia, with her fine appearance and kind heart and joy of life, had plenty to want her. The women liked her, too, for she was kind and very willing to pleasure anybody if it lay in her power to do so. She had a lot of girl friends, and nothing interested 'em more than Lydia's married future and who the man would turn out to be. Some was always ready to back Henry Borlase, the farmer at Burrator; while others held that the lucky one was going to be a very different pattern of man, a young fellow called Woodman Wickett, who worked at Trowlesworthy Warrens on the Moor.

Wickett was a very nice pattern of youth in the general opinion. He'd blowed into Sheepstor village looking for work five years before these adventures, and Mr. Bowden up at Trowlesworthy had took him on. And there he'd bide ever since, making friends round about and falling in love with Lydia White. Sandy-haired, tall and easy going was Wickett. Nobody ever had a word against him, till the crash came, and being a very open-air sort of a chap and fond of sporting, as far as a poor man can pursue it, he made plenty of friends. A handsome fellow enough, and held to be straight and trustworthy, though not particular ambitious till he fell in love with Lydia. Afore that he was well content with his life at the great rabbit warrens, where Bowden's pack of terriers and collies were under his charge. Indeed he loved dogs better than humans for the most part, and never denied it.

As for Borlase, he was a bigger proposition every way—a solid man with his own tenement farm handed down from generations, and known to be very well-to-do indeed. Burrator was a big place, and he turned over big money and counted above all other local men. A serious chap with black eyes and a black jowl and black hair—not such a fine object as Wickett, but yet a personable man, for he was clean built, broad and powerful, and his prosperity hadn't made him proud. He had plenty of commonsense, and held that, because he'd come of a prosperous race with a silver spoon

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in his mouth, there was no reason for putting on airs. He had a temper and he hated injustice and cruelty to man or beast. A very humane mind, and a churchwarden, and amazing reasonable for a wealthy man; for the rich be mostly born with spectacles on their noses that destroy any vision of reality. They never can see the truth of life, because it's hidden from 'em, and money's like beauty: it comes between you and the truth, and creates a false air for you to breathe and puts your mind out of bias.

So there it stood, and all was done by they three persons quite open and above-board. Of Woodman Wickett we couldn't be sure, though Peter Bowden gave him a very good character; but they fair, flaxen men often hide their hearts and be difficult to read. My father never would trust a man with pale eyelashes: he always said they went with a downy character; but that's a hard judgment, and none could ever tell of Wickett that he was devious; while concerning his rival, the farmer at Burrator, there was no question as to his straightness, for a better Christian didn't walk.

Each man knew that the other loved Lydia, and though Borlase moved on a higher sphere than Woodman, he met the warrener friendly and frank. There was no question ever in Henry Borlase's mind that all is fair in love. He courted Lydia openly and wasn't self-conscious about it; but he didn't use his great advantages in any unsporting fashion against his rival. He never presed himself on the girl when Wickett was having his turn at her; and it was the justice and nice feeling Borlase always showed that tended to keep Lydia in doubt and made it so hard for the girl to decide between 'em.

She lived with her widowed mother in a cottage nigh the church lich-gate, and as her home stood just about mid-way between Burator Farm and Trowlesworthy Warren house on the Moor, Ringmoor Down way, each man could come and go and take their occasions to see her.

Her old mother was set, of course, on Henry Borlase, as any mother would be; but Lydia wasn't one to discuss such a matter, even with her parent. She kept an open mind

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and divided her company between 'em, for between two such fair and patient men she was uplifted to be fair and patient herself. And it did take her a parlous long time to make up her mind, for she liked 'em both. But she liked 'em differently, and as she said to my wife, long years after, when life had solved her problems for her, the whole question was whether the virtues of Wickett was best framed to make a happy and dignified married life, or the different virtues of Borlase. You might say her heart inclined one way and her head the other; but love comes from the heart, and 'tis only a bastard imitation, when all's said, that pretends to be born anywhere else. You may get a good working substitute and call it love—something that will last a lot longer and wear a darned sight better than the real thing; but it ain't love, because that lies outside all reason and forethought and calculation, and casts out everything smaller and saner than itself.

There was money and position for Lydia on one side and nought on the other, because Wickett, with all his qualities, hadn't given no sign of a saving nature, and was certainly not a man who'd ever be like to rise into a place of command. But though a light weight against the farmer, real love won out and the woman's heart settled at last on Woodman's side. She felt she'd be happier along with the warrener in a cottage than sharing the life of Borlase, at Burrator; and so she made her choice, and the people all said she was a fool, which be the usual attitude of them who ain't in love to them who are.

Darkness and mystery hung over the affair from the first, but it was hidden in two hearts, for none gave any sign that things were not as they seemed. Woodman Wickett rejoiced, of course, and won a lot of applause from his friends; while Borlase accepted Lydia's decision in a very dignified fashion. No man nor woman heard him say a hard word against her, and his attitude to his successful rival was dictated by reason also. Those who knew the depths of Henry Borlase's feelings in the matter and were aware that his heart and soul had long centred on Lydia, marvelled to see his self-

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restraint; but, after all, what could the man do otherwise? He weren't a child and he actually told one or two tried friends, that Lydia's decision made him think more highly of her than ever, because it showed that she set love higher than worldly prosperity and all he had to offer her.

But his quick mind always understood 'twas touch and go at the finish, and she didn't hide that either. If either of them men had not been there, she'd certainly have took the other; and Lydia herself never denied but that she was fond of Henry Borlase. Not mere respect, which all folk had for him, but affection she felt; and the truth of that appeared in due season, after certain strange things happened to puzzle all Sheepstor for many days.

The course of true love seemed to move all right, and it was understood that the young couple meant to wait a year and then launch out, when five bob a week went on to Woodman's wages.

"That'll be time to reconcile mother," said Lydia, for in truth Mrs. White still found herself very much disappointed. But she couldn't quarrel with Wickett for winning her daughter, and there's no doubt she had forgiven him and faced the fact of a poor son-in-law, before the situation was changed and life ran into a very unexpected pattern for all concerned.

Not a sign did the warrener give of his secret intentions—not a hint even to Lydia herself—but suddenly, without a whisper of warning, he vanished clean away! Yet there weren't no mystery about his object in taking such a queer step, for he left behind two letters explaining all.

In truth the whole situation was far ways different from how it looked; but the letters Woodman Wickett left behind him, for his master and sweetheart, were real enough and they indicated intentions with which none could quarrel even if they would. The young man had acted on private impulses, without taking any living soul into his secrets, and when Lydia heard and Peter Bowden heard, the deed was done, and Wickett had left Sheepstor for ever more. He took good care no man should find him, or come between him and

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his purpose, though for that matter none was likely to do. Indeed only one pair could be said to feel any very violent interest in Woodman's affairs and Lydia was the woman and Henry Borlase the man. As for Peter Bowden of Trowlesworthy, though well disposed to Wickett, his sudden departure didn't make much odds to the warrener, because Woodman's place was easy to fill again. You can always find men ready and willing to look after dogs—dogs being a human weakness and a part of character.

Lydia got her letter by the morning post of a day in spring, and the kettle boiled over while she read it, and she didn't know more'n Adam what was happening. But, after going through the story thrice, she boiled over herself, and felt the solid ground shaking under her feet. For here was a startler indeed, yet conducted in Wickett's usual light and laughter-loving style. He'd started out to do an amazing thing, and told his tale as easy and casual as if it was of no account at all.

"My precious Lyddy," he wrote in his big, hopeful penmanship, "I've long had it up my sleeve to cut loose from this one-horse village, and blossom out on your account, and make some sort of a show in the world worthy of you to share. And, afore you get this letter, I shall have started to do it. You'll say I did ought to have took you into the secret and heard your opinion. But up to a point, unknown to you, I have done so. I've gotten all manner of good reasons for keeping my plans to myself, and not until I reach my destination and break the back of my great adventure, shall I even let you know where that destination is.

"When I tell you I'm going foreign, however, and shall be on the briny by the time you get this letter, you'll hazard a pretty good guess which way the ship's bearing me, for I've sounded you cunning in many a lover's walk afore to-day, and I know well the country where you'd best love to live in the days to come. I've got a State-aided passage and land waiting for me; and that's all there is to it for you or any one else to know, until I write again and report progress.

"It's terrible sudden for you, but it's been my resolute

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resolve ever since we was tokened, for I've felt from the start that love so great as yours was never meant to harbour in a labourer's cottage, and it have lifted me to great ambitions, as well it might do.

"So don't you be angered with me, but let your love rise to trust me and picture the fine things I be going to do for you and the fine home I've set out to make. Trust be all I ask until you hear again, and that will be so soon as ever I face the future and land in that part of the world where our new home is to be.—Your faithful lover, WOODMAN WICKETT."

Poor Lydia felt a bit dazed, as well she might, for such a letter and such a surprise argued a quality in her sweetheart that she had never counted on. For an easy-going chap like Woodman to run loose in this way, vanish in a night and only break his plot to his future wife after he'd started into the unknown—well, such goings on shook Lydia above a bit.

She took the letter to her old mother, and the elder woman's first thought was that it must be a jest.

"April Fools' Day be past, else I should think the idiot was having a game with you," she said. "Be you sure 'tis his writing?"

About that there was no question whatever. The writing was Wickett's, and the way he handled his mother tongue was his, and a certain vagueness, which belonged to him, was also his. In fact when she looked ahead, Mrs. White catched hope from the document and didn't stint her abuse of the writer, and when the parish got to hear tell, most folk agreed with her. 'Twasn't no way to treat a sweetheart. None blamed the young man exactly for seeking to better himself and setting forth on his travels; but all agreed it was a very ill-convenient way to treat Lydia. Of course, such a sensible and clever creature did ought to have been told of Wickett's purpose and not treated like a child. And her mother rubbed that in and said if Lydia threw him over on it, he'd get no more than he deserved.

The girl went to Borlase a week later about it, for despite her decision against him, Henry had never changed in his

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friendly attitude to Lydia; and it was he, as she always said after, who had more charity for her vanished sweetheart than any other body. He told her to bide patient and not fret, but let enough time pass for her future husband to write and explain his whereabouts and his intentions.

"It isn't a thing I'd have done myself, Lyddy, and it argues that Woodman don't know your character so well as he might," declared Borlase. "In my opinion he ought to have taken no such step without your approval, and warning given to all, his master included, but it takes every sort to make a world, and I don't think no worse of Wickett for this deed."

"Where d'you reckon he's gone?" asked Lydia, and Henry gave it as his opinion that Wickett had sailed to the Cape of Good Hope.

"I've heard him say that if he went foreign it would be to South Africa," he told her. "In the bar of 'The Bull Ring' he said it, and a good few agreed with him, while others stood out for Canada or Australia."

"I think so, too, Henry," she answered, "because the matter of emigration often came up between us, and we were agreed that after a lifetime on Dartmoor, we'd like to live where you could trust the weather. His dream was to grow oranges and fine fruits."

"That being so," answered the farmer, "you may count to hear from the man in six weeks' time, or thereabout. And meanwhile I should go my way, trust him and not worry about him no more."

"He's left everything quite straight with Mr. Bowden," explained Lydia. "In fact, he worked a day for no wages."

"He'd have been careful to do nothing doubtful like that I'm sure," declared Borlase. "Why for Woodman made a mystery of his actions we can't say; but we've all got our oddities, and I've known very good and trustworthy men to be peculiar in some details. In fact," added Henry, "every man, or woman either, have an odd side to 'em, and the simplest wisdom is to grant as much and waste no time criticising our fellow creatures, so long as they obey the laws."

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So Lydia waited, and the nine days' wonder soon waned, as such things will. Time slipped away, and the only person left to care two straws about Wickett was Lydia herself. She followed Henry's advice and kept a stiff upper lip, and put the man as much out of her mind as she could do till six weeks was gone; and then she began to look at the postman with added interest, feel her heart leap when he came in sight upon his round, and find it sink again as he passed the cottage gate.

Her friends were bitter grieved for Lydia when no news came, and the thoughtless felt angry on her account and cussed Wickett pretty hearty; but the more thoughtful ones felt puzzled rather than vexed; because never was a lover more devoted than what Woodman had appeared to be. They turned it over behind Lydia's back, so as not to hurt her feelings, and the suspicion grew that Wickett must have fallen in with some female aboard his ship that had made him forget Lydia.

Her mother inclined to this opinion, and so, at last, did Borlase. But he came to it very reluctant indeed, and for a long time argued against it.

"I don't want to judge an absent man," he said; "yet, if indeed he went to South Africa, then the time is long passed when Lyddy might have heard. If he's gone back on his troth and have put another woman before her, then she's little likely ever to hear from the man again; but this you must remember: you can grow oranges and fine fruits in other places beside South Africa. Australia be famous for them likewise; and Australia's a long way further off. Supposing he's gone to Australia, you ought in fairness to give him another six weeks even yet."

"And if I don't hear then?" asked Lydia.

"If you don't hear in another six weeks, my dear, I'm cruel afraid you won't hear at all. But think no such fatal thing," added Henry. "Make up your mind that he's decided for New South Wales, and that in due course you'll get good news."

She hid her heart about it, but those who were nearest

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to her guessed that Lydia was feeling mighty sore. Then, while it looked as though the game was up and Woodman had done with England and everybody in it, Lydia found a new trouble on her hands, for her mother fell sick of her fatal illness.

For six weeks did Mrs. White linger and, with her last breath, the old woman urged Lydia to think no more of her vanished sweetheart.

"There's better than him, as I always told you, and as you well know," said the dying creature, "and I thank God 'twas put in his mind to go foreign; for there's your good angel waiting and watching at Burrator, and I pray, now that I be took from you, as you'll reward Henry and let me die in peace."

And so time passed and Mrs. White died and went to ground. But never a line ever came to tell of Wickett's doings. But not till Lydia had been alone in the world six months, and all hope of any letter for her seemed to be at an end, did Henry come before her as a lover once more; and so clever was he, so faithful and so humble, that Lydia made no bones about it. When she contrasted Woodman's cruelty with the farmer's way, and thought of the callous conduct of the man she'd loved against the behaviour of Henry, her heart went out to Borlase, and she took him thankfully, and entered into marriage, with high resolves to reward the good man for his love.

II

No girl was ever wedded with more kindly wishes than Lydia; but she always said that, for the first year of her married life, the postman's knock made her go goose-flesh down her back, and a thousand times did she ask herself what she'd say to him, if Wickett ever wrote from Africa or Australia, or some other foreign shore and told her a new home was waiting. She'd took the problem to Henry, of course, and he'd shown her that, if such a thing was to happen, the man's disappointment would be his own fault alone, and that not a reasonable soul would be sorry for him. But

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no sign came and the years passed, until at last, looking back, Lydia could hardly call to mind what fashion of man Wickett had been, nor yet the sound of his voice, nor the colour of his eyes. And in her thoughtful way she wondered to think a maid can love a man and yet, under pressure of time and chance, forget all about him and feel no more to his memory than to the dead.

No children came to bless, or curse, Henry and his wife, and if anything he felt the lack more than she did. For she loved him with all her heart and soul—loved him better and better as the years passed—and certain it is that a child could never have been so dear to Lydia as what her husband was. To others he always stood a man to respect and admire, by virtue of his human kindness, his generosity to the poor and his justice to all. When therefore a cloud no bigger than a man's hand began to darken Burrator Farm, those who first got to know marvelled greatly and doubted of such an amazing thing. But they hadn't long to doubt, because by the time Lydia divulged her secret, it was nearly full fledged and had reached a stage when she couldn't hide it no longer.

Afterwards the pity of the people was divided between man and wife, when her terrible ordeal come to be understood, and the folk, after they got a glimpse of the life she'd long been leading hidden from every eye but her Maker's, felt that she'd been called to suffer a good bit more than such a woman deserved.

Five years passed without a visible shadow save the lack of children. Husband and wife were one in no common way of speaking, but so near and dear as it is possible for a man and woman to be. All went well with the farm also, and my father used to say he'd often tell Henry Borlase he was the exception that proved the rule, because he was lucky in love and lucky in life also. And then, little by little, at uneven intervals, the darkness began to close on Lydia. A cat-and-mouse business it was, because at first the intervals ran long, and she often hoped against hope she had seen the last

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of the horror—only to be disappointed when it broke in again upon her.

On a June night it began, with her husband lying a bit restless beside her in their bed. He'd been downcast all day—a curious thing for him, because a more even-minded man didn't live, but there was a note in his voice she'd once or twice of late heard for the first time, and a frown flitting on his face such as she'd never seen before. At last he fell asleep and slumbered quiet enough for an hour or two, though Lydia found herself waking and wondering at his strange mood; and then, suddenly, Henry bounced wide awake from his bed, went to the window threw it up and called to somebody outside.

"I ban't coming out into the night—d'you hear me?" he shouted. "I ban't coming, and no word of yours will ever fetch me!"

With that he listened, as though for an answer, and then he banged down the window and pulled the blind and come back to bed. Lydia had a deep instinct in her that she'd better not have heard him, and so she shut her eyes and pretended to be sleeping heavily. 'Twas two in the morning, for the clock down house had just told the hour. She heard Henry growl and cuss to himself a bit. "Insolent dog!" he said. "I'll soon be up evens with him!" Then he turned over and in five minutes he'd lost consciousness and was sleeping quiet and regular.

That was the beginning, and next morning Lydia guessed 'twas all a dream, for Henry woke in his usual, steady spirits and made no mention whatsoever of the scene in the night. His wife cast away fear therefore, for thinking upon the matter in her calm and reasonable way, she saw that only one of two things had been happening. Either she'd dreamed a silly dream, or else her husband had. She felt in a mind to tell him the adventure and make him laugh but something argued with her not to do so. Therefore she let it alone, and life went on smooth enough, and she'd most forgot all about the matter when that happened to remind her of it. Again

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Henry woke on a night in autumn, with the harvest moon shining so white as day, and again he went to the bedroom window, flung it open and called to somebody in the garden. His voice was pitched low and Lydia screamed with fear, for Henry used the most crooked words he knew and cussed and swore—a thing he never was used to do.

After he'd poured out evil and blasted the unknown, he spoke same as he had before.

"You be wasting your time," he said. "I'm not coming, and you'd best to know it first as last. I've done with you, and I won't have no more truck with you, Woodman, because you ain't straight."

Then he shut the window, grunted a bit under his breath and came back to bed; while Lydia could scarce hide her panting breath and beating heart, woke to quick time by his word. For Henry had spoke to "Woodman," and there was only one Woodman known to Borlase—the man who had left Sheepstor five years afore and never been heard of since.

Again Lydia deceived her husband into believing she hadn't heard him; but when he was sleeping soundly she crept out of bed and went to the window and peered out to see if anything moved in the moonlight. Like a flood the thought of the vanished man poured over her. She felt no affection for him—only wonder that he should be on her husband's lips; for the name of Woodman Wickett hadn't passed between them for years. And now it sounded for all the world as though the warrener was back home again—hid by day and calling upon Henry by night—while Borlase, though he heard his voice, refused with rage and passion to take any note of it.

Lydia saw nought under the moon but the rabbits playing, like grey pixies, in the grass beyond the farmyard; then she went back to bed, properly alarmed and full of a determination to have it out with her man the next morning. Yet, when daylight returned, the affair seemed sunk so far into the past and Henry looked so much as usual and well content, that Lydia let it go again and made no mention of

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the adventure. But she was frightened, for it looked to be a deep affair.

She inquired round about cautious at Sheepstor village, to hear if any mention of Woodman Wickett had come to any ear; but he was very near forgot now, and none had heard the name.

Six months passed afore Lydia found herself sore troubled once more—just when she was beginning to look back at her fright as no more than a nightmare, an owl-light shock she got just at the edge of dimpsy. She stood, on a December even, waiting for Henry to come in to his tea, and suddenly she heard his voice at hand—behind a great stack of peat gathered for winter firing. Again he was angered and using profane speech, and again he talked to a man who, so far as Lydia knew to the contrary, did ought to have been on the under side of the earth thousands and thousands of miles away from Sheepstor.

That time, as he came frowning round the peat stack, she spoke out to her husband and asked him straight why, in God's name, he was cussing Woodman Wickett and bidding him be gone from Burrator; and when Henry heard her he put his finger to his lips and looked around about him and spoke under his breath to her.

"Silence, woman! Let sleeping dogs lie," he said.

So then poor Lyddy began to feel there was bats got in her husband's belfry, and the awful discovery made her doubt a bit for her own reason. He never returned to the subject, but again, and yet again, by night or day, she heard him speak to the man who was not there, and then it growed to be a commoner thing, and one or two of the hinds that winter also heard their master in harsh speech with an unseen being.

Their head man, old Mark Ash, he brought the story to Lydia; but she strove to make light of it and begged that they would think nothing of the matter and tell nobody. And time passed, and, with another spring there came a long respite, and once more she grew hopeful that Henry was better and returning to himself. About this time also he took

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to writing very busy, in a little book which he'd lock away in his desk when anybody came along. He didn't offer to show it to her, however, and she wasn't wishful to see it.

So a year passed, and then—all of a moment—Henry began talking to an invisible something, while him and his wife were alone out-of-doors in the twilight of a Sunday evening. And the horrors fell upon the woman, for it seemed as though a third party walked between them, and Henry could see him, though the creature was hid from her. They were out on the Moor edge at the time, and the cuckoo was shouting from the cuckoo rock, his last drowsy call for that day, and up in the stone brakes beyond Sheepstor, where Nosworthy Brook comes down to join Meavy River, a goatsucker was spinning his strange song. Then, without a shadow of warning, Henry stopped and shook his first at empty air and spoke.

"Ban't my Sundays sacred, you dirty dog?" he cried out. "Ain't there one day in the week as I can call my own? Begone, in the Name of Father, Son and Ghost, Woodman Wickett, and fret me no more, or a fearful day of reckoning will come!"

Then Henry's eyes followed something invisible to Lydia, and it looked as if the unseen thing had crept off slowly up the Moor. And the next minute the farmer turned to Lydia and talked about the phantom, as though it was an everyday matter between 'em and she knew as much as him.

And while she heard him, the world turned around about her and her heart very near stopped.

"He's an obstinate devil, is Woodman," explained Henry, quite calm and sensible. "'Tis just his will against mine, and I can't make the fool see that I'm the stronger man and always was. He's at me, morning, noon and night to go to Crazywell, where he bides now, and he won't take 'no' for an answer. But I'm not going—I can't waste no time on him. And if he tries to worry you, Lyddy, you just call on the Three Persons in one God—he can't stand against Them. No ghost can."

He was watching through the dimpsy light while he spoke,

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and now he laughed and pointed out into the loneliness of the heath.

"Gone!" he said. "Mannerless oaf! But he never had no manners. He'll shake himself like a wet dog sometimes. I'd forgive that, though, if he'd leave me alone."

Lydia nerved herself to speak but 'twas only her pluck kept her from fainting. She felt no fear of Henry, and her love rose to the cruel test. She spoke back just in her ordinary voice as though he hadn't said nothing out of the common, and pretended it was all right and wondered when Woodman Wickett had come home again.

"I hope he'll soon go back where he came from and fret us no more, Henry," she said putting her hand in his for they'd oft walk hand in hand together. And that seemed to calm him and shut his mouth. He looked at Lydia and told her to drop the subject.

"I may have said a bit more than I meant," he told her very cautiously, and he made her promise not to mention the meeting to nobody.

"He's gone back where he came from as you say and no doubt he'll bide there," Henry told her.

But, though there come another respite after that, with winter the farmer went from bad to worse pretty quickly. Lydia suffered all she could, but she was just resolving with herself to end the long struggle, have the doctors to the man and get him put away if that was best for him, when the fearful end of the thing happened.

The poor woman was at her last gasp, you might say, by this time, and Henry, who now spoke of the ghost pretty freely when they were alone, had begun to take rather a gloomy view of it.

"I doubt sometimes," he said, "if Woodman won't have his way with me in the end. 'Tis dogged as does it, and a ghost can be dogged all the time, Lyddy, because it haven't got anything else to do, while a man have his life to live and can't be fighting by night as well as day. To a thing like him time is nought. He don't want rest, nor yet sleep; but he won't let me sleep; and if a man don't get his rest, he wilts

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and can't carry on. I'm not afraid of the revengeful wretch, but though he's no more now than a parcel of bones and a skull and a pair of empty eye-holes, yet he holds together still and the power be given him to come up from Crazywell to fret me. I've marched him back a score of times in God's name; but it ain't no use; he's up and over here again in a few days calling for me, and I doubt how it'll end."

She calmed him and soothed him, and went so far as to explain that it was all nonsense about a ghost round the place. And she begged him to see a doctor, or else the parson, because such things can't be if you're sound in mind and body.

"'Tis a case," said Lyddy, "for his reverence, or else Doctor Budd, and if I was you, Henry, I'd see 'em both. You've got a bee in your bonnet, my dear man, and you did ought to go to your fellow men about it and let 'em help you."

He shook his head at that, however.

"No, no," he said. "An innocent angel like you can't see the point of this ghost; and I'm glad you can't Lyddy, for if you did, he'd have power to haunt you too, and very like drag you down to Crazywell soon or late; but innocence be the best armour against these here spectrums. They can't hurt the innocent. Tell none touching the creature, for while he dare not show himself to any but me, no great harm's done. But if you spoke to parson, or doctor, they'd begin to wonder and trouble might come of it. I'm thinking of a way to bowl out Woodman Wickett and the battle be growing terrible fierce between us; for if I don't defeat him pretty soon, I may go under myself. One of us have got to ruckle down."

That's all he said, and things looked a little more hopeful for a bit till winter came and the dark days and black nights; and then Lydia called on her God to support her. And Henry at this season took to going about with a towel, drying the corners of the kitchen, or parlour, though there weren't any wet in 'em. He'd mutter over the job and dare Woodman to come into the house place.

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A still moony night finished it—a night of frost and a bit of fog on the moor—very silent below and clear overhead above the vapour. Henry had been whispering to himself all day, and old Mark Ash had told Lydia that she must take a month's notice from him, because the master was growing madder every hour of his life and the thing had got to be faced. And at the waste of the night, her husband jumped out of bed and threw up the window and cursed good and hard against Woodman Wickett's ghost.

"Then your punishment be on your own head and I'll come," he yelled. "You've done it now, and I won't leave you no more till I've torn your limbs out of their sockets, and left your rags and bones—as can't torment me no more. Get back to Crazywell, you wretch that be fit for neither hell nor heaven—get back this instant moment and I'll come after you! The boot shall be on the other leg from this night, Woodman, for my patience and long suffering won't brook no more!"

He glared out, and the moon showed his face, so white as a dog's tooth with his eyeballs blazing in it like little lamps. He was stark now, and, greatly daring, Lydia rose up and ran to him, and called him for the love of God, to go on his knees and pray. But he shook her off and bade her tell God nought.

"This be my job, and I'll see 'tis done," he said. "I'll go down and tear him to shreds, so as he shan't stir no more till Doom."

Then he pulled on his trousers and his boots, and explained how he was going to Crazywell, to meet Wickett, and finish with him for all time.

"I'll go down into the depths," he told Lydia, "and I'll take Woodman by the throat and scat his bones abroad, so as not one hangs to another; and then there'll be an end to this persecution. Have a fire burning and some hot cider ready against I come back, and tell none where I be gone."

With that he was off, and she saw him go out of the farm and make for the moors; and then she roused her maiden and called up Mark Ash and two other men as slept in the house.

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'Twas no time for hiding the truth and, not guessing at what the truth might be, she told the hands that the master had leapt up saying he was going to jump into Crazywell, and they'd best run so fast as they might and overget him before he done anything rash.

The two younger pulled on their boots and started to run for it, and policeman on his beat heard their shouts and joined 'em; while Ash, who was old, he waited to put on his thick coat, and then he went in the stable and fetched Henry Borlase's pony, thinking that might be a wise thing to do.

Crazywell's a queer, lonely hole in mid-moors a couple of miles or so from Sheepstor village. 'Tis an old tin mine works they say—a pit in the heath, where half an acre of water lies over the depths below. The old folk held the pool too deep to measure, and 'twas said that all the ropes from Sheepstor church belfry wouldn't plumb the bottom tied together; but that yarn was exploded within three days of Henry Borlase's fearful adventure. He'd had a good, useful start of the young fellows, though they made a quick passage and was there, with Policeman Chope, in a quarter of an hour, or not much more. But no sign of the master did they see and not a ripple on the water. It lay there with an old moon turning the fog to silver round about, and the hand of the frost making all things still. Then old Mark Ash galloped up on the pony, and they sank down into the pit and walked round the little tarn at the bottom.

There wasn't a sign of Borlase, however, and hoping the poor man had come to his wits and turned back, they soon went home. But they only found Lydia dressed and waiting at the outer gate in the moonlight with a shawl over her head. Henry had not come back, and she wept terrified tears, and gave it as her opinion that he was at the bottom of Crazywell long before they got there. But what had took him she didn't tell.

Hue and cry failed to find the farmer, and then Adam Frost, the landlord of the "Bull Ring," who had long wanted an opportunity to satisfy himself and the people as to the real depth of the old mine works, said that Crazywell did

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ought to be dragged if skill could do it; and he took the thing in hand, the police helping.

There was a great business of getting the needful from Plymouth and rigging up a raft to float out over; and all the preparations made, they found that, like many an old wife's tale, the story of Crazywell's great depth was false, for it proved to be no more than five and twenty feet in the middle. They judged, however, that if indeed he was in the pool, Borlase wouldn't be to the midst, but round about under a steep cliff that fell into the north end.

So, with the grappling irons and various contrivances, Frost and the police and a good few willing helpers set to work to rake Crazywell—a thing not known to have been attempted in living memory. The fame of it got far and wide, so that a lot of people gathered there day by day, hoping for some sensation. For to most humans a horror be like a tonic, and they'll go miles for it and take a lot of trouble, though to see a seemly thing they wouldn't travel across the road.

Adam Frost worked with method, and the second day the cod of his trawl net fetched up a lot of ponies' bones and the withered carcase of a sheep and the skull of a heifer. In fact, his inquiry made it clear that more things had come to a sudden death in Crazywell, one time or another, than did ought; and the farmers, who ran sheep and cattle on that moor, were all of a mind that the place must be fenced. Then, the third day, they fetched up a dead man, who fell to pieces in the trawl. He'd been there a mighty long time, and there was little but bones to tell a human corpse lay afore 'em; but Doctor Budd was on the spot in an hour, and he found the dead creature's spine bone was broken just under the back of the skull. By the colour of the hair and size of the carcase he called to mind Woodman Wickett to such as remembered the man; and when Lydia heard tell about it, she doubted not they was at the beginning of some great mystery and that the dead corpse was Wickett sure enough, who must have come back from foreign parts unknown to all but her husband. In the secret places of her

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heart she built up a sad tale, and guessed that her husband had slain Wickett to save his own life from him, and been haunted by the wanderer's water-logged ghost ever after; and in her mind she saw that poor corpse working on Henry and waylaying him and finally driving him to go down to his own death.

That's how she told herself it must have been, and when a long failure to find Borlase followed and they began to talk of giving up the search, she saw Frost herself and told him that he'd best to carry on, for her husband was surely there.

And she proved right enough, for at the very last haul and just when they was making ready to give over, they found him. There was no marks of violence on the man. He'd clearly gone into the water of his own free will and been drowned there, and the Coroner's jury fetched it in "Suicide while insane." But the other inquest was a longer affair, and it ripped up a lot of the past. First they had to try and find out who the man was, and, secondly, how he met his death, and the conclusion come to after a lot of talk pointed to the likelihood of it being Woodman Wickett, though no certainty. Neither could it be said how he came to lie at the bottom of Crazywell Pool; but the doctors held the man had died a violent death and been slain by a blow and then flung in by a person or persons unknown.

It must have been left an open question till the Trump; but then no less a one than Lydia Borlase herself was able to throw light and prove the fearful truth, under her dead husband's own penship.

Not out of the wild things he'd said to her, while his mind slowly rotted, did she prove it; for them she never did repeat save in the ear of a few trusted friends. But what Lydia felt to be her duty was to bring to the light her husband's secret writings, wherein she found a most extraordinary tale, yet far too wonderful not to be true. He was a pretty good scholar, and he'd set down everything bearing upon the adventure from the first, and long after his mind was touched, unknowing of the fact, he'd gone on writing of what he

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thought was happening. And, when they all came to be put together, there was the tale told and the facts accomplished!

Lydia lent me the book during her lifetime, and to round the story I can't do better than write out what poor Henry set down bearing upon it. I mind that Doctor Budd of Sheepstor was very wishful to have the book, as a curiosity and a treasure, but Lydia wouldn't part with it to nobody. 'Twas a sacred thing in her opinion, for it recorded poor Henry's undying love and worship. And Lydia gave her lawyer directions that the diary should be buried with her; which was done. 'Twas in her coffin that we had just put to earth the day I told her story in the "Bull Ring" bar.

III

In their order you can read these writings, took from the secret diary of Henry Borlase, and there's no need for me, or any other man, to add a word, because they tell their own tale exceeding clear.

"Lydia White has made her choice and taken Woodman Wickett. I thought it might be that way and am prepared. If things were different, I should bend to it and not interfere; but knowing what I know, I must put up a fight for her—for her own sake. There's only one that matters to me, and that's Lydia; but if I felt there was nothing in it between me and Wickett, I'd do no more. Only I well know different. She must be happier with me than with Wickett, and she must be safer and her future must be a lot more certain. I won't trust Wickett with her if I can help it. I'll tackle him, and he'll throw light on my difficulties unknown to himself, and tell me what I want to larn. But I must set to work terrible cautious. Let Woodman only be true to himself and that will show me my duty. I hope he'll prove better and more trustable than I think, and if he does, then I'll fight no more."

"Memo: To bear in mind that all I'm doing is for Lydia White and not for myself and not against Wickett neither. I'm out of it, for she's chose him; but be that as it will, her

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welfare is still far more to me than anything else in the world, and my first and only duty in life now is to do what I may to make Lydia safe in the future. . . ."

"I've thought it out and see the tests. If Woodman Wickett answers to 'em, then enough said, and I'll let him go his way in God's name and never lose an honest chance to befriend the man and his wife also; but if he don't, I hope he may vanish out of her life, and her state will be the safer after she's broke in to losing him. You might say I'm going to tempt Woodman to leave her, and so I am; but it is a fair and honest temptation, meant only to prove his worth and show his quality. Is he good enough for Lydia? It all comes back to that in plain English. If so I'll not interfere; but I must know for certain, and if he proves himself not good enough nor fine enough, then he will surely fall into my trap and I shall know that I didn't set it in vain. I'll ask the man to supper one night and have a tell after."

"While it's fresh in mind, and because much may turn upon it in future time, I'll set down about my talks with Woodman, and my sure discovery, that he is far ways unworthy to be Lydia's husband. He fed along with me, and I put it to him frankly, and he seemed to know by instinct what was in my mind. My conscience is clear, however, and I swear before God upon this page that no selfishness moved me—only my devotion to Lydia.

"I said,

" 'It's like this, Wickett, and we'll not waste words. Lydia White has taken you and I think she has made a mistake to do so. We won't argue that, however, because my opinion's the last thing that's going to interest you. But what will interest you is the fact that I'm prepared to back my opinion —not for my own sake, you understand, because I've lost her and you have won her quite straight and fair and above board. But my opinion being inclined most forcible to the belief that you ain't the right husband for her, I'll back it and be glad to come to terms if it can be done.'

"He kept quite calm and lighted his pipe, and looked at me under his yellow eyebrows.

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"'You want to come between me and Lyddy still?' he said.

"'I don't want to,' I answered, 'because she's put you before me and the last word was hers. I'm down and out, and shan't take any steps to thrust myself upon her again. But I hold very steadfast indeed that you're not the husband for her, and would rather see her a maiden to the end of her days than married to you.'

"'You can't have her yourself, but be set against me having her?' he asked, quite quiet and thoughtful like, and I granted it was so.

"'That's how we stand,' I answered, 'and I'm glad you can argue without passion. It's merely a difference of opinion, and I don't expect you to agree with me, but in my judgment the happiness of the woman's at stake, and I can offer a pretty massive reason for changing your mind. It's a bargain, I'd make—merely a matter of business, and must be took in that spirit. If you agree to my terms, you'll drop Lydia once for all and go out of England, and begin a a new life in a new country; but if you refuse my terms, then no doubt you'll take her, and be sure I shan't lift another finger to prevent it.'

"Wickett considered.

"'Your opinion of me is such,' he said, 'that you think you can bribe me with money to jilt Lydia White and disappear from this place?'

"'My opinion of most men is that they have a price, you among the rest,' I answered, 'and since I feel tremendous strong on the subject of Lydia, I'm doing this uncommon thing without prejudice and offering you a capital sum to break your engagement and go out of her life once for all.'

"'It would be interesting to know what you thought such a deed was worth, Mr. Borlase,' he said.

"'That's what you're going to know,' I answered. 'I'm well aware that you're being asked to do a very big thing, Wodman—for Lydia's sake you understand—and I'll be quite frank and open with you. If you refuse—if you tell me to go to hell when I've made my offer—if you said all the wealth of

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the world wouldn't be to you what she is—then I might view your engagement a lot more hopefuller than what I do. I'll be glad, Woodman Wickett, if you turn down my suggestion. Grasp that firmly. To refuse me will be to show that you put Lydia far above anything in the way of cash that I can do. And I shall also be glad, but with a different sort of gladness, if you accept my offer; because that will show me I'm right in my present fixed belief, that Lydia could do far better than you for a helpmate.'

"'A mighty queer talk this is,' he said. 'But reality's a fine thing, and since it's all in the way of friendliness and only Lyddy's welfare the object, you can get on with it and tell me your price. It's quite understood you be doing this for Lydia's sake. That's why I keep so well-behaved. So spit out the figures and let me learn what 'tis worth to you to get me out of the country. All decent and in order, and no passion, and nought in either your mind nor mine, but the welfare of the woman.'

"'Stick to that,' I answered him. '"The welfare of the woman" is a very good word, Wickett.'

"Then I let him have it. Of course, I knew that small money wasn't going to tempt him; and for all I could tell big money might not; but I judged it would. I'd weighed up what Woodman might be expected to think big money and I'd added to that half as much again, so he was going to be faced now with a pretty formidable figure.

"'In a word, I'll give you five thousand pounds cash and your passage to whatever colony you may feel to suit you best,' I told the man. 'You must have a margin of money to succeed and develop, because time has got to pass before virgin lands can be cleaned and make their return. But there's my offer, and you can add State aid to it, if you're willing to become a colonist.'

"I knew that if he hesitated he was lost, and he did hesitate. A very cunning answer he made.

"'You're older and wiser than me,' he said, 'and if a man with your balanced mind and reputation for justice and plain dealing can tell me honestly that he don't think I'm the hus-

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band for a certain woman, then I must consider. I don't bate one inch in my affection for Lydia White, and apart from any career you may be pleased to offer me for giving her up, I've got to turn over in my mind if you're right when you say I ban't the fitting one to make her happy all her life. I'll think about it and let you know in a week's time, mister. And you'll understand that there ain't no particular obligation on my part to you anyway, because you are doing this solely on her account, not mine.'

"That's what he said, and soon after we parted, and I felt a hugeous load roll off my mind. I knew his fine talk was only to save his face and that he meant to take the money and quit. Which showed that I was right about the man after all. Because one who could put five thousand pounds before Lydia wasn't worthy to tie her shoe-laces, let alone marry her. I blessed God on my knees that night for letting the woman escape that great peril."

"In three days Wickett came to see me, and he accepted my offer—with one condition. He wasn't prepared to make any explanation to the people before he went. He'd ordained to go by stealth when all was ready, spring a surprise on his master and leave a letter for Lydia, which she would not receive till after he'd gone.

"He spoke in a straightforward, business-like sort of fashion, and I trusted the man and lost no time with the preparations. I sold out some of my stuff and got it ready for him, and secured his passage to Sydney, New South Wales, where he determined that he would go. He was very careful indeed to give no sign of his intentions, and impressed on me to be careful when he was gone, that by no unguarded word I should throw any light on his destination.

"Which I promised to bear in mind. He was jealous, too, that we should meet no more where others might remember we had met, and after he decided to be off, him and me only came together again once more—by appointment in a secret place. He himself named Crazywell Pool for our last meeting before he disappeared, and there, at

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midnight, we met and I handed over the passage papers and ready money for his voyage and the parcel of cash—five thousand pounds. I asked him to open it and count it by the light of the lantern I'd fetched to our meeting-place; but he wasn't at the trouble to do so.

"'With your sort,' he said, 'such things can very well be left. I trust you.'

"He buttoned the money and papers away in his coat and explained that he was padding it down to the railway and going to pick up a workman's train for Plymouth in the early morning. His ship would sail after noon—an Orient boat, she was.

"Then he picked up his kit-bag and spoke the last words that ever he did speak. He turned to me then and threw a bit of light on my darkness.

"'Fool!' he said. 'Fool and knave to think to come between me and that woman! Fool to think she was worth less to me than she was to you. But while you plotted to part us with your money, you've only feathered her nest and brought us together the quicker! You daren't tell her what you've done when my back's turned, for your name would be a laughing-stock on earth if you did. But know this: I go to make a home for Lydia, and to-morrow morn she'll hear from me that I have done so. She'll hear I've cut and run for her—to make all ready where she's always longed to be—in Australia. And in a few months' time she'll hear again—giving you credit for all, and blessing your name, and praising you for a man who loved her so well that you could help me on my way and so add to her happiness!'

"He laughed and bade me good-bye.

"'Better let it go like that, old boy,' he said. 'Then you'll come out with credit and renown, and we'll say no more about your dirty little trick to part us. You've fallen into your own trap, Henry, as cleverer men than you have often done. But love was too cunning for you. However, nobody's going to know the truth but yourself and me—not even Lydia shall when she comes to me—so you grin and bear it; and if you like to pay her fare out to Australia

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presently, that'll be another feather in your cap. Good-bye!'

"That was all he said, and he turned to go with a laugh. And then my answer fell like the lightning of God on him, for I struck once, and once only. Just as he turned, I hit him in all the fury and passion he'd worked on me. I lashed out with my hunting-crop, for I'd ridden up to the meeting-place, and the buckthorn head of my whip caught him in the middick, just under the skull, and killed him instanter, as if the wretch had been pole-axed. He fell forward on his face, gave one quiver through his frame and never moved again. Then I saw in a moment I'd slain the man by God's will, and there rose in me a power I little guessed at. His wickedness—to kindiddle me and turn my deed to his own purpose—woke wickedness as great in my heart also—and if I'd felt remorse, I'd have rode then and there to the police station and given myself up; but not a pang did I feel, only over-flowing joy that my answer had silenced the rogue for ever. Thankful I was that he was gone. Not a streak of fear touched me and not a nerve shook. My mind was clear and my actions stood out distinct before me. In less than half an hour I'd left Crazywell; but not till he was at the bottom with his kit-bag fastened to his body. I'd forced that open and filled it with stones, you see, and I knew that Woodman Wickett would never rise till the Trump. Home again, I burned his papers and his cap, which was the only thing I didn't trust in the water; but my five thousand pounds came back to me, for I took them off him.

"I slept well enough and wasted not one sigh upon the dead man."

"Now I see that Providence never sleeps and will strengthen our weak knees and turn our dross into gold. Heaven had willed me first to part Lydia and the warrener; but since that was not in my power to do single-handed, Fate had made him show himself in his true colours before me, that my passion for justice should break loose and lay him low for ever. Woodman wanted to have his cake and eat

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it too; but the Lord determined otherwise and chose me as the tool to confound him."

"A man may judge by the way his Maker serves him, whether he is doing rightly in Heaven's sight. Now I see every day clearer and clearer that I was the instrument of divine vengeance on Woodman Wickett and what I did was prompted by the Almighty and pleasing in His eyes. When I planned to separate Woodman and Lydia, I did so without any hope to win anything myself save the happiness of her salvation. I never joined my name with hers no more after she'd said 'yes' to Wickett. But now what is happening? The case is altered and light begins to show in the clouds. Things are going forward fast and her life is changing, and soon she'll be alone in the world. For how does it stand? Her mother is going to die and Lydia's faith in the vanished man is already dead. Let time pass; be patient a little longer, and bless the watching Lord for all His mercies."

"It has happened and Lydia has come to me. We were wed yesterday and my cup of blessing is full. Be it my task for evermore to make her life blessed, and so act before God that I shall repay Him for His unspeakable goodness."

It seemed that this self-deluded creature, Henry Borlase, had put his diary away and locked it up for a good few years after that entry; because, when he went on again long after, much time had passed, and one saw in a moment that strange things was beginning to grow in his brain. The thin end of the wedge of madness was always there, no doubt, and the confusion of right with wrong, that made the murder a matter of no special account; but after years of married life with Lydia, Borlase's thinking parts had suffered great changes and the fate of the man looked out of his own poisoned brain-pan and was beginning to take substance to pull all down.

The next entry was dated just before Christmas, five

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years later. He'd turned again to his old diary seemingly and suddenly took to scribbling in it as of old.

"Memo. To keep this book locked up. I'd most forgot a lot of interesting things set down in it. And who shall say what may have to go in now? Three times Woodman Wickett's called to me since the fall. Once from Crazywell, when I rode past in a fog last October, and once from a copse a week later, and once from my own front garden three nights agone. So he's about again. I haven't seen him yet; but He's about and things ain't what I thought—far from it, in fact—and Woodman Wickett's not where he ought to be—at the bottom of Crazywell Pool. I knew his voice the moment I heard it. But I won't answer him. I don't fear him, though it's a very ill-convenient thing that he should be back on earth nowadays when the world's forgot him."

"There's no doubt now he's back. He comes and goes and plays with time, because time is nought to a spirit. It's only us living things that are under Time's orders.

"I've seen him, so there's no mistake. I've seen him standing in the midst of my garden in moonlight. He's been in the water five years and he's mostly bones. He sees without any eyes and he can talk without a tongue. He calls to me to go to him. But I won't be under his command. He can't show himself to nobody but me, seemingly, for I've heard nobody else say they've seen him. So he's powerless, and I don't fear the creature more'n a lost dog. He drips, so as you can see where he comes from, and he gets bolder and walks into the house-place now and again; but if I take no notice of him, or his talk, he's done, because not Lydia nor yet anybody else has any power to know he's there. He's a beastly object seen close and my gorge rises at him; but I've got to hide myself from the people and I never take no notice of him when anybody else be present. Please God the hateful thing will soon tire of it and go back where he belongs."

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"He was hollering in the garden again last night—shouting to me to come out to Crazywell, and I got angry and forgot Lydia and leapt out of bed to the window and cussed the creature good and hard. 'Twas his own fault I took his life, and if he'd been straight, he'd be a man still; but 'tis no good coming back after five years to trouble the living. I've told him I won't come for fifty spectrums like him, and I called on his Maker to stop him roaming and give him something better to do."

"A month have passed and Woodman's given no sign; and I hope he's kept under the water, or sent off some place else. I've prayed to the Lord day and night to stop him and my prayer's been heard, I expect."

"I was wrong. The creature's back, and now he follows me. When I'm alone, even in noon daylight, he shows up. He don't give me no temper, nor offer any threats, but just tells me to come to the pool. He drags about after me like a sheepdog. He's mostly bones, but there's enough hair on his head to show who the man was. 'You'll come,' he says in a watery sort of voice. 'You'll come and bide along with me, Henry. I'm tired of being all alone down there. I want you to help pass the time till Doomsday, for 'tis wisht work waiting along with the toads and efts.' At first I answered him, then I called reason to my aid and didn't, because I asked myself 'What's the good of treating a shadow serious?' But then reason answered, 'If he can talk, he can hear also; and he ain't a shadow. He's a ghost from the grave living his own ghost life, and you can't pretend he's not there, for space and time be nought to him and he goes where he pleases and knows no weariness of body.' So I answer him back, and I've told him I'm not coming a thousand times and more by now; but all he says is, 'Yes, Henry, you'll come.'"

"I forgot myself yesterday and asked Lydia how 'twas she didn't see him? For he was on the settle beside the fire

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within a yard of her, with the green weed dripping and his white bones showing through it. There was a young, live eel turning in his eye-hole—an interesting thing, because I always said that eels harboured in Crazywell, though other men withstood me and vowed nought lived in it but frogs. I used my authority that night and bade Woodman be gone in the name of the Trinity; and he went and I mopped up the settle."

"I've got a clever thought to take Woodman at his word. I'll go to Crazywell and I'll go to the bottom and tear the rames * of the man to pieces! Then there'll be an end of this persecution. Next time he comes, God judge me, but I'll take him at his word and follow over the heath and go under and settle with the noxious varmint for all time. I be sick to death of him, and he's coming between me and my life and making me doubt of religion and the justice of the watching Lord. So I'll finish with the obstinate wretch and larn him to be a ghost among us solid humans. And if all the devils in hell come to help him, they'll fail before me, for I've got right and justice on my side, and my Heavenly Father will see as I come out on top against Woodman."

The diary ended there—a very strange affair and worth preserving; but these things happened full fifty year ago, for Lydia Borlase was no more than thirty year old when her husband perished and she was up over eighty when she died last week. Henry left Burrator to her, and she put up a sizable cross to her husband and a bit of a moorstone to her first love. But, according to her own will and last direction, she shared Henry's grave and went back to his side once more after half a century was told. And Wickett's bones lie thirty yards away.

There's no doubt all his friends was cruel sorry for Henry Borlase and felt he'd been rather hardly served for his crime, because he was a good man—sober and industrious—

* Rames. Skeleton.

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and very anxious to leave his little world better than he found it. But such was his nature that murder served him in that fashion and slowly robbed him of his thinking parts and drove him ultimately out of life. For we make our own ghosts, and there surely ain't no others.

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DEFEAT [1]

By EDWARD SCOULLER

From *The New Leader*

Hugh Barton was almost through with it. Thirteen weeks now the strike had gone, and no prospect of a settlement. Every day the same. Grind, grind, grind. Picket duty, meetings, collisions with police; and then collisions with police, meetings and picket duty again. And all the time hunger as a dull, miserable undertone. Whipped-up emotions and fiery speeches. What was the use of it all?

He stepped down from the box, and a great lassitude swept over him in waves. From the ring of faithful, broken men who still clung to him there was a faint attempt at applause, but he could sense the waning enthusiasm of the crowd. The grimy factories and the even more grimy barrack-like slums around him mocked his fine sentiments. A steady drizzle of rain slithered heavily to the muddy cobbles. No wind, no freshness in the air, only a soot-laden atmosphere that scarcely allowed the clumsy rain to fall. The gaping door of a filthy public house let out a stream of sickly yellow light. Across the way a huge model lodging house festered and reeked in the murkiness of the October evening. A group of dispirited outcasts leant against its doorways, arguing without heat or interest about the Cesarewitch. From time to time they cast heedless, faintly contemptuous glances at his audience. A few chewed listlessly and spat out black mouthfuls on the greasy pavement.

What was the use of it all? Why was he doing it? Telling these hopeless masses that they were bound to win, when every one of them knew that each day made defeat more certain. Telling them that their leaders had let them

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down, when they knew it already. After all, what else were leaders for? With their fine fat jobs, their good clothes and their regular meals. What did these poor devils around him care for all his denunciations? What did they care for anything? The truth of their utter hopelessness came home to him with overwhelming, stabbing clarity. They knew he was speaking the truth, knew it with all the abysmal cynicism of the poor; and they had ceased to resent it. They did not resent the desertion of their leaders; they merely accepted it, as they accepted the rain and the unending misery of their lives. Had they found one whom they could trust, one who would not climb upon their shoulders to make for himself a position of security, they might have shown surprise. But wretchedness, betrayal, defeat, these were normal, part of their lives, the whole of life.

Barton knew that he had spoken well. But of what use to speak well to such people? When he told them that they were oppressed and downtrodden, they grunted assent, too dejected even for the luxury of self-pity. When he spoke of the failure of the Unions to back their strike, they evinced no indignation. The Unions had done it before; they would do it again. Unions only fought when there was a spectacular victory to be gained, and limelight for the officials with an eye to political capital and more votes for the President. They were not indignant, not now after the first few weeks. Even old Smithers in his well-cut clothes and his odious bowler could move amongst them now without being jeered at. After all, he was a friendly old chap, not bad with a tanner when a chap was down and out, and always with a good thing for the day's race. No, they were all alike, these toffs in their Union offices, looking well after their soft jobs: and damned right too, so long as they got off with it.

He caught the muttered comment of one man in the crowd, a lean, disillusioned docker with a scar across his right cheek and two fingers missing from his right hand: "He'd do the same himself if he got the chance."

Would he, though? He quivered at the thought. Would

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he, could he ever do the same himself, he who had lost a steady job as leading hand in Blackwood's because he wouldn't hustle the men, he who had put the workers' fight in front of everything, he who had seen his home grow more and more sordid every month because he would not kow-tow to any boss nor let any gaffer bounce him?

But argument was of no use in face of this naked cynicism. There was no sense in telling these people his visions and his dreams. To them a strike was a strike, and it was nothing more. It was not a symbol of revolt, not a foretaste of The Day when the workers would throw off their chains and establish a new order of things as they had done in Russia. To them it was only a strike, a fight for a penny an hour, four bobs' worth more chuck and beer and tobacco in the week, a necessary but painful struggle against the hatted and the well-clad.

He wished it was his turn for picket to-night. Then he would not have needed to go home. Then he would have been a somebody, a leader. Whereas what now was he? Not a rebel, not a fighter for Freedom, not an idealist in the vanguard of battle. Just a failure, a ragged, shivering out-of-work, who could not even provide for his own family.

Barton turned up the collar of his jacket, pulled his cap well down over his eyes, and slid quietly out of the crowd unaccompanied. He shoved his hands deep down into the holes in his trousers where the pockets had once been. The coldness of his wet hands pricked his warm legs. Despite the rain he had been sweating: it didn't take much to make him sweat nowadays. He shuddered all over. The pith had gone out of him suddenly, as if someone had opened a tap from his spine. He was deadly tired. He wanted to rest his back, which was aching with weariness.

His throat was raw. He wanted to smoke, to flood his lungs with soothing, deadening warmth; but he was too tired to regret that he had no cigarettes. It was all beastly, damnable. Tears rose to his eyes, and the softly falling dirty rain washed them down his cheeks.

At the close-mouth he stopped a moment, thinking dully

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of the ordeal of climbing the three flights of stairs that led to his attic. Then he mounted. The steps were broken at the edges and marked with the passage of many feet. On one whitewashed wall some prurient-minded errand boy had scribbled words of unimaginable ugliness, and across the other sprawled a crude drawing of the vilest obscenity. Beastly, beastly. Unpolished doorknobs of dented and twisted brass, and on each landing the wide-open door of a communal latrine. Just outside one of them some one had blown his nose foully. Pervading everywhere was the smell of cats and unaired human dwellings.

He let himself quietly into his own house, hoping against reason that his wife would be abed. All the time he knew exactly what he would find. Always the same, always damnably the same. She sat by the fireplace, nursing the youngest baby. Eight years ago she had been pretty, slim, shapely, a mill girl, high-spirited and easily cheerful. Still there clung about her a certain attractiveness; but her body was all misshapen with the ugliness which too rapid childbearing imposes upon the very poor.

She did not look up as he entered, and he did not speak. What was there to say?

So they sat, she mechanically tending the infant, he gazing blankly before him. He rose and hung his jacket above the sink, and the water dripped steadily from it into the tin basin which was there. She had enough to do, he thought gloomily, without cleaning up his mess. After all, she was brave, even if her palpable brainlessness did at times madden him. As he passed behind her stool, he saw the whiteness of her exposed breast, and for an instant his mind swung back with passionate illumination to the early days when he could not pass her about the house without kissing her brow, the nape of her neck, her arm, anything that was warm and soft and her. But instantly the impulse was gone. She would not understand. Somehow she had grown beyond that. Love does not thrive in single apartments.

"Jenny better?" he asked at last. Emotion made his

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voice gruff. To show feeling would, he felt, be an insult to her in the circumstances. Her eyes hardened at his tone. She thought he was uncaring. Her understanding was not subtle: her impressionable years had been moulded by Rudolf Valentino and Mary Pickford.

"No," she said briefly, "Mrs. McGregor says the rash has gone in too early." He did not ask her if she had fetched the doctor. Doctors don't come to slums unless their fees are guaranteed in advance. Otherwise they would soon be in slums themselves.

The silence between them grew oppressive. He felt it mount up like an impalpable barrier. That was always how it started: no word of quarrel, just an atmosphere of estrangement that could be neither defined nor combated. And then for days or even weeks she would move about the house not even speaking to him, until a frenzy of impotence seized him, a fury of desire to make her open her lips and speak to him. If only she would nag him, even that would help. Then he could reply, and perhaps bring her to see his point of view. But her silence made everything impossible. The straight line of her jaw was like a smooth steel fence, insurmountable. He longed wildly to take her in his arms, and kiss her, and weep. But that would be weakness, and his fear of seeming sentimental or demonstrative held him back. Why could she not understand, when he sat silent or passed as close to her as possible without actually touching her, that he ached to fondle her? But she was grown cold, passionless, matrimonially matter-of-fact.

Soon he must give way to his love of her or to his hate of her. He must hungrily embrace her or fly into one of his mad rages when he would curse and threaten her. He felt it well up from the pit of his stomach in sickening waves, this hysteria of suppressed emotions. It was now rising up in his chest. From past experiences he knew all the symptoms. Before it reached his throat, he must speak; before he felt the choking that made his lips twitch and his fingers curl, tighten and uncurl. Now, now, or it would be too late.

He spoke; and his voice was low, no more than a hoarse

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murmur. No one would have guessed the storm that raged behind that casual voice, least of all the woman who knew him less well now than she had known him eight years ago. . . . And all the things that he was desperate to say remained unspoken. He was of the great class, this orator, that is too shy to talk emotionally.

"No more word," he said thickly, "the bosses won't meet us."

She did not answer, but sat picking at her finger nails. The child was in bed now, lying with his numerous brothers and sisters in the truckle bed that pushed under the set-in bed in the daytime.

No use. He must try again.

"They lifted Dan Molloy to-day. Loitering with intent to steal, the slops said."

The woman stirred peevishly. "And serve him right too," she snapped, "him running about with other women, and Katie the way she is."

"And who wouldn't?" demanded Barton. "And her nag, nag, nagging at him all the time, her and her Orange friends."

"Ay, that's right, a fine chum for the likes of you that was brought up decent. A drunken waster that's ready for every row that's going!"

"Steve Harris," argued her husband dully, "says he's got good stuff in him at bottom. And we're no prudes in the Communist Party anyway. To Hell with their bourgeois morality."

Mrs. Barton flared up with surprising heat. "Ay, an' to Hell wi' Steve Harris an' your Communism too," she blazed.

Barton gasped. He had never before heard Anne swear. She was the only woman in the close of whom that could be said. Old-fashioned prejudices, of course; but somehow it had set her wholesomely apart from the others.

"You fool!" she cried. "Aren't you sick yet of being made a tool of? Is Steve Harris going hungry, him with his hair frizzed and his trousers pressed like a tailor's dummy, him with his wife in Paisley and a dozen young hoors down here

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smirking at him? Ay, and he pats you and Pat McDade and Terry Coyle and all the rest of you on the back, and makes you imagine you're heroes and orators. What for? So that he'll get you all at Election time and make a splash, and then everybody'll think that it's him that's the big man in Clydeside. And the Communist Party will pay him to go on spouting for another year or two, while the rest of you mugs can starve."

Barton winced in amazement. The onslaught had been unexpected.

"Don't talk nonsense, Anne," he answered defensively "You know Harris doesn't get paid, and it's not for him we're doing it anyway. It's for the workers."

"Paid be damned!" said Mrs. Barton contemptuously, "you know well enough he does, or else you're a fool. Workers! A fat lot he cares for the workers, him that never did a hand's turn in all his dirty life."

This was a frontal attack, this was something solid, something he could meet and fight. Barton felt a great contentment rise within him. This was the old outspoken Anne, even if she were attacking his most sacred gods. Unspeaking, she could conquer him, her with the immovable stolidity of silence, him with only the feeble weapons of words and logic. Arguing, he had her beaten.

"But it's the workers' fight, Anne. Surely you see that? Would you have me a coward and a scab, to go back on the workers? It's a fight for bread and butter, a fight for the women and the children."

Anne laughed scornfully. "Ay, tell that to your meetings, tell that to the moochers and loafers that would rather listen to big talk than work for their living."

"Anne, Anne!" he pleaded, earnestly now, with the fire of conviction in his eyes, "don't talk that way. You know my heart's in this; it's part of me; I've been fighting for it ever since I knew anything. It's not for myself and it's not for Steve Harris. It's not for Communism even. It's for the women and the kiddies, the poor little kiddes that the Boss Class is murdering here in Clydeside."

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His wife stirred uneasily. She knew he was in earnest. She knew he was brave. Oh, he was brave all right, this man of hers, braver than Harris or Coyle or Mullen or any of that bunch. He would go through Hell barefoot for what he believed to be right. And she was proud of him too, proud of this shabby man with the ragged clothes and the dark fierce eyes set in the face of a hungry wolf. But she must fight down her pride in him, she must fight down her love of him. He never thought of her now, only of his Communism. He never kissed her or talked foolishly to her, just threw her a word and went on thinking, thinking.

"The women and the kiddies! Ay, always the other women and the other folk's kiddies," she snorted. She had not meant to make her tone so harsh, but the softness leaves your voice when you're rearing a family of five in a single end. "Never a thought for your own woman or your own kiddies. Wee Jim died the time you were bagged from Scott's, and now it's Jenny, Jenny gasping her life away, and you out spouting when you might all be working. Good God, man, are you blind, are you mad? I'm starving, I tell you, and the weans are starving. And you talk to me about the women and the kiddies! Oh, my God, you men, you babies, you blind idiots!"

Hugh Barton shrank and shifted uncomfortably in his seat. This was new to him. Countless times he had told his audiences that in a strike it was the women who suffered most. Now, when it was told him by his wife, he realised that he had only been making rhetorical flourishes. This was real. And it was new to him. He would need to think it over. Starving, yes, that was true, and starving all alone with the children, in this garret; that must be damnable.

But Anne's tongue was loosened now. The floodgates of years were broken and the waters of her feelings crashed out.

"Heroes you all are, oh ay, fine heroes! And you get your names in the "Worker" and maybe in the "Daily Record," if you're lucky enough to get mixed up in a row. You're hungry. Ay, but you can forget your hunger when you're in a crowd and people are cheering you. And always

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people to meet, and something to take up your attention. But me here in this hole, with nobody to speak to but the weans when they come in crying for a piece and I have no piece to give them, what about me? Hunger, hunger, it's me that knows what hunger is, when the milk has left me for the want of decent food and I have to catch at the table for dizziness when I stoop to shake up the rags on the bed."

The torrent of her emotions was too strong for her weak body. With surprising suddenness her words ceased. Her shoulders wilted; her head fell on her arms on the table. She sobbed with deep, passionate indrawings of her breath.

Barton was stupefied. Not for years had he seen Anne cry, not even when the Parish buried her little one in the ugly, unvarnished coffin. And he never could bear to hear a woman cry. . . . Years ago, in the theatre, when a woman cried on the stage in the absurdest of melodramas, he had to grip his lower lip in his teeth and swallow desperately lest he should make a fool of himself. It was the utter abandonment with which a woman cries that unnerved him.

He must get out, out, out. Oh, he would like to throw his arms around her and talk to her and be tender to her. But it would not stop her. She would cry, and cry, and cry. He knew it. Then all his strength would go. He would grow desperate with helplessness. He too would cry, loudly, hysterically. Oh God, not that, not that! With his head reeling and his spine a pulpy mass of weariness. Not that, not that!

He seized his jacket and cap, rammed them on somehow, anyhow, and rushed out of the door.

For a long time Mrs. Barton lay over the table, sobs shaking her whole body, drawing it up and then letting it sag as if something inside her were swelling and collapsing. With the ebbing of each sob her forehead struck the table dully. Then gradually she quietened. The passion of tears had relieved the tension of long-restrained and mounting despair. The baby whined as it wakened to hunger.

She did not know where her husband had gone. But he often went out at night now, on picket duty to intercept any

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straggling blacklegs who might attempt to slip in on night shift. It did not occur to her to mistrust him. No; whatever Hugh was, he was clean, and he was straight with women.

Fatigued, she partially undressed and crept into bed beside Jenny, lifting the infant in beside her. Whatever happened, *they* must be kept warm. Throughout the long dark hours she lay open-eyed, staring into the blackness. Cars clattered past in the street, and every sound went through her head like a corrosive acid. A cistern on the landing underneath periodically filled and flooded. A pair of cats yelled barbarically.

Her mind knew no peace. Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts. Why had she let Hugh go like that? If only he had put out one finger to her, made one gesture of tenderness. If only he had spoken to her when she wept. But he was hard, hard. Did he not see that she wanted him to fondle her, did he not see that she needed all her strength to restrain herself from throwing her arms round him and kissing him? Oh, if only he would soften his voice when he spoke to her, make one sign of tenderness, only do one little thing to make it easy for her to renew the past. Or if she could only sink her pride and go all the way to meet him. But he was hard, he would not understand. He would think she was trying to unman him, to seduce him from his Communism. Always that Communism of his. But she did not want to unman him. No; she would not have him other than he was, brave and straight and independent. It was terrible to starve, more terrible to watch the children starve. But Hugh said it would be cowardly to yield. And Hugh knew best. She was no hand at politics. It was terrible to starve, more terrible to watch the children starve; but most terrible of all would it be to see Hugh go back on himself. He was brave; God, he was brave. He was brave because he was straight, and because he was so sure of himself. If he lost that sureness, his bravery would go with it. He would be just like the others, mouthing a rigmarole that meant nothing to them.

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She should not have been so harsh with him; but the children with their lean jaws and their hungry eyes haunted her, drove her to say things she should not have said. After this, she too must be brave. In the morning she would smother her pride, conquer the sulky devil that was in her, and tell him that she had been wrong. Then he would kiss her and love her again. But oh, if only he would not be so hard, if only he would make it easier for her. . . . But she would do it. Maybe it was better so: she was too proud, too stubborn. With almost a happy smile of anticipation she fell asleep.

. . . . . .

A colourless, murky dawn was struggling in through the attic window, when Anne was wakened by a noise of yelling and shouting in the street below. It was a street that was accustomed to noises, even at half-past-six in the morning, noises of feet and of tongues, noises of man and beast, of wheels and of hoofs. But these were different noises, sounds of angry voices, shouts and curses, and the blowing of a police whistle. Anne jumped in alarm from the bed, wakening the baby, who commenced to howl stridently. Her man, her man, they were after her man. He had done something while on picket. She knew it. She made for the door, all unclad as she was.

Just as she reached it, the door was flung open from the outside, and Hugh staggered in, half falling across her. A babel of furious voices echoed up the stairs. He was bareheaded, and blood flowed from a cut on his temple.

"Hugh, Hugh," she cried, "You're hurt. Is it the polis'?"

Barton tried to pull himself together, his shoulders sagging and his arms hanging limp before him.

"No, it's Coyle and Mullen and the picket," he cried.

"The picket?" she gasped.

"Ay, the picket," he shouted, "they're after me! I started on the night-shift in Murray's. For you, Anne, for you and the weans. Kiss me, Anne, for God's sake kiss me." He

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held out his arms appealingly, a look of agony and of rapture in his hungry, dark eyes.

Her head swam. She shrank back in horror. She held her hands up in front of her face.

"You coward," she hissed, "you scab."

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COBBLER, COBBLER, MEND MY SHOE [1]

By "JAN STRUTHER"

From *G. K's Weekly*

There are a great many strange characters wandering about the streets of that strange little town they call Chelsea. There are street singers by the score, and street musicians who play on barrel-organs and hurdy-gurdys and cornets and flutes and fiddles and harps. There are men who shout "Fine Log—O!" and men who want to grind your scissors, and men who want to cane your chairs, and women who cry "Wonchu buy my sweet bloomin' lavender, sixteen fine branches fore one penny"—(which sounds very poetic but is actually a lie, because prices have risen since the day when the cry was first invented). There are also several religious maniacs, old men with grey beards and young men with golden ones, who walk about bare-headed and talk of God. Finally, there are a few artists in broad floppy felt hats and black cloaks, and a great many female cranks who think that they can bring about the renaissance of Art by wearing laboriously hand-woven clothes of pastel colouring and quite intolerable cut. In fact, there are so many curiosities of one kind and another that after a while you don't bother to turn round and stare at them as you did when you first came to live there.

Nobody stared, therefore, at the old man who walked up the King's Road one afternoon in late October, when the chilly autumn sunset was just beginning to send people home to hot buttered toast and the passionate rapture of first fires. He was a very old man indeed, and a very odd old man. From the long loose cloak that he wore he might

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have been one of the artists, but from the raggedness of it you would have classed him with the hurdy-gurdists. The white beard and a touch of far-away ecstasy in the eyes seemed to label him "religious"; while his sandalled feet were faintly suggestive of the cranky and hand-woven women.

Not sandalled feet—sandalled foot. For his left foot was bare and very dirty, and his left sandal he was carrying in his gnarled old hand, because one of the straps of it was broken. And as he walked along, limping a little from a cut on his foot, he muttered:

"Who is going to mend my sandal?"

Presently he came to a shop whose windows were decked with innumerable shoes, as the firmament is decked with stars. There were men's shoes marked "Highly serviceable," and women's shoes marked "Very Chic," and felt bedroom slippers marked "Unrivalled Bargain." The old man stopped and gazed into the window.

"Hideous—most hideous," he murmured, and mused upon the decadence of the times. Then he caught sight of some children's sandals in a corner, and the sternness of his face relaxed.

"But the children still wear sandals," he said, softly; and reassured by this he went into the shop. Inside there was a bright and ugly green carpet, and his bare foot left a trail of mud and blood upon it as he walked. A young salesman appeared from the depths of the shop rubbing his hands and saying mechanically:

"Good afternoon, sir. What can I do for you?" But when he had looked more closely at the old man in the failing light, his tone changed.

"Excuse me, sir—the carpet. Something's wrong with your foot."

"I know," said the old man patiently; "I have damaged it on some broken vessel. That is why I came in here. I want you to mend my sandal so that I may wear it again." He held out the tattered footgear to the young man, who peered at it distastefully with his hands behind his back.

"I'm afraid you'll have to go somewhere else," he said,

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dropping the "sir." "We don't do repairs of that kind."

"Will you sell me another pair, then?"

"We don't stock anything like that, I'm afraid."

"But those ones in the window——?"

"Oh, for children, yes. No demand for large sizes."

"As ever," murmured the old man, "the children are the wise ones. Can you not make me some, then?"

"Sorry," said the salesman, shortly, "but we're not manufacturers, we're only agents. Good afternoon." Very firmly, he held the door open, and very sadly the old man passed out muttering to himself, "You cannot make, neither can you mend: are there no craftsmen left?"

There were several more shops of the same kind, and at all of them he met with the same treatment. In one of them the salesman called the manager, and the manager requested him to leave. In another a pert young woman told him with a giggle that they hadn't got any hareskins or rabbitskins to-day, thank you. In a third he felt so tired that he sat down, uninvited, on one of the red plush chairs, but the manager fixed him with a glassy eye and began to talk about the police, so he rose wearily to his feet again and shuffled away down the street.

"In all this great city," he asked himself, "will nobody mend my shoe?"

But suddenly there were quick running footsteps behind him, and a girl in a black frock touched his arm. She was a little button-nosed creature, a very unimportant assistant in the last shop he had entered, and she had felt sorry for the old man.

"Look here," she panted, "my uncle's a cobbler in Emily Street. You try *'im.*" And she scuttled back to the shop, blushing at her own impulsiveness. The old man turned and threw a blessing after her as she ran. (And it is a certain fact that the very next day the manager told her she was getting on much better now, and her friend Mabel gave her an almost new blue hat because she herself had gone into mourning, and she picked up a shilling in the gutter going home, and the boy she was walking out with

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asked her to marry him. So you may say what you like about blessings.)

The old man limped along to Emily Street, which is a little alley leading off the King's Road. And there, sure enough, was a real old-fashioned cobbler's shop, with a battered wooden counter that was also a work-bench, and bundles of boot-laces hanging like sea-weed on the walls, and little irregular three-cornered scraps of hide littering the floor, and a glorious, all-pervading smell of leather. And there at the bench, bent double over his work under a flaming, fan-shaped gas-jet was Mr. Mullins, the cobbler. He looked up with a cheerful grin as the old man entered. He liked queer-looking customers.

"I wonder," said the old man diffidently, "whether you can mend my shoe?"

"Mend your shoe, sir? If it's anything made of leather, I can mend it. That's my trade, that is."

"At last," cried the old man, handing him the sandal, "I have found a craftsman!"

"That's a curious shoe," said Mullins, looking at it with interest. "If you'll excuse my saying so, I bet that's carried you a good long way in its time?"

"Sixteen hundred years," the old man murmured.

"Potty," thought Mullins to himself, "but a decent old chap." Aloud he said, "I'll do this 'ere job for you now if you like, seeing you won't want to walk 'ome as you are. If you'd care to take a seat——" He pushed forward a high wooden stool. "Live far from 'ere?"

"A good long way," answered the old man, and he leaned forward, watching with keen interest in his face while the other worked.

"If you don't mind my saying so, sir, this is the finest bit of leather ever I see. Even if it *is* old."

"Yes. Leather was leather in those days."

"I don't know *when* I've seen such a beautiful bit of leather," Mullins repeated. "If you'll excuse me, sir, may I ask where you got this pair of sandals?"

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"I made them myself. You see, I was in your trade once."

"*Was* you now? Well, I never. Well, well. All I can say is, you knew your job. Give it up now, 'ave you?"

"Yes. A long time ago."

"Ar. Sold the goodwill, I suppose?"

"Goodwill? Ah, that's neither bought nor sold," said the old man.

"'Tis in London," Mullins assured him. "But per'aps other places they've got other ways of doing business. Now where was it you was working exactly?"

"In Soissons," said the old man.

"Soissong? Not Soissong on the Aisne?"

"You know the place?" asked the old man, eagerly.

"I should think I ought to. I was there two years—there and thereabouts—before I was knocked out."

"A beautiful place," the old man mused, "but a hot-bed of evil-doing and evil-thinking. A veritable hot-bed."

"A bloody 'ot-bed," agreed Mullins, tersely. "'Ottest corner *I* ever was in, anyway."

"I did my best, you know, I did my best. . . . Living among them, and working among them, and trying to reach their immortal souls through the soles of their shoes. They were hard to convert, but perhaps. . . ."

His voice trailed away, and for a few minutes the two men lost themselves among the memories of old fights; but for one of them it was the fighting of armies, and for the other it was the fighting of God against the gods. And one of them had travelled back scarcely a decade, while the other was dwelling on things that had happened sixteen hundred years ago.

"There now," said Mr. Mullins, putting the finishing touches to the sandal. "I think you'll find that all right. Don't you move, sir. I'll just slip it on for you."

He knelt down among the scraps of leather and fastened the sandal on to the bare and travel-stained foot. And then the extraordinary old man laid his wrinkled hand on Mullins's head and began to bless him.

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Mullins thought "Lumme, this is a go." The old cove must be one of the religious ones after all, who come and ask you whether you're saved. He was glad that there was nobody there to see him being made a fool of. And then suddenly he came all over queer, and felt happier than he ever had before, and rather light-headed. He couldn't see properly. His head swam. . . .

It was only for a moment, but when he came to himself again the old man had gone away, and on the counter lay a gold coin. It wasn't a sovereign—it was a foreign coin, and it looked very old and worn. He slipped it into his pocket hastily because his small son Tommy had burst into the shop, swinging his school satchel.

"Oh, Dad! Do you know what we done 'safternoon? A play! At least, a bit of a play. Shakespeare. And we read it out in turns. And Dad—I was the King, I was!"

"Whatever are you talking about?" asked Mullins, patiently. "What King? What play?"

"Henry the Fiff. You look here." He pushed a paper-covered Shakespeare under his father's nose.

"Oh—poetry!" Mullins sniffed.

"Go on, Dad. It's luvly. Just read the end bit of what the King says——"

> . . . And gentlemen in England now a-bed
> Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
> And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
> That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

"You see, to-day *is* S'n Crispin's day—twenty-fiff of October. That's why Teacher made us do it to-day."

"Oh," said Mullins, unimpressed. "All this play-acting stuff. Why can't they teach you something useful? And 'oo *is* Saint Crispin, any'ow, when 'e's at 'ome?"

"'E was a shoemaker—just like you are," cried Tommy triumphantly. "An' Teacher said 'e wos the pattern—pattron—patron saint of shoemakers—so there!"

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"*Wos* 'e now?" said Mullins, slowly, scratching his head. Then, after a long pause——

"Oh, 'e *wos*, wos 'e?" said Mullins, thoughtfully, fingering the gold coin in his pocket.

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MR. ODDY[1]

By HUGH WALPOLE

From *Nash's* and *Pall Mall Magazine* and *Cosmopolitan*

This may seem to many people an old-fashioned story; it is perhaps for that reason that I tell it. I can recover here, it may be, for myself something of the world that is already romantic, already beyond one's reach, already precious for the things that one might have got out of it and didn't.

London of only fifteen years ago! What a commonplace to point out its difference from the London of to-day and to emphasise the tiny period of time that made that difference! We were all young and hopeful then, we could all live on a shilling a year and think ourselves well off, we could all sit in front of the lumbering horse buses and chat confidentially with the omniscient driver, we could all see Dan Leno in Pantomime and watch Farren dance at the Empire, we could all rummage among those cobwebby streets at the back of the Strand where Aldwych now flaunts her shining bosom and imagine Pendennis and Warrington, Copperfield and Traddles cheek by jowl with ourselves, we could all wait in the shilling queue for hours to see Ellen Terry in *Captain Brassbound* and Forbes Robertson in *Hamlet,* we could all cross the street without fear of imminent death and above all we could all sink ourselves into that untidy higgledy-piggledy smoky and beery and gas-lampy London gone utterly and for ever. But I have no wish to be sentimental about it; there is a new London which is just as interesting to its new citizens as the old London was to myself. It is my age that is the matter; fifteen years ago, before the war, one was so *very* young.

I like, though, to try and recapture that time, and so,

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as a simple way to do it, I seize upon a young man; Tommy Brown we will call him. I don't know where Tommy Brown may be now; that Tommy Brown of fifteen years ago who lived as I did in two very small rooms in Glebe Place, Chelsea, who enjoyed hugely the sparse but economical meals provided so elegantly by two charming ladies at "The Good Intent" down by the river, that charming hostelry whence looking through the bow windows you could see the tubby barges go floating down the river and the thin outline of Whistler's Battersea Bridge, and in the small room itself were surrounded by who knows what geniuses in the lump, geniuses of art and letters, of the Stage and of the Law. For Tommy Brown fifteen years ago this life was Paradisal. He had come boldly from Cambridge to throw himself upon London's friendly bosom; despite all warnings to the contrary he was certain that it would be friendly; how could it be otherwise to so charming, so brilliant, so unusually attractive a young man? For Tommy was conceited beyond all that his youth warranted, conceited indeed without any reason at all. He had, it is true, secured the post of reviewer to one of the London daily papers; this seemed to him when he looked back in later years a kind of miracle, but at the time no miracle at all, simply a just appreciation of his extraordinary talents. There was also reposing in one of the publisher's offices at that moment the manuscript of a novel, a novel that appeared to him of astonishing brilliance, written in the purest English, sparkling with wit, tense with drama. These things were fine and reassuring enough, but there was more than that; he felt in himself the power to rise to the greatest heights; he could not see how anything could stop him, it was his destiny.

This pride of his might have suffered some severe shocks were it not that he spent all of his time with other young gentlemen quite as conceited as himself. I have heard talk of the present young generation and its agreeable consciousness of its own merits, but I doubt if it is anything in comparison with that little group of fifteen years ago. After all the war has intervened—however young we may be and

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however greatly we may pretend this is an unstable world and for the moment heroics have departed from it. But for Tommy Brown and his friends the future was theirs and nobody could prevent it. Something pathetic in that as one looks back.

Tommy was not really so unpleasant a youth as I have described him—to his elders he must have appeared a baby, and his vitality at least they could envy. After all why check his confidence? Life would do that heavily enough in its own good time. Tommy, although he had no money and no prospects, was already engaged to a young woman, Miss Alice Smith. Alice Smith was an artist sharing with a girl friend a Chelsea studio, and she was as certain of her future as Tommy was of his.

They had met at a little Chelsea dance, and two days after the meeting they were engaged. She had no parents who mattered and no money to speak of, so that the engagement was the easiest thing in the world. Tommy, who had been in love before many times, knew, as he told his friend Jack Robinson so often as to bore that gentleman severely, that this time at last he knew what love was. Alice ordered him about—with her at any rate his conceit fell away—she had read his novel and pronounced it old-fashioned, the severest criticism she could possibly have made, and she thought his reviews amateur. He suffered then a good deal in her company. When he was away from her he told himself and everybody else that her critical judgment was marvellous, her comprehension of all the Arts quite astounding, but he left her sometimes with a miserable suspicion that perhaps after all he was not going to do anything very wonderful and that he would have to work very hard indeed to rise to her astonishing standards.

It was in such a mood of wholesome depression that he came one beautiful spring April day from the A.B.C. shop where he had been giving his Alice luncheon and found his way to an old bookshop on the river-side round the corner from Oakley Street. This shop was kept by a gentleman called Mr. Burdett Coutts, and the grand associations of

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his name gave him from the very first a sort of splendour. It was one of those old shops of which there are, thank God, still many examples surviving in London, in which the room was so small and the books so many that to move a step was to imperil your safety. Books ran in thick tight rows from floor to ceiling everywhere, were piled in stacks upon the ground and hung in perilous heaps over chairs and window ledges.

Mr. Burdett Coutts himself, a very stout and grizzled old man enveloped always in a grey shawl, crouched behind his spectacles in a far corner and took apparently no interest in anything save that he would snap the price at you if you brought him a volume and timorously inquired. He was not one of those old booksellers dear to the heart of Anatole France and other great men who would love to discourse to you of the beauties of *The Golden Ass*, the possibility of Homer being a lady or the virtues of the second Hyperion over the first. Not at all; he ate biscuits which stuck in his grizzly beard and wrote perpetually in a large moth-eaten ledger which was supposed by his customers to contain all the secrets of the universe.

It was just because he never interfered with you that Tommy Brown loved his shop so dearly. If he had a true genuine passion that went far deeper than all his little superficial vanities and egotisms it was his passion for books, books of any kind. He had at this time no fine taste—all was fish that came to his net. The bundles of Thackeray and Dickens, parts tied up carelessly in coarse string, the old broken-backed volumes of Radcliffe and Barham and Galt, the red and gold Colburn's novelists, all these were exciting to him, just as exciting as though they had been a first Gray's *Elegy* or an original *Robinson Crusoe*. He had, too, a touching weakness for the piles of fresh and neglected modern novels that lay in their discarded heaps on the dusty floor; young though he was, he was old enough to realise the pathos of these so short a time ago fresh from the bursting presses, so eagerly cherished through months of anxious watching by their fond authors, so swiftly forgotten, dead almost before

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they were born. So he browsed, moving like a panting puppy with inquisitive nose from stack to stack with a gesture of excitement, tumbling a whole racket of books about his head, looking then anxiously to see whether the old man would be angry with him and realising for the thousandth time that the old man never was.

It was on this day, then, rather sore from the arrogancies of his Alice, that he tried to restore his confidence among these friendly volumes. With a little thrill of excited pleasure he had just discovered a number of the volumes born of those romantic and tragedy-haunted Nineties. Here in little thin volumes were the stories of Crackanthorpe, the poems of Dowson, the keynotes of George Egerton, *The Bishop's Dilemma* of Ella d'Arcy, *The Happy Hypocrite* of Max Beerbohm. Had he only been wise enough to give there and then for that last whatever the old man had asked him for it he would have been fortunate indeed, but the pennies in his pocket were few—he was not yet a book collector, but rather that less expensive but more precious thing, a book adorer. He had the tiny volume in his hand when he was aware that someone had entered the shop and was standing looking over his shoulder.

He turned slowly and saw someone who at first sight seemed vaguely familiar, so familiar that he was plunged into confusion at once by the sense that he ought to say "How do you do?" but could not accurately place him. The gentleman also seemed to know him very well, for he said in a most friendly way, "Ah yes, the 'Nineties,' a very fruitful period." Tommy stammered something, put down the Max Beerbohm, moved a little and pulled about him a sudden shower of volumes. The room was filled with the racket of their tumbling and a cloud of dust thickened about them, creeping into eyes and mouth and nose. "I'm terribly sorry," Tommy stammered, and then looking up was sorry the more when he saw how extremely neat and tidy the gentleman was and how terribly the little accident must distress him.

Tommy's friend must have been between sixty and seventy

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years of age, nearer seventy perhaps than sixty, but his black hair was thick and strong and stood up *en brosse* from a magnificent broad forehead. Indeed, so fine was the forehead and the turn of the head that the face itself was a little disappointing, being so round and chubby and amiable as to be almost babyish. It was not a weak face, however, the eyes being large and fine and the chin strong and determined. The figure of this gentleman was short and thick-set and inclined to stoutness; he had the body of a prize-fighter now resting on his laurels. He was very beautifully clothed in a black coat and waistcoat, pepper and salt trousers, and he stood leaning a little on a thick ebony cane, his legs planted apart, his whole attitude that of one who was accustomed to authority. He had the look of a magistrate or even of a judge, and had his face been less kindly Tommy would have said good-day, nodded to Mr. Burdett Coutts and departed, but that was a smile difficult to resist.

"Dear me," the gentleman said, "this is a very dusty shop. I had never been here before, but I gather by the way that you knock the books about that it's an old friend of yours."

Tommy giggled in a silly fashion, shifted from foot to foot and then, desiring to seem very wise and learned, proved himself only very young and foolish.

"The 'Nineties' are becoming quite romantic," he said in his most authoritative voice, "now that we're getting a good distance from them."

"Ah, you think you!" said the gentleman courteously; "that's interesting. I'm getting to an age now I'm afraid when nothing seems romantic but one's own youth and, ah dear me! that was a very long time ago."

This was exactly the way that kindly old gentlemen were were supposed to talk, and Tommy listened with becoming attention.

"In my young day," his friend continued, "George Eliot seemed to everybody a magnificent writer: a little heavy in hand for these days I'm afraid. Now who is the God of your generation if it isn't impertinent to inquire?"

Tommy shifted again from foot to foot. Who was the God

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of his generation? If the truth must be told, in Tommy's set there were no Gods, only young men who might be Gods if they lived long enough.

"Well," said Tommy awkwardly, "Hardy of course—er—it's difficult to say, isn't it?"

"Very difficult," said the gentleman. There was a pause then, which Tommy concluded by hinting that he was afraid that he must move forward to a very important engagement.

"May I walk with you a little way?" asked the gentleman very courteously, "such a very beautiful afternoon."

Once outside in the beautiful afternoon air everything was much easier; Tommy regained his self-confidence and soon was talking with his accustomed ease and freedom. There was nothing very alarming in his friend after all, he seemed so very eager to hear everything that Tommy had to say. He was strangely ignorant too; he seemed to be interested in the Arts, but to know very little about them; certain names that were to Tommy household words were to this gentleman quite unknown. Tommy began to be a little patronising. They parted at the top of Oakley Street.

"I wonder if you'd mind," the gentleman said, "our meeting again? The fact is that I have very little opportunity of making friends with your generation. There are so many things that you could tell me. I am afraid it may be tiresome for you to spend an hour or two with so ancient a duffer as myself, but it would be very kind of you."

Tommy was nothing if not generous; he said that he would enjoy another meeting very much. Of course he was very busy and his spare hours were not many, but a walk another afternoon could surely be managed. They made an appointment, they exchanged names; the gentleman's name was Mr. Alfred Oddy.

That evening in the middle of a hilarious Chelsea party Tommy suddenly discovered to his surprise that it would please him very much to see Mr. Oddy walk in through the door. Although it was a hilarious party Tommy was not very happy; for one thing Spencer Russell the novelist was there and showed quite clearly that he didn't think Tommy

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very interesting. Tommy had been led up and introduced to him, had said one or two things that seemed to himself very striking, but Spencer Russell had turned his back almost at once and entered into eager conversation with somebody else. This wasn't very pleasant and then his own beloved Alice was behaving strangely; she seemed to have no eyes nor ears for any one in the room save Spencer Russell, and this was the stranger in that only a week or so before she had in public condemned Spencer Russell's novels, utterly and completely stating that he was written out, had nothing to say and was as good as dead. To-night, however, he was not dead at all, and Tommy had the agony of observing her edge her way into the group surrounding him and then listen to him not only as though he were the fount of all wisdom but an Adonis as well, which last was absurd seeing that he was fat and unwieldy and bald on the top of his head. After a while Tommy came up to her and suggested that they should go, and received then the shock of his life when she told him that he could go if he liked, but that he was not to bother her. And she told him this in a voice so loud that everybody heard and many people tittered. He left in a fury and spent then a night that he imagined to be sleepless, although in truth he slept during most of it.

It was with an eagerness that surprised himself that he met Mr. Oddy on the second occasion. He had not seen Alice for two days; he did not intend to be the one to apologise first; besides, he had nothing to apologise for; and yet during these two days there was scarcely a moment that he had not to restrain himself from running round to her studio and making it up. When he met Mr. Oddy at the corner of Oakley Street he was a very miserable young man. He was so miserable that in five minutes he was pouring out all his woes. He told Mr. Oddy everything, of his youth, his wonderful promise, and the extraordinary lack of appreciation shown to him by his relatives, of the historical novels that he had written at the age of anything from ten to sixteen and found only the cook for an audience, of his going to Cambridge and his extraordinary development there

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so that he became Editor of *The Lion,* that remarkable but very short-lived literary journal, and the President of "The Bats," the most extraordinary Essay Club that Cambridge had ever known, of how, alas, he took only a third in history owing to the perverseness of examiners, and so on and so on until he arrived in full flood at the whole history of his love for Alice, of her remarkable talents and beauty, but of her strange temper and arrogance and general feminine perverseness.

Mr. Oddy listened to it all in the kindest way. There's no knowing where they walked that afternoon; they crossed the bridge and adventured into Battersea Park, and finally had tea in a small shop smelling of stale buns and liquorice drops. It was only as they turned homewards that it occurred to Tommy that he had been talking during the whole afternoon. He had the grace to see that an apology was necessary.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said flushing a little, "I'm afraid I have bored you dreadfully. The fact is that this last quarrel with Alice has upset me very badly. What would you do if you were in my position?"

Mr. Oddy sighed. "The trouble is," he said, "that I realise only too clearly that I shall never be in your position again. My time for romance is over or at least I get my romance now in other ways. It wasn't always so; there was a lady once beneath whose windows I stood night after night merely for the pleasure of seeing her candle outlined behind the blind."

"And did she love you," Tommy asked eagerly, "as much as you loved her?"

"Nobody, my dear boy," Mr. Oddy replied, "loves you as much as you love them; either they love you more or they love you less; the first of these is often boring, the second always tragic. In the present case I should go and make it up; after all happiness is always worth having, even at the sacrifice of one's pride. She seems to me a very charming young lady."

"Oh, she is," Tommy answered eagerly; "I'll take your

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advice, I'll go this very evening, in fact if you don't mind I think it would be rather a good time to find her in now." Mr. Oddy smiled and agreed; they parted to meet another day.

On the third occasion of their meeting, which was only two days after the second, Tommy cared for his companion enough to wish to find out something about him. His scene of reconciliation with his beautiful Alice had not been as satisfactory as he had hoped; she had forgiven him, indeed, but given him quite clearly to understand that she would stand none of his nonsense either now or hereafter. The satisfactory thing would have been for Tommy there and then to have left her, never to see her again; he would thus have preserved both his pride and his independence, but alas he was in love, terribly in love, and her indignation made her appear only the more magnificent. And so on this third meeting with his friend he was quite humble and longing for affection.

And then his curiosity was stirred. Who was this handsome old gentleman with his touching desire for Tommy's companionship? There was an air about him that seemed to suggest that he was someone of importance in his own world; beyond this there was an odd sense that Tommy knew him in some way, had seen him somewhere, so on this third occasion Tommy came out with his questions. Who was he? Was he married? What was his profession or was he perhaps retired now? And another question that Tommy would have liked to have asked, and had not the impertinence, was as to why this so late interest in the Arts and combined with this interest this so complete ignorance? Mr. Oddy seemed to know a great deal about everything else, but in this one direction his questions were childish. He seemed never to have heard of the great Spencer Russell at all (which secretly gave Tommy immense satisfaction), and as for geniuses like Mumpus and Peter Arrogance and Samuel Bird, even when Tommy explained how truly great these men were, Mr. Oddy appeared but little impressed.

"Well, at least," Tommy burst out indignantly, "I sup-

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pose you've read something by Henry Galleon? Of course he's a back number now, at least he is not modern if you know what I mean, but then he's been writing for centuries. Why, his first book came out when Trollope and George Eliot were still alive. Of course between ourselves I think *The Roads,* for instance, a pretty fine book, but you should hear Spencer Russell go for it."

No, Mr. Oddy had never heard of Henry Galleon.

But there followed a most enchanting description by Mr. Oddy of his life when he was a young man and how he once heard Dickens give a reading of "A Christmas Carol," of how he saw an old lady in a sedan chair at Brighton (she was cracked of course and even then a hundred years after her time, but still he had seen it), of how London in his young day was as dark and dirty at night as it had been in Pepys' time, of how crinolines when he was young were so large that it was one of the sights to see a lady getting into a cab, of how in the music halls there was a chairman who used to sit on the stage with a table in front of him, ring a bell and drink out of a mug of beer, of how he heard Jean de Reszke in *Siegfried* and Ternina in *Tristan* and of how he had been at the first night when Ellen Terry and Irving had delighted the world with *The Vicar of Wakefield.*

Yes, not only had Mr. Oddy seen and done all these things, but he related the events in so enchanting a way, drew such odd little pictures of such unexpected things and made that old London live so vividly that at last Tommy burst out in a volley of genuine enthusiasm: "Why, you ought to be a writer yourself! Why don't you write your reminiscences?" But Mr. Oddy shook his head gently, there were too many reminiscences, everyone was always reminiscing; who wanted to hear these old men talk? At last when they parted Mr. Oddy had a request—one thing above all things that he would like would be to attend one of these evening gatherings with his young friend to hear these young men and women talk. He promised to sit very quietly in a corner—he wouldn't be in anybody's way.

Of course Tommy consented to take him; there would be

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one next week, a really good one; but in his heart of hearts he was a little shy. He was shy not only for himself but also for his friend. During these weeks a strange and most unexpected affection had grown up in his heart for this old man; he really did like him immensely, he was so kind and gentle and considerate. But he would be rather out of place with Spencer Russell and the others, he would probably say something foolish and then the others would laugh. They were on the whole a rather ruthless set and were no respecters of persons. However, the meeting was arranged, the evening came and with it Mr. Oddy looking just as he always did, quiet and gentle but rather impressive in some way or another. Tommy introduced him to his hostess, Miss Thelma Bennet, that well-known futuristic artist and then carefully settled him down in a corner with Miss Bennet's aunt, an old lady who appeared occasionally on her niece's horizon but gave no trouble because she was stone deaf and cared only for knitting.

It was a lively evening, several of the brighter spirits were there, and there was a great deal of excellent talk about literature. Every writer over thirty was completely condemned save for those few remaining who had passed eighty years of age and ceased to produce. Spencer Russell especially was at his best, reputations went down before his vigorous fist like ninepins; he was so scornful that his brilliance was, as Alice Smith everywhere proclaimed, "simply withering." Everyone came in for his lash and especially Henry Galleon. There had been some article in some ancient monthly written by some ancient idiot suggesting that there was still something to be said for Galleon and that he had rendered some service to English literature. How Russell pulled that article to pieces! He even found a volume of Galleon's among Miss Bennet's books, took it down from the shelf and read extracts aloud to the laughing derision of the assembled company.

Then an odd thing occurred. Tommy, who loved to be in the intellectual swim, nevertheless stood up and defended Galleon. He defended him rather feebly, it is true, speaking

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of him as though he were an old man ready for the almshouse who nevertheless deserved a little consideration and pity. He flushed as he spoke and the scorn with which they greeted his defence altogether silenced him. It silenced him the more because Alice Smith was the most scornful of them all; she told him that he knew nothing and never would know anything, and she imitated his piping excited treble and then everyone joined in.

How he hated this to happen before Mr. Oddy! How humiliating after all the things that he had told his friend, the implications that he was generally considered to be one of England's most interesting young men, the implication above all that although she might be a little rough to him at times Alice really adored him and was his warmest admirer. She did not apparently adore him to-night and when he went out at last with Mr. Oddy into the wintry rain-driven street it was all he could do to keep back tears of rage and indignation.

Mr. Oddy had, however, apparently enjoyed himself. He put his hand for a minute on the boy's shoulder. "Good-night, my dear boy," he said. "I thought it very gallant of you to stand up for that older writer as you did: that needed courage. I wonder," he went on, "whether you would allow me to come and take tea with you one day—just our two selves. It would be a great pleasure for me." And then having received Tommy's invitation he vanished into the darkness.

On the day appointed, Mr. Oddy appeared punctually at Tommy's rooms. That was not a very grand house in Glebe Place where Tommy lived, and a very soiled and battered landlady let Mr. Oddy in. He stumbled up the dark staircase that smelt of all the cabbage and all the beef and all the mutton ever consumed by lodgers between these walls, up again two flights of stairs until at last there was the weather-beaten door with Tommy's visiting card nailed upon it. Inside was Tommy, a plate with little cakes, raspberry jam and some very black-looking toast. Mr. Oddy, however,

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was appreciative of everything; especially he looked at the books. "Why," he said, "you've got quite a number of the novels of that man you defended the other evening, I wonder you're not ashamed to have them if they're so out of date."

"To tell you the truth," said Tommy, speaking freely now that he was in his own castle, "I like Henry Galleon awfully. I'm afraid I pose a good deal when I'm with those other men, perhaps you've noticed it yourself. Of course Galleon is the greatest novelist we've got, with Hardy and Meredith, only he's old and everything that's old is out of favour with our set."

"Naturally," said Mr. Oddy, quite approving, "of course it is."

"I have got a photograph of Galleon," said Tommy, "I cut out of a publisher's advertisement, but it was taken years ago." He went to his table, searched for a little and produced a small photograph of a very fierce-looking gentleman with a black beard.

"Dear me," said Mr. Oddy, "he does look alarming!"

"Oh, that's ever so old," said Tommy, "I expect he's mild and soft now, but he's a great man all the same; I'd like to see Spencer Russell write anything as fine as *The Roads* or *The Pattern in the Carpet.*

They sat down to tea very happy and greatly pleased with one another. "I do wish," said Tommy, "that you'd tell me something about yourself; we're such friends now and I don't know anything about you at all."

"I'd rather you didn't," said Mr. Oddy. "You'd find it so uninteresting if you did; mystery's a great thing."

"Yes," said Tommy, "I don't want to seem impertinent, and of course if you don't want to tell me anything you needn't, but—I know it sounds silly but you see I like you most awfully. I haven't like anybody so much for ever so long, except Alice, of course; I don't feel as though you were of another generation or anything. It's just as though we were the same age!"

Mr. Oddy was enchanted. He put his hand on the boy's

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for a moment and was going to say something when they were interrupted by a knock on the door and the terrible-looking landlady appeared in the room. She apologised, but the afternoon post had come and she thought the young gentleman would like to see his letters. He took them, was about to put them down without opening them when suddenly he blushed. "Oh, from Alice," he said, "will you forgive me a moment?"

"Of course," said Mr. Oddy. The boy opened the letter and read it; it fell from his hand on to the table. He got up gropingly as though he could not see his way and went to the window and stood there with his back to the room. There was a long silence.

"Not bad news I hope," said Mr. Oddy at last.

Tommy turned round, his face was grey and he was biting his lips; "yes," he answered, "she's—gone off."

"Gone off?" said Mr. Oddy, rising from the table.

"Yes," said Tommy, "with Russell. They were married at a registry office this morning." He half turned round to the window, then put his hands as though he would shield himself from some blow, then crumpled up into a chair, his head falling between his arms on the table.

Mr. Oddy waited. At last he said, "Oh I'm sorry, that's dreadful for you!" The boy struggled, trying to raise his head and speak, but the words would not come. Mr. Oddy went behind him and put his hands on his shoulders.

"You know," he said, "you mustn't mind me. Of course I'll go if you like, but if you could think of me for a moment as your oldest friend, old enough to be your father you know." Tommy clutched his sleeve, then, abandoning the struggle altogether, buried his head in Mr. Oddy's beautiful black waistcoat.

Later he poured his heart out. Alice was all that he had, he knew that he wasn't any good as a writer, he was a failure altogether, what he'd done he'd done for Alice and now that she'd gone——

"Well, there's myself," said Mr. Oddy. "What I mean is that you're not without a friend; and as for writing, if you

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only write to please somebody else that's no use, you've got to write because you can't help it. There are too many writers in the world already for you to dare to add to their number unless you're simply compelled to. But there—I'm preaching. If it's any comfort to you to know I went through just this same experience myself once, the lady whose candle I watched behind the blind. If you cared to would you come and have dinner with me to-night at my home? Only the two of us you know, but don't if you'd rather be alone."

Tommy, clutching Mr. Oddy's hand, said he would come.

About half-past seven that evening he had beaten up his pride. Even in the depth of his misery he saw that they would never have got on together, he and Alice; he was quickly working himself into a fine state of hatred of the whole female race and this helped him—he would be a bachelor all his days, a woman-hater; he would preserve a glorious independence. How much better this freedom than a houseful of children and a bagful of debts. Only, as he walked to the address that Mr. Oddy had given him he held sharply away from him the memory of those hours that he had spent with Alice, those hours in their early friendship when the world had been so wonderful a place that it had seemed to be made entirely of golden sunlight. He felt that he was an old man indeed as he mounted the steps of Mr. Oddy's house.

It was a fine house in Eaton Square. Mr. Oddy must be rich. He rang the bell and a door was opened by a footman. He asked for Mr. Oddy. The footman hesitated a little and then smiling said, "Oh yes, sir, will you come in?" He left his coat in the fine hall, mounted a broad staircase and then was shown into the finest library that he had ever seen. Books! Shelf upon shelf of books and glorious books, editions de luxe and, as he could see with half an eye, rare first editions and those lovely bindings in white parchment and vellum that he so longed one day himself to possess. On the broad writing table there was a large photograph of Meredith; it was signed in sprawling letters "George

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Meredith, 1887." What could this mean? Mr. Oddy, who knew nothing about literature, had been given a photograph by George Meredith and had this wonderful library! He stared bewildered about him.

A door at the far end of the library opened and an elegant young man appeared. "Mr. Galleon," he said, "will be with you in a moment; won't you sit down?"

Mr. Galleon! Henry Galleon! Instantly he saw it, remembered with horrid confusion his own ridiculous conceited talk, the abusive nonsense of Russell and the rest. "My God!" he whispered aloud, "what he must be thinking!"

The door opened again and Mr. Oddy appeared. Tommy Brown, his face crimson, stammered, "It was a shame—if I'd only known!" and then, trying to stand up for himself, "but I had that photograph and there was the beard."

Mr. Oddy laughed. "The beard went long ago," he said; "I suppose it *was* a shame, but I was hemmed in here in my castle; I had to find out what you young people were like. I get tired of all this sometimes, nobody tells me the truth here. I have to go to you and your friends for that."

So they went down to dinner together.

Yes, this is an old story. It's principal interest perhaps is that it's true. I was, you see, myself Tommy Brown.

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POUND FOR POUND[1]

By ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

From *The Story-Teller* and *The Saturday Evening Post*

What is to come we know not. But we know
That what has been was good—was good to show,
Better to hide, and best of all, to bear.
We are the masters of the days that were:
We have lived, we have loved, we have suffered
. . . . even so.

HENLEY.

There is a queer sort of edict that runs through all things. It might be called the Law of Balance. You pay, pound for pound, for everything you gain. You give an equal amount for what you receive. Wisdom comes and the quick, eager impulses of the heart depart; wealth comes and you render up ease of mind; success smiles on you and you awake, afterwards, to discover that something has been lost, something of the joy of the fight, the thrill of the battle, the glorious, mad, wonderful thing that is youth. Let me tell you a story.

When I was twenty-four, and had been ten years at sea, I signed as third mate on board the *Peruvian Chief*. I was young then, young even for twenty-four and in spite of things I'd seen: men dying, ships wrecked, and a lot of the grimness a youngster can't help but notice if he knocks around the world. But it hadn't stirred me very deeply. I had an idea, somewhere inside me, that it was all immensely funny. Even tragedy had its humorous side. Shipwreck was an adventure, death something not to be brooded upon. My pay-days, the sweat-earned wages of a year or more's

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labour, I scattered to the four winds in a night or two, joyously, uncaring, without thought. You see, I was very young, life was immensely interesting. I lived the gay years and let them slip heedlessly by me. You know how it is.

When I joined the *Peruvian Chief* I hadn't a care in the world. I could look in the glass and see that my face was smooth, tanned and unlined. My hair was thick and wavy and dark brown. My eyes were grey-blue and they laughed hugely at me. I had a chest like a barrel, and despite ten years of the foam of life my wind was unimpaired, my sight and appetite magnificent and my strength greater, I think, than I knew myself. For ten years I had scattered the gifts of youth heedlessly to the winds of the world and I was still young. I hadn't begun to pay.

I could sweat at heart-breaking work all day, drink all night, work all next day and drink all night again. I had nothing to worry about, no dependents, no family, no enemies. I was twenty-four, third mate of a ship, well on the way to a command, and the world was mine. You understand.

The *Peruvian Chief* was a dinky little steamer of about three thousand tons. She was black-sided, stubby-masted, and had a long, pink-coloured funnel that looked like a cigarette jutting up from a flat board. She was an old craft, carried no wireless, and was owned by a firm of Armenians who skimped more on gear than any Jew would have done.

We were sailing first through the Mediterranean, then from Port Said to Durban, then to Mauritius and Karachi, after that we were to tramp for cargoes. It was the sort of voyage I liked. It was the sort of ship I liked. You battered all round the world for anything from one to three years, and you never knew just where you were going to land next. On such a ship discipline was usually pretty slack, officers and men formed a regular sort of family, and it was a good school for a young sailor to get experience in readiness for a command of his own. Liners, I might say, are all right when you're old and grey and want it soft. But

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they make regular and monotonous voyages, and you daren't come on deck without your gold braid and uniform all immaculate, and the skipper is a sort of god whom you only see at rare intervals, on the bridge or in the dining saloon. No, give me a tramp freighter for fun.

We left Port Said one steaming hot morning ahead of white-walled P. and O., whose officers were choking mad because they ate our smoke for an hour or more. Greasy smoke it was, too, thick and black and unpleasant to smell. But after a while the wind fell and the smoke went almost straight up, and, anyway, the liner went ahead of us, making eighteen knots.

I was mighty interested in the voyage from the first because for three years I'd been on a Canadian coasting run, up in the Bay of Fundy, round Cape Breton and Halifax, where it was wonderful in the summer and terrifically cold in the winter. No fun, I can tell you. It was monotonous ashore, too, same sort of people you saw at home, same sort of ships, same scenery. I liked the tropics myself, liked the smell of 'em and the life and colour. You can't tell me that a palm tree's not a whole lot more romantic than a fir any day. That was how I felt and I was keen to get back into the hot belt and hear the niggers ki-i-ing all over the deck, and see the bumboats with fruit and coral and whales-teeth alongside once more.

Our skipper was a walrus of a man named Thaddeus Brown. He was from New Bedford way, and in spite of twenty years in British ships he had a twang still that you could cut with a knife. He was fat and red-faced, and had a huge, swelling grey moustache that puffed out every time he breathed. He was a slovenly old boy, coming on the bridge with tobacco juice running down his chin, his hands, all but his thumbs, stuck in the side-pockets of an old reefer jacket which he wore in every climate, a pair of floppy carpet slippers on his feet, and his bald head covered by a huge, stained, khaki-coloured sun-helmet that he'd gotten sometime from an army man. He always wore, besides the hel-

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met and the reefer, a white cotton singlet, thin serge pants and a narrow sort of cummerbund instead of a belt. I never saw him in a shirt all the time I was with him.

The mate was called "Hooky" Reid, mainly because he had a beak of a nose that exactly resembled a hook. He was lean and hollow-cheeked, and so tanned he was almost black. He had cold blue eyes that squinted from under overhanging and hairless brows, and a mouth that looked like a slit in his face. His voice, when he gave an order, sounded like a rasp going over leather, and caused his Adam's apple to slide rapidly up and down the scrawniest throat I've ever run across.

The second mate was about two years older than myself, a steady, stocky sort of man with a round face and a mop of curly black hair. He had been a *Warspite* boy, was an orphan, and had served his time in Australian windjammers. He hadn't been to sea as long as I had, but he was much more studious and could give me points and a beating on navigation. It occurred to me that he'd never been really young at all. You know what I mean. He was one of those chaps who, at the age of five, can tell you how many tons of nitrate were shipped out of Iquique in August, 1888. But I got along with him fine, better than with the mate, who was always growling at what he called my "cussed foolishness," a phrase he first used when I sent a native boy aboard at Alexandria to request the skipper to come and bail me out of a stinking nigger jail.

We had a pretty good crew, mostly American and English, with two lascar firemen and a Samoan steward. They were all old-timers, except the two ship's boys, and you never had to give them an order more than once, with perhaps a bit of swearing when they were inclined to slack. I figured personally when I'd looked 'em over and made a run around the ship, that we were in for a pleasant, mild voyage with a lot of calls in at those mysterious, out-of-the-way tropical ports, and roaring red fun when we chanced to hit a real town. I was mistaken. The *Peruvian Chief* was

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something of a Jonah, and bad luck dogged us from the day we sailed.

Coming out of Port Said we nearly collided with a harbour tug, and in the Red Sea we ran down one of those outlandish Arab boats with a huge lateen sail and a dozen stinking brown men in white robes aboard. They cursed us for nearly an hour in coast English after we'd picked them up. Ungrateful sort of animals. Of course, we'd run 'em down, but it was during a dark and misty night when we couldn't see. And they didn't take into account that I'd spent an hour myself in the port accident boat, lugging around looking for 'em swimming in the water. Hot work it was, too, and all we got for it was a cursing. The skipper said he had a good mind to pitch them overside again, but he didn't let 'em hear him. One of the Arabs was a mullah or chief, or something, and he spoke pretty good English. He threatened to report us at Aden and to do a lot more things, so the skipper, to please him, opened a bottle of Scotch and had him sit in the saloon to dinner. I understand the Arabs aren't supposed to drink, but this old bird took enough, I'll tell the world.

We got rid of them finally at Aden, after a lot of argument and when the skipper had signed a bill or something for damages. Then we got away and went through to the Indian Ocean, down the African coast. A day after clearing the Red Sea we ran on to a sand bar, stuck where the chart said there wasn't one, and it took us eight hours of kedging to get her off. Right then, luckily, we found the compasses were way out and corrected them. All these things I put down to just the chances of the sea. It never occurred to me the ship was a Jonah, at least not at that time.

I was on watch the morning we sighted Mozambique. The dawn was a thunderous sort of red in the east. There was a thin mist rising from the water, which was as placid as glass, and the sky was a jolly sight, all crimson and gold and pink, with half a dozen or so little clouds floating through

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it all. I was standing in the bridge wing and the sun hadn't quite shoved itself over the horizon when I caught a gust of the real smell of the tropics. It's like nothing else on earth. You don't get it exactly in Port Said, which stinks, nor through the Red Sea. All you get there is heat and sand. But that gust I caught off Mozambique was the real thing, sort of spicy warm, like you get in a museum sometimes where they keep things of sandalwod and cedar and camphor. But it was even more than that. It had also the steamy smell of the jungle and of the sun on tall grasses. I could pretty nearly see all Africa pictured against the sky. Niggers and livid jungle, camels and lions and white surf along the beaches. It reminded me of the first time I'd seen the tropics, years back when I was a kid on the *Lucy Ann* and we ran down from 'Frisco to Sydney.

That time it was a little island, a mite of a thing, purple against the horizon, with palms and white surf and brown dots that were kanakas on the beach. This time, coming up to Mozambique, it was nothing but a smell. But later, just before the sun shot up, I saw the palms ridging along the horizon, like feather dusters growing out of the water itself. It was good to look at them on the edge of the sea, after those years I'd spent on the harsh coast of Canada. I could feel my blood start to race along. I had a sort of queer, warm sensation in the pit of my stomach, too, and I started to remember things.

At first I thought of Nushima, as I always did, because she was the first girl of the tropics I'd met and talked to. That was down in Apia on that *Lucy Ann* trip, and I always remembered her standing against the white-washed side of the cargo shed and waving to me as the *Lucy Ann* made sail. She was little and brown, and she wore funny coloured clothes of print cloth, and sometimes I laughed at her. But I've never quite forgot the days we had wandering through the jungle, picking flowers and singing and making love. And whenever I thought of the tropics or adventure or romance after that I thought first of her. You know how it is.

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I'd likely have mooned a lot more in the bridge wing of the old *Peruvian Chief*, but I remembered suddenly that the skipper wanted to be called as soon as we made a land-fall. So I nipped down below and hammered on his door. He didn't answer, so I opened the door and went in, and there he was, stretched out in his bunk, fast asleep, his big moustache heaving and falling and tobacco juice spotting his white singlet. The reefer jacket covered his feet, and they stuck up from under it like two short posts. I shook him and told him we were coming up to Mozambique, and he grunted and said all right. I went back on to the bridge and took a bearing.

I heard the skipper slam his cabin door about five minutes later, and then I heard the flopping of his carpet slippers as he started to come up the companion. After that there was a cracking noise, a short, gruff sort of exclamation and the sound of a heavy fall. I ran to the companion head and there was the skipper, all of a heap at the bottom, and one of the steps was broken away.

Of course, I went down to him, a bit gingerly because I was afraid the other steps might not be secure. I called the mate first and then picked the skipper up and carried him into his room. I thought he was very still and limp, and I can tell you I was looking a bit white when the mate came in. I had a queer sort of idea deep down inside me that something was going to happen that trip, something I hadn't figured on.

The mate examined the skipper a while and then rasped, "Dead as mutton. Broke 'is neck."

I think I said, "That so?" in a silly sort of way, because the mate glared at me and snapped, "Who's on the bridge?" I said I was supposed to be, and he told me to get back then and be smart about it. So I went up the companion, stopping to examine the broken step. There it was, cracked clear in half, just a shell of good wood on the outside, rotten right through inside of that. And we'd never suspected it. It made me think a bit, I can tell you, because I'd many a time made running jumps down those steps when in a hurry.

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I had a feeling, too, that I was sort of responsible for the skipper's death. If I hadn't called him he wouldn't have tried to come up on the bridge. Or, if I'd waited a while perhaps the step wouldn't have broken. Oh, well. A fellow gets queer feelings like that sometimes, and usually there's no sense or reason to 'em. Anyway, all my exhilaration and mooning about the tropics was knocked sky high, and I don't believe I even looked again at the palms of Mozambique, except in a cold, professional sort of way as we slid past. You know how it is.

We buried the skipper that evening because you can't keep bodies very long in the tropics. The mate did talk about packing him in ice in the freezer, but then decided against it. It was doubtful if our owners would pay for the old man to be shipped home to his wife, anyway, and it was certain his wife couldn't afford it. The evening was a peaceful one, jolly cool and restful. The men were washing themselves on the fo'c'sle-head, stripped off so that the deep tan of their faces and throats and hands was in startling contrast to the rest of their white bodies. The sky was all crimson and gold, without a cloud in sight. The sea was purple and gold too, gold on the tops of the swells and purple in the hollows. You know the sort of thing, regular doldrum weather except it was so cool.

All hands went aft when eight bells sounded, and the mate read the service in a voice a bit more raspy than usual. The old man was sewn in canvas, and they'd pulled an ensign over the bundle. Poor old chap, I'll bet he'd never been so close to an ensign before. Two seamen stood ready by the grating that rested on the after rail, and at the mate's signal they tipped it up and dropped the old man overboard. I was on the bridge, with a hand on the telegraph ready to start the engines as soon as he was well clear of the propeller. Dashed impressive, I can tell you, the whole scene was. Made a fellow feel he was pretty small cheese, to think he might be dumped like a bag of coal in all that big space of purple and gold water.

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When it was over the mate came on the bridge and said, "Well, Marshall, you'll take the second's job, and we'll get the bos'n to stand a watch."

I said, "Aye, aye, sir," pretty smartly because the mate was skipper now, and it was likely the owners would cable him to continue the voyage as that. He called the bos'n up on the bridge and asked him if he'd care to take third's berth. But the bos'n shook his head. He was a grizzled old chap, with a bottle nose and a heavy moustache something like the late skipper's had been. He was, I'd judge, about fifty years old and had been at sea ever since he could remember. He knew a lot more about ships than any of us, anyway.

"I ain't got no idee of navigation, sir," he explained, scratching his half-bald head. "I ain't got no eddication at all." The mate had started to tell him that that didn't make much difference as we'd probably ship a new third in Durban, when I remembered quite suddenly that there was a man for'ard named Duncan who'd got papers. I mentioned this to the mate, and he asked the bos'n if that was so.

The bos'n nodded with some relief. "Aye, Duncan's the man, sir. 'E claims 'e's holding a master's ticket. Lost a ship and 'it th' booze pretty 'eavy."

"Send him up," said the mate, or skipper as he now was. And after a bit Duncan came up on the bridge.

He was a thin, wiry man, about five feet seven tall. He looked about sixty, but said he was only forty-two. He was clean-shaven and had lips mighty near as thin as the new skipper's, but yet they didn't remind you of a slit as the skipper's did. He looked pretty down-at-heel, and you'd have thought all the stuffing had been knocked out of him. He couldn't look you in the eye, and he talked as if he had something stuck in his throat. I figured he was a fake myself, but when he showed us his papers we found he'd lost the clipper ship *Austral* somewhere off the Great Barrier Reef and had been suspended for six months. That had been ten years previously, and apparently he'd never been able to come back. He admitted it was liquor that had done for

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him, but claimed he wasn't drinking any more. The skipper asked him if he'd take third's berth, and he was the most tickled old-timer I've ever seen. Very glad of the chance, thank you, sir. I couldn't help smiling and yet I felt sorry for him. He hoped the skipper would make the berth permanent. The skipper said he'd see. Then Duncan went for'ard to move his gear into my cabin, for the second and third mates bunked together.

It was remarkable the change that came over him once he got into an old uniform he borrowed from me. He put a hand on my shoulder and I could feel him shaking. I thought he was going to start blubbering and I felt a bit uncomfortable. But he only said, sort of whispering, "You don't know what this means . . . command. . . ." And hanged if he didn't fiddle with the greasy little strip of gold braid on his cuff. I laughed, I think really to cover my embarrassment. But he was right, I know now that he was right. I didn't understand. I was young, and failure and struggle were distant things. I have lost my own ship since, and reached back to command. But in that day I was young and I thought he was an old fool. . . . You know how it is.

Duncan and I became pretty thick one way and another. I'd never been in charge of a ship's navigation before, and second mates were the navigating officers on tramps in those days. I was pretty cocky, had lots of confidence. And I thought I could take any ship pretty near anywhere.

Well, the first afternoon when I set a course the mate and the skipper were below going over old Thaddeus Brown's papers. I left the chart-room just as Duncan came in, and I went to chalk the course up on the board. Duncan met me as I returned to the chart-room and he drew me inside, out of hearing of the helmsman. I'd made a mistake in figuring, not much, not enough to cause any harm to the ship, but enough to make the new skipper open his slit of a mouth and rasp something sarcastic at me. It'd go against my record with him, too. I knew that, and I was absurdly

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grateful to Duncan for putting me right, though I'd have died before I'd have let him know it. I wasn't so chesty about my navigation after that.

We went into Durban, or at least started to go into Durban, and we hit the bottom of the bar so heavily that we had to go into dry dock right away. In the dry dock, as we were being shored up, a spar fell and broke both of a man's legs. It was about then I began to figure the *Peruvian Chief* had a jinx. I started to tell the skipper that, but he glared at me and I shut up. It was his first command, you understand, and he didn't want trouble with his crew deserting because of some superstitious yarn started by "that cussed fool Marshall." I started to tell the mate, but he only frowned and went into a long discourse tending to show me how illogical it was to talk of such a thing. The new third acted differently.

He rubbed his jaw, squinted along the decks and said he didn't know, he didn't know at all. He'd been at sea a long time and he'd been on many ships, and the older he got the less he was inclined to laugh or swear at such matters. He remembered, too, all the little things that had happened since we left Port Said: running down that Arab packet in the Red Sea, running on to an uncharted sand bank, losing our skipper, and then hitting the bar bottom at Durban on a perfectly calm day with only a moderate ground swell running, not to mention the injury caused to the man in the dry dock. It was pretty suspicious, I'll tell you. I'd never been in a Jonah ship before but I'd heard a lot about them, and I was pretty thrilled for a while until I forgot all about it in the rush of stowing cargo.

We went to Mauritius and across to Karachi, and there we got a cargo for the Persian Gulf. From a dinky little port that sat between two sand hills and smelled terribly we loaded hides, stinking, sweaty things that made even the water taste peculiar. I went ashore one night and sat cross-legged on a greasy cushion in a low dive, drinking sherbet and watching some brown-skinned girls dance about with

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nothing on. Hot stuff, I'll say. I tried to tell the skipper about it, but he glared at me and rasped, "Cussed foolishness," so I let him alone.

We endured the awful reek of those hides all across the Indian Ocean again to Cape Town, and were pretty glad to load them on to a fat-sided Dutch boat that was bound for Rotterdam. Out of Cape Town we steamed in a semi-fog and collided with a Union Castle liner whose mate cursed us in four languages for buckling his after plates. Our only damage was a lost port anchor and eight fathoms of cable, and it cost the skipper fifty quid to have it dredged up.

We took a lot of canned fruit and fish down to Java, though what they could want with fruit and fish down there was a mystery to me. The blessed place had lots of both, a sort of natural resource. Then we shipped copra for Singapore, ran into a typhoon and lost a man from the fiddley, not to mention two life-boats and about three fathoms of steam-pipe casing. But we pulled through all right, though the after hold was flooded and took a day to pump out, and we arrived safely in Singapore. I'd been in Singapore before, five years back, and I'd known a girl who worked in a joint back of Malay Street. First chance I got I took Duncan with me, bawled for a couple of rickshaws and trotted off to look up this girl. Oh, I was young and gloriously mad in those days. Five years had changed a beautiful Eurasian to a drunken and old native-looking wreck. And she'd long forgotten the kid who'd bought her silk and beads five lusty years before, the kid who'd come in from the Islands with pockets of money and ripped Malay Street wide open. I wondered at that. I thought I'd cut an unforgettable figure. I did not understand that many men had ripped Malay Street open, that kids with pay-days and no brains are an old story to Singapore. I was shocked and worried to find what my girl had become. I did not understand that she had only paid pound for pound for wisdom and love. Nor did I understand that the world marches forward and does not wait for youth. I thought everything remained unchanged, waiting for me to come back.

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On the way back to the ship I got into a fight in one of those streets where the sidewalks are six feet above the road; all hell it was, Malays and Chinks, and me in the middle. Lord, I had beef then, and good wind; I laid pretty near all of them out and enjoyed it. I'd die now in a fight like that. But Duncan eventually pulled me clear, and I got back aboard with only a kris wound in one shoulder and two broken fingers.

We found the owners had fixed up a short charter for us to run half loaded to Brisbane, calling at way ports, and there bring back to Liverpool a cargo of wool and tallow. We'd already been away nearly a year, and it'd be eighteen months before we reached Liverpool. It was likely enough we'd be paid off there. I was looking forward to that because the mate had told me he was going into the B. I. boats, and there was a good prospect that if I could get his job, in a few more years I'd have a ship of my own. I very seriously considered swotting up for my extra-master's ticket in readiness, but somehow I forgot about it. You know how it is.

We left Singapore one blazing hot afternoon with Duncan on watch. He'd been confirmed as third mate, and he looked as if he'd never been in the fo'c'sle at all, he was so much of an officer. I liked him the more I knew him, and I couldn't help thinking at times it was pretty tough on a man to serve the sea faithfully for many years and then to have a whole career wrecked just because of one mistake. But that was the way of it. The board that sat on your case always overlooked the dozens of voyages you made safely, and always remembered just the one you fell down on. Perhaps that's what makes the British merchant marine such a fine outfit. It's pretty impartial. The boards don't care if you command a Cunarder or only a fishing smack out of Dover. You get yours if you fall down on the job only once. Makes men careful.

Now Singapore, though I never dreamed it, was the last port my eyes were to laugh at, the last port where I ventured and fought in the care-free way of youth. I was still young when we steamed out of the harbour, as young as

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I'd ever been. And I always remember that, always see the town and the water and the shipping in a sort of golden haze. I know now that as I watched the harbour sink astern I started to pay for all the fun I'd had, for all the wisdom and the knowledge of the depths of life that was coming to me. I know now that I left in Singapore some little part of me that I should never get back, some of the sparkle and the foam of life, some of the glory and the glamour of mad youth. Not youth itself. I lost that later. But it began to leave me in Singapore, slip away bit by bit, and I didn't know it. A man never does. You understand how it is.

My cut shoulder and broken fingers got better. Duncan said he'd coach me if I wanted to study for master's ticket, and I was jolly grateful. Most of my spare time then I spent reading old Thaddeus Brown's navigation and ship-building books which the new skipper hadn't bothered to ship back to the widow. I think it was then, as I opened the first book to study for master, a little streak of seriousness first came to me. I began to realize I was getting on. By Jove, gone twenty-five. Soon I'd be mate of a ship and then master. I'd have responsibility, probably get a wife and a home and children. And gee, I didn't feel much like going on with that studying. Why couldn't a chap be twenty-five and a second mate for ever? Never mind.

Our little run of bad luck seemed to have quit us for a bit, since the typhoon. We got out of Singapore without colliding or running on a sand bar, and we steamed safely enough through placid tropic days to the China Sea and down into the Java Sea. Then, south of the Tenimber Islands in the Arafura Sea, we picked up a dismasted, abandoned and heavily laden steel barque named the *Brith na Llanda,* of Cardiff. She had been breached and swept pretty badly in some hurricane. Her boat falls dangled overside, and we concluded her crew had got away. She was half filled with water, but appeared to have stopped leaking and to be safe enough for salvage. Her cargo, I heard later, was pretty mixed, but a lot of it was valuable: silk, copra, shark's fins and one hold completely filled with trade goods. Most of

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us on the *Peruvian Chief*, looking the old packet over, rubbed our hands, anyway, right then and there, and started figuring up salvage money.

The skipper was a bit excited too. You see, a man at sea can't save much from his salary, and it's only on such a chance as salvage that it's possible to hope for a little nest egg. There was no reason why we all shouldn't get a good slice of cash for that matter. The barque looked sound enough from the *Peruvian Chief*, and if once we could find the leaks we could plug 'em and then pump her dry.

The skipper wasn't quite sure just what to do. He had an idea he might let one of the mates and a few men take a chance on bringing the ship to port, but he wasn't sure then as to how the salvage would be divided. He wanted his share. In the end, the weather being fine, he decided to try and tow her to Thursday Island, where we had to call on our way to Brisbane to drop some machinery. This was all settled before any of us had been across to look the barque over, during a sort of excited impromptu conference on the bridge. The skipper seemed as enthusiastic as the rest of us, and the only unmoved officer was Duncan. I supposed it was an old story to him, but I think it was because the harshness of life had made hope a slow thing to rise in him. Now what followed is rather peculiar, and I had a hard job afterwards assuring the consul at Thursday Island that it was a fact.

The weather, when we picked up the barque, was, as I have said, calm. The sky was a hard blue with a sort of yellowish tint in it. The sea was like glass, moving across the world in a series of steady and shallow, long swells. There was no wind at all. The horizon was a little misty, but we had put that down to the heat. It was true the glass had been dropping, but so slowly that it did not cause us any concern. We figured that when it reached reasonable levels it'd stop and we'd get perhaps a little wind. It had been extremely high before.

The skipper had the port lifeboat on the poop lowered and announced he was going aboard the barque to look around.

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A lot of skippers won't leave their own ships under any circumstances on the high seas, but our skipper pleased himself, of course. He took with him the mate and four men, intending to leave him with two of the men to steer her and to attend to the hawser we were to get ready at the *Peruvian Chief's* stern. I was left in charge of the ship, leaning over the after-bridge rail and watching everything very intently. Duncan was aft with a few men getting our heaviest wire off the reel ready to pass it overside to have the bight hauled on to the barque.

Duncan came for'ard after a bit.

"Got an idea something's going to break," he said moodily. "Don't know just what, good or bad. But the weather's funny." I laughed and said the glass was still pretty high, and he retorted that in these waters a storm could come jumping in on you, swish! like that, out of a calm and windless sky, before you had time to get battened down. I thought he was just letting off steam because the skipper hadn't offered him the barque command. It would have been his chance, you see, to try and bring that derelict old hooker safe to port.

Well, we stood and watched the others pull across to the *Brith na Llanda* and pile on board. She lay about a quarter of a mile from us, wallowing to the swell, her davit falls, and what scraps of her rigging still remained on her stumps of masts, banging and clattering with every roll. I saw through the glasses that after a brief walk around the decks the skipper and mate went below to the saloon, probably to look for papers or something, and the seamen went out of sight in the fo'c'sle, where I'll bet they went through every sea-chest and bag they found. Less than five minutes later the skipper and the mate were back up on the barque's poop, hollering and swearing for the men. They piled up from the fo'c'sle, and the skipper talked to them. He waved his arms. He seemed tremendously excited. We could even hear his raspy voice over on the *Peruvian Chief*. I remember I said jokingly to Duncan: "She must have bullion or pearls aboard from the way the old man's carrying on."

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But Duncan only stood there shaking his head moodily. I had a strange feeling of depression come then, a sort of premonition that something was wrong.

In the first place, I noticed that the mist had thickened on the horizon and the sky had paled almost to a dead-white. The swells were coming more frequently and had risen a bit higher. I went to look at the glass. You could have knocked me down with a feather. Half an hour before, when I'd taken a squint, it was high and fairly steady, falling, it was true, but very slowly. I'd expected a sort of half-gale some time about midnight. Now it was racing for the bottom of the glass, and I was out on deck in one leap. Even in that tight moment I remembered what Duncan had said. Something was going to break. And I was in charge of the ship. Don't forget that. It went through me like a shot of fire. I was in charge of the ship, and my skipper was a quarter of a mile away, with a typhoon spinning in from the horizon.

I yelled for Duncan. He came running along the bridge, his face tense, took a look at the glass, jerked something to me about staying on the bridge, and then went for'ard yelling for the bos'n. I pulled twice on the siren to let those on the barque know they were wanted, but before the first sound could have reached them I saw they were tumbling into the boat. They literally raced towards us.

They didn't hook up to the david tackles aft as I figured they would. Instead, they sheered alongside, right beneath the bridge, and the skipper called up in a strange voice, "Marshall!"

I ran to the bridge and looked down, and there he was staring up at me, his hook-nosed face pretty ghastly and his hands shaking. The mate's usually red, round face was white too, and the men were staring up at me out of fear-stricken eyes. It was jolly queer, I'll tell you.

"Marshall," the skipper croaked, "we've got to stay on board that ship. . . . I'll bring her to Thursday Island with luck. Have them send somebody out to look for us."

"There's all hell ready to break," I shouted down, point-

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ing indiscriminately around. I thought he'd gone suddenly crazy. "Aren't you coming on board? You'll have to let that packet go."

He shook his head, swallowed, and opened his slit of a mouth again. I tell you he looked as if someone had given him a pretty bad licking. He looked as if he was about dead.

"Get all hands to lower us the water breakers. There's plenty of food in her lazarette. Get the medicine chest. You'll have to hurry. . . . She's got the plague aboard!"

I remember saying "By Jove!" blankly and staring down at him in a sort of dazed fashion. So that was it. She'd had the plague aboard. They didn't dare come back to the *Peruvian Chief*. We'd likely all get it. They had to stay on the derelict now. I was still staring, and the skipper added, sort of sharp, as if explaining: "There's five men left aboard her, sick. . . . Don't gape like a fool!"

But I couldn't help it. I was struck dumb, except that I kept whispering "By Jove!" Men sick. That was why the skipper couldn't come back aboard. He'd likely handled the men, not knowing what they'd got until they spoke. And even if he wanted to quit the barque, he couldn't leave the sick. It was one of those blessed awful situations. He shouldn't have left his own ship, in the first place, and as he had, now he couldn't get back. They all figured they were dead men. Pretty tough. But what could they do? Might chance bringing plague on board the *Peruvian Chief*, but how about the sick men? They weren't exactly being brave. Sort of thing a man's got to face. You know how it is. I came abruptly to myself, for there wasn't much time, hardly any time at all. I yelled to the men, but they were already at work, for while I'd been gaping Duncan had been listening to what was said and had the men already clambering into the boats and hoisting the breakers out. Luckily, and by some miracle, we'd filled them all a couple of days previously, so there was no time lost in running with them to the tap amidships. They went overside at the end of a heaving-line, eight or ten of them, and

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I galloped below and hooked hold of the skipper's medicine chest. By good luck, too, it occurred to me to send with the chest a book on tropical diseases I found lying near it. I learned afterwards that the dope they got out of the book was about all that brought 'em through alive. The boat pushed off.

"Report us and send someone after us," the skipper rasped shakily as he took hold of the tiller. "We've got a chance. Ship's in good shape. But for God's sake get to Thursday Island, and have a Government boat and doctor locate us. . . . 'Bye."

I was still saying "By Jove!" to myself, and there we stood, Duncan and I, staring after the boat with open mouths and surprised eyes. I dare say we were the most surprised men in creation. It had all happened so suddenly. We'd been sailing along not an hour before, figuring up our salvage chances as we came near the *Brith na Llanda.* We'd had a skipper and a mate, and the weather had been calm as a mill pond with a prospect of some future wind. Now here we were, suddenly left in charge of the *Peruvian Chief,* without a skipper at all, and with a typhoon ready to break any second it felt inclined.

It was no use standing around, so I gulped once or twice and said: "Well, just think of that, just think of that," as if someone had told me a lie and I didn't want him to think I knew it was a lie. Then I came-to, took a couple of jumps for the companion, and nearly fell down in my hurry, pumping orders as fast as I could talk.

Out of the corner of one eye I saw the boat had reached the *Brith na Llanda,* and the next time I glanced that way she was a mere blob of shadow in the mist that was thickening astern. We just about had time to get things battened down and the ship swung round when the first gust came. Then it broke. It wasn't a typhoon, as it happened, but was the biggest straight storm I'd ever seen and certainly first cousin to a typhoon.

After the first gust it was the old story—all hell let loose in unlimited space. The white spread that was the sky was

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blotted out, sort of murky vapour rolling across it and throwing gloom over everything. The wind was tremendous, and the sea was beaten flat by the driving hot rain for over two hours. Still, we had the old *Peruvian Chief* well in hand, and the men we had standing by on the lower bridge so's they'd be available in case they were needed. It was no use letting them go to the fo'c's'le; they'd never have managed to get aft again.

We'd have ridden the blow out all right if that little cursed jinx that had dogged us on and off from Port Said hadn't taken this chance to butt in. After four hours or more the wind dropped, the rain let up, and a few patches of blue began to appear in the sky. Then, just as we figured it was all over, we shipped a big sea aft.

The wire that had been laid out in readiness to serve as a hawser for the derelict *Brith na Llanda* was swept overside. The men had not had enough time or warning to stow it back on its reel when the storm broke. They'd just pitched it in big coils and lashed it to the rail. It snaked out kinkily, dangling overside. The old ship stood on her nose, and in some mad manner that wire wrapped itself round the twirling propeller. There was a shuddering sort of snap, and the *Peruvian Chief* was left without a screw. Snap! just like that, and we were helpless in the middle of the Arafura Sea.

I can tell you I was pretty scared for a bit; didn't quite know what to do. The wind was only a stiff breeze now, and, luckily, the sea was going down fast. But the night would be on us pretty soon, and, anyway, we couldn't stay set in the trough, for we were being swept every minute or so.

When the snap came the second engineer whistled up the speaking-tube and nearly burst my ear drums yelling what had happened. As if we couldn't guess, when the old packet was wallowing helpless and the engine thump had stopped. There was water on the engine-room floor, and it was rising quite fast. I think I swore at the second, as if it was his fault, and then turned to find Duncan. He was standing in the bridge wing, looking down on the foredeck, where

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there was nothing but swirling water and foam. When I spoke to him, he turned slowly, and I was astonished at the whiteness of his face and the hot, almost savage look in his eyes.

He said at last, sort of muttering: "You blessed kid."

I was too nervous to bother about what he meant, but now, looking back, I can understand how he felt at that moment. I was twenty-five, held only a second mate's ticket, and I was his superior officer. He was over forty, held an extra-master's unlimited ticket in steam and sail, and yet had to take orders from me. Twice within a day he'd seen two mighty chances to come back snatched away from him. Our skipper might have offered him the *Brith na Llanda,* and now, but for my existence, he might have commanded the *Peruvian Chief.* It was many years before I understood fully the ache of command, the desire for it, the immensity of the pride it creates, and how that pride can never die. Once you have walked your own poop or bridge you're changed. There it is. You've worn the four gold bands, and you've brought all those tons of wood and steel and canvas safely across the world—you alone, your brain, your heart, your voice. It's hard to forget. You know how it is.

But at that moment, on the old *Peruvian Chief's* bridge, with the last of the storm dying about us, I hadn't time nor the brains to think of such matters. I grabbed hold of Duncan's arm and shook him and demanded to know what I should do. Pretty fine state of affairs, eh? The skipper asking the mate what to do. Oh, I can tell you, I wished I'd had a bit more experience and a bit more sea lore than I had.

Duncan sort of shook himself and laughed, a queer, harsh sort of laugh. Then he rested a hand on my shoulder. He told me to go for'ard and have a couple of men help me to get up the sails that went on the stays in just such an emergency as this. For himself, he left me on the run and, jumping down the companion, roared for the bos'n and six men. I was after him like a flash, picking up two men myself on the way, and dodging along the foredeck to the

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fo'c'sle. The sails were in the forepeak, and it was nervy work getting them up from that dark, damp place with the ship standing on her ear and you never being quite sure if she is going to come up after the roll. Duncan made a sort of sea-anchor out of some spare hatches and spars. Of course, a hawser trailing from the bow would have served, but a real sea anchor was better. Once that was launched, and it was pretty tricky work, I can tell you, the old ship came into the sea and rode it like a Trojan. But I shudder to this day to think of what would have happened if the screw had gone in the height of the blow. Oh, well, it didn't, that's all.

I had the sails up on deck and got them straightened out. They'd never been moved, I should judge, for years, not since they'd been stowed away. There were big splotches of damp stain on them, holes where the rats had been, and the bolt-ropes were pretty rotten and useless. As the ship seemed to be safe enough for a while, I set the men to work to patch and rig those sails, and just after dark, with the sea rapidly falling to a flat calm, we got them up.

I can tell you it's a mighty big jump for a chap to make from a junior officer to a skipper, and it'd have been bad enough if I'd had a sound, efficient steamer under me; but, as it was, I had not only a vessel without motive power, but a vessel that was sinking as well.

Several things had happened when the propeller jerked itself off. A lot of the bottom had been strained open. The cylinder heads of the port engine had blown out; at the same time as the old ship squatted in the trough one of the boilers had broken adrift and raised hell in the stokehold. There were three firemen badly scalded, one engineer had his scalp laid open, and, to cap it all, the carpenter reported several feet of water in the well. I figured I'd better call a conference.

I got the chief and second engineer up on the bridge, together with the bos'n and Duncan, and we went over the situation thoroughly. We were in a devil of a fix. No wire-

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less, no screw, water below decks, short-handed . . . oh, and a lot more. Afterwards I found that the only fresh water aboard was in the big, round steel tank that stood on the fiddley. The sea had leaked into the tanks below.

I am sure that it was at that conference that I started to go grey and the lines began to grow in my face. I had health and strength, and I could stand action as well as any man. But the prospect of days and weeks afloat with all those problems confronting me, and nothing I could do, had me scared stiff. I ascertained that I could get enough steam to work the pumps and enough to keep the dynamos running, all this being conditioned by the assumption that the pumps could control the leakage.

I found that the *Peruvian Chief* had a spare screw, but that was somewhere in the shelter-deck behind a bunch of cargo. Very good. The chief engineer, who'd been looking at the chart, suggested we should make for Selaru, in the Tenimber Islands, where there was a trading station of sorts and a sheltered sand beach. We could ground the ship, plug her up a bit, replace the screw, get fresh water, and start off again. The second engineer agreed with him; the bos'n agreed also. Even Duncan nodded and said he guessed that was the best thing. But I didn't see it that way.

In the first place, we had to get to Thursday Island. That was the order the skipper had given me. We had to get there and see a Government ship was sent out, with a doctor, to find the *Brith na Llanda,* if she had survived the storm, which was doubtful. But that was the assumption I had to work on. I couldn't let those six men drift around on a derelict plague ship while I fooled time away on Selaru.

In the second place, Selaru was to the north and the east of us, nearly four hundred miles astern. And the wind was blowing strongly from the east. I didn't see how we could make much time beating against that wind with the scanty canvas we had. On the other hand, we could get along for Thursday Island at a fair clip without tacking at all. We'd make it about as quickly as we'd make Selaru, always provided the wind didn't drop or change.

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In the third place, I reasoned, the weather was likely to remain calm for quite a while now, and so long as the leak could be handled we were in no immediate danger.

Fourthly and lastly, I'd been told to get to Thursday Island, I'd been left in charge of the *Peruvian Chief* to take her to Thursday Island and to Thursday Island she was going, willy-nilly, if I had to sail her myself.

I've got a pig-headed sort of streak in me that way. I've got no brains, and had still fewer in those days, but I could take in an order and see it was carried out. I believe that's my only virtue. I can stick. And I stuck by my orders on the *Peruvian Chief,* though the sticking cost me more than I dreamed it would.

The engineers and bos'n argued. They were a bit scared to chance that long run to Thursday Island without getting patched up first. They suggested nearer places than Selaru, but I vetoed them all. After a bit Duncan sided with me.

"He's right," he said grimly. "We'd waste more time than we can afford. We've got to get to Thursday Island right away, if only for the sake of the skipper and the other men. A day may make all the difference between life and death for them."

"If they're still alive," sneered the chief engineer.

"We've got to figure they are," I put in.

"You're taking too much on yourself," the chief snapped. He was an elderly man, and it must have riled him to see me in charge. "You've got to look after your own ship first."

"But you'll do as I say," I insisted, getting pretty hot under the collar. I was only a second mate, hang it, but just at that moment I was better than a god on the *Peruvian Chief.* I was in command. And, by Jove, I thought, if he gets funny I'll clap him in irons.

Well, I had my way. The engineers assented at last with bad grace, and the bos'n went for'ard to tell the men they had a madman in charge. But I didn't care. I'd got my obstinate streak started, and we were going to Thursday Island. I put the saloon steward on guard by the water

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tank with orders to allow each man just a pint a day for drinking and the cook a pint for each man to cook with. I made a tour of the ship with Duncan and the carpenter, and found that the pumps appeared to be holding the water, though they didn't seem to be lowering it any. The sails had been hoisted, and I had the sea anchor hauled in. Then, with a man at the wheel and the patched, stained canvas bellying, we started to slip along at a speed of about three or four knots. Duncan said he'd figure out how we could get more canvas on her later on.

After dark I had an hour or more's work fixing up the injured men. It was pretty tough on me, for I hadn't any but the vaguest conceptions of doctoring. I'd look a man over, read half a page or so of the medical book, ask Duncan some questions, and then go ahead and fix the man up. Duncan could have done it better than I, but he said he'd rather I went ahead. He'd taken a fancy to me, I think, and he claimed he wanted me to get the experience. Lord, I got enough. I even wanted to step down and let him take command, but he said that wasn't necessary at all unless some great emergency arose. And yet, I know now, that he would have given his right arm to do just that. But he was fair. I was young, starting at the foot of the ladder, you understand, and it was my chance as much as it would have been his. He'd known command, and I never had. He was getting old, and he was willing to stand aside and watch a younger man make good, though it hurt him.

That night, I remember, I did a lot more thinking than I'd ever done before. I left Duncan in the saloon after eating, and I went up on the bridge, where the bos'n was keeping a watch. It was a beautiful night, as they always seem to be after a storm. The stars were big and shiny in the black sky, and they sent shafts of golden light over the long swells. There was no moon. The old *Peruvian Chief* was moving wearily along, the tall staysails bellying before the wind and the water chuckling along her hull.

I stood in the bridge wing and wondered about it all. The ship was mine. I had to look after her. I was responsible.

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Every soul aboard looked to me to guide them out of death into life, or I thought they did. And more than that, on my judgment and on my shoulders rested the lives of those other men on the *Brith na Llanda.* If they had been brave enough or honourable enough to remain on her because of some sick men, I had to be brave and honourable enough to win through. I was worried at first as to whether I had been right in insisting on making for Thursday Island direct, but right there, under the stars and with the wind in my hair, I found a conviction that I was. My reasoning was correct.

Something in me had changed a bit. I felt it as I stood ruminating on the bridge in the calmness of the day's end. I was older, a lot older. It was as if something had been drawn out of me and flung away on the water. I was amazed to look back and think I had ever done the foolish things I had done. There was so much that was serious in the world. How could a man laugh and play when he had to bring a disabled steamer to port. Good Lord, I felt that I wouldn't even want to smile again.

The next day passed without any change in the situation. The pumps held the water, but failed to gain on it in spite of the collision canvases we rigged. The wind continued steady and did not commence to drop until the following night. Even then it was fairly strong from the east, right through to the next noon, when it left us altogether after a few minutes of gusty warning. A flat calm set in. I suspect that was what opened the leaks in the old ship's hull. The long, slow rolling in the swell, checked only a merest trifle by the flapping staysails, strained every weakened rivet and bolt. In any case, at two o'clock in the afternoon the carpenter reported a gain of seven inches in the water below. The pumps were still sobbing at full pressure, so I could only conclude that the leak was becoming too much for them. The ship appeared to be slowly opening up.

Duncan and I got up more collision canvases and rigged them right round the hull where we thought the leaks were worse, and for a while it seemed as if we'd checked things. The breeze grew from the east again, not as strong as it had

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been before, but strong enough to give us steering way. By eight o'clock the water had gained another inch. All that night I had the hand pumps going, but it didn't make any difference; the water gained, very slowly, but just as surely. The wind freshened towards morning, but as we were more heavily waterlogged it made no difference in our speed.

I could easily see, much as I disliked facing the fact, that we'd never make Thursday Island. I spent a couple of hours over the charts and sailing directions with Duncan, and we located at last an island named Kessel that was reported to have a good sheltered beach, a Catholic mission, and a store. It was a little to the south of us, off the northern Australian coast, and with reluctance I set a course for it.

We should have sighted it the next afternoon about three o'clock, according to my calculations, and when three o'clock came and went I was in a great state of uneasiness. I spent from two o'clock to four walking the bridge and frowning and biting my nails. I'd forgotten to shave for the last two days, and the strain of the whole thing was telling on me. I hadn't slept properly since the night before the storm, as when below I'd lay awake all the time figuring things out and wondering if I'd forgotten anything. The engineer who'd had his head laid open died soon after noon on the day we were to sight Kessel, and I remember that, whirling through my brain along with fears that perhaps my navigation had been wrong or that the ship might suddenly founder under us before we got her beached, was the uneasy thought that perhaps I'd doctored the man wrongly or forgotten something I should have done to him. Perhaps if I'd been more capable he wouldn't have died. Oh, I can tell you, it's no sinecure being left in charge of a sinking, disabled ship with all those lives on your hands. I wasn't feeling husky and joyous and twenty-five. I was an old man. You know how it is.

The man in the crow's-nest sighted Kessel Island about fifteen minutes after four, just in time, I think, to save my sanity. We had eight inches more of water in the holds, and

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the men were worn out with work at the pumps. It was hard on them, too, to have only a pint of water a day under the broiling sun, and as soon as the island was sighted I gave orders to let them have a quart each, and a tot of rum from the lazarette to celebrate on.

We had come up on the north side of Kessel Island, and the mission and beach were on the east, so we had to tack slowly round, the old hooker moving sluggishly and rolling with appalling slowness, she was so deep in the water. I expected every minute to have one of the big, bottle-green swells break over our rail, but I think now that my condition was such that I exaggerated everything. Probably we'd have remained above water for many hours.

I spotted the white sand of the sheltered beach through the glasses, and on Duncan's advice had two boats lowered and manned by the seamen to help us in, the wind dropping rapidly as we got between the headlands of the harbour. The firemen I kept at the pumps. I could see sort of hazily, because I was far gone with worry and lack of sleep, that the beach was dotted with watching natives, and here and there I thought I could discern the shimmer of white duck on the forms of some Europeans.

I picked the exact beaching spot with care, and had a man in the chains all the time to look out for outlying shoals. The sails were shivering for lack of wind, but we had enough momentum, what with the boats pulling at us. And so, very slowly, I beached the *Peruvian Chief* on a sand bottom in less than three fathoms of water. She jarred ever so slightly as she struck and heeled a bit to port. I half expected her to go right over, but she didn't There were a hundred canoes alongside before she was still, and a white-painted whale-boat pushed off the beach as soon as it could be run down from a sort of boat-house under the palms.

I remember what followed in a sort of dreamy way, as if it was unreal. I knew I was a dirty, unshaven and sleepy-looking brute. Duncan sent below for a bottle of whiskey, and we half finished it between us while the steward was

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making some heavy black coffee. Then we went down to meet the shore crowd, and found two white men and a host of niggers already on the main deck. One white man was the missionary, the reverend something or other, and the other was a trader for the Philp Burns Company. They were pretty excited and asking questions of the crew as fast as they could shoot them out.

I shook hands, mumbled something about being glad to see 'em, and then called to the bos'n to see that the soundest lifeboat was fully equipped and provisioned. The steward came then with the coffee, and I drank about two cups, scalding hot, without hardly taking a breath. Duncan asked me what I was going to do, but I think he guessed, because, without waiting for an answer, he said something to the steward about opening up the lazarette and getting up stores.

I remember muttering, sort of sleepily, "Got to make Thursday Island. Start right away," and I also remember that the missionary and trader made a horrified sort of protest. I was too worn out. I'd been through enough. And, in any case, it was a long and dangerous voyage in a lifeboat.

I didn't care. My obstinate streak was determined on one thing. I had to make Thursday Island. Somewhere out there in the wide sea was the *Brith na Llanda* with six sound men on board, and my skipper was among them. The trader and missionary started to argue with me; the engineers protested. I was mad. I *was* mad, but I didn't care. I was going to Thursday Island. I believe I got angry in the end and fell back on my theoretical position. I ordered every stranger ashore. I was skipper, and, by God, I'd have my orders and wishes obeyed.

Eventually, when they all saw I was set, they got busy and helped me out. The boat was watered and amply provisioned. Duncan lowered down the best small compass we had, some charts of the coast, my sextant, a book of tables, and his own watch set by the ship's chronometer. All this time I was standing under the broiling sun on the foredeck, swaying a bit with fatigue and too much whiskey, and star-

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ing with bleared eyes at the missionary and the trader, who were muttering together near the rail and looking at me with amazed eyes.

I called for volunteers to go along, and Duncan stepped forward right away. I wouldn't take him. He was the only deck officer left. I told him he'd have to stay with the ship, get her patched up, see the spare screw was adjusted, and then bring her to Thursday Island. He said I could do that then, and he'd take the lifeboat. But I wouldn't have that either. This was my own especial madness. It needed a young man to make that long voyage. Duncan, besides, was better able to get the ship fixed up than I was. More experienced. Eventually, I talked him out of it, and so gave him his great chance, gave him command again. Other volunteers were a long time coming forward. You must understand that all the men had been at the pumps and under a nervous strain for several days. They were tired out, and they'd reached safety at last. I was proposing they should risk their lives again on a voyage of hardship and toil to save a derelict barque that was probably under the water.

The chief engineer said: "You're a cussed fool, Marshall. They've been dead a long time. They went down in the storm. You're throwing your life away."

But there it was. I was set. I was going to Thursday Island if I had to go alone! Oh, I can tell you I was feeling a fine fellow. The combination of whiskey and coffee had given me by this time a sort of queer, light-headed feeling. I had a great sense of detachment. I seemed to be standing off and watching myself make heroic gestures on the foredeck of the old *Peruvian Chief*. I could see my broad shoulders and barrel-like chest, my unshaven, grim face, all the splendid youth of me erect after those terrible days, and proposing still to go on. It was magnificent. I knew I was a hero. I think now, though, that it was the whiskey.

Eventually two firemen and three able seamen volunteered, young men all of them. They wanted a chance to sleep first, they said; but I told they they'd have a long time to sleep once they were in the boat. And so at the last we

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pushed off, the small boat-sail flapping in the listless wind, four men laying back wearily on the oars and the fifth manipulating a boathook. We pushed off and started out of the harbour away from the stranded old *Peruvian Chief*.

And I remember standing in the stern and swaying a bit and watching the scene I was leaving, Duncan and the rest waving good-bye, the sand and the green of the jungle behind them. There were great big tears running down my grimy face. I was overwhelmed with the glory and the tragedy of it all. I was going out from safety into the wide unknown because of an idea, because of an order given me by a man who was undoubtedly already dead. Oh, I sobbed for myself. I was certain that a halo of glory was wrapped around me. I looked at the men who were venturing with me, and I thought we would soon all be dead too. And I sobbed again. Whiskey and coffee, lack of sleep, and overwrought nerves. . . . You know how it is.

But there was one vision I had, one thing I saw clearly before the old *Peruvian Chief* sank out of sight. It was very queer, and I have often thought it might be classed with all the other wild thoughts and mirages I had in those short moments. And yet I don't know. It was a true vision, a clear, shining thing undimmed by my self-pitying tears and unclouded by the whiskey haze that was over my brain. I thought I saw myself standing on the poop of the *Peruvian Chief*. And I was waving to the boat, waving good-bye. And my face was smooth and unlined and tanned, and my hair was wavy and brown, and my eyes were things that laughed hugely at me. I thought that I was speaking, and I could hear the words tolling, as you sometimes hear a bell toll far away and are not sure you hear it at all.

"Good-bye. I'm your youth. Good-bye. You'll never see me again."

That was it, that was all of it. I saw that vision and I heard those words, and I had an immense feeling inside me that both were true. There it was, all the youth of me, the last of the glory and the fire of me, waving good-bye from the poop of the old *Peruvian Chief*.

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I believe I collapsed, blubbering in self-pity again, and the men looked at me strangely and debated among themselves. I was very mad. Undoubtedly it would be wiser to return to the ship. But I roused myself before they had made up their minds. I grasped the tiller and shouted at them, and they pulled at the oars. And at last we were beyond the headlands, and the full breeze was filling the sail. Away we went, lumbering over the blue swells, and the men drew in their oars and nodded in the scanty shadow of the sail. I was steering, perhaps by instinct, in a dream, and after a while appeared to sleep too.

There is little more. The wind did not fail us. We suffered from sunburn and from the monotony. We had delusions, and babbled strangely to each other. I remember the men cursing me at times and demanding that I turn in for the Australian coast, which at times loomed hazily to starboard. And I remember cursing them back and threatening them with the tillerhead. I couldn't do it again; couldn't live through such a time. But because I was pouring out the very last of my youth I was able to be still upright at the tiller when we were picked up by an Australian gunboat that was making surveys and taking soundings in the Gulf of Carpentaria. The rest of my men were huddled on the bottom boards, exhausted and half mad because our water had given out the previous day.

The gunboat solved all things. Off we went, at sixteen knots or more, while I slept uneasily because of frightful, worried dreams. When I grew conscious again, it was because men were shouting and there was a noise of ropes and tackle creaking and canvas slatting in the wind. I looked out through the port of the stateroom they'd given me, and saw the battered old *Brith na Llanda* rolling in the trough not two hundred yards away. She'd been found after a two-days' search. She had sails rigged on her stumps of masts, and my old skipper was waving and shouting from her poop and someone was shouting from the gunboat's deck above. That's all. I knew I'd been justified. I believe I

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fell asleep again and dreamed this time of home, peacefully, as a child might dream.

Matters worked to a tranquil conclusion. Duncan got the *Peruvian Chief* to Thursday Island under her own power. That gave him a pretty good standing, and men forgot he'd lost a ship before. When the old *Brith na Llanda* was fumigated, repaired, and made ready for sea again, he was offered command of her by cable from the Cardiff owners, and he took her safely home. My skipper went into the Australian coasting trade. The mate got a passage to Brisbane, and from there went to join the B.I. boats. A new skipper was sent up from Sydney to take over the *Peruvian Chief,* and I was given the mate's job, with the understanding that as soon as I'd got my ticket and put in a year or so as mate I'd get command.

So there you are. I'd had my experience. Command was coming fast towards me. At a little over twenty-five I held down a mate's job and had won to a certain amount of fame in the annals of the sea. But I had paid, pound for pound, for everything I'd gained. I'd never be a third mate, young and care-free again. I had won to wisdom and lost youth. That vision I had seen on the poop of the *Peruvian Chief* was true, true as death. I see it again sometimes, when I think to look in the glass and find streaks of white in my hair and lines creasing my face, and find my eyes are steady with serious things instead of gay with the laughter of life. I see it again at such times, that vision of myself, shining and brave and strong, waving good-bye to me from that old steamer's poop, all the clean youth, all the joy of the fight, the thrill of the battle, the glorious and wonderful thing that you lose and regain no more. You know how it is.

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BALALAIKA [1]

By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

From *The Story-Teller*

They played, every evening, in the Brasserie Alsacienne, at the angle of the Avenue Jules Ferry, in Tunis, the corner from which electric trains go swinging out to Carthage over the ibis-haunted lagoon. They played there from six to eight. Somewhere about five-thirty the Arab boy who haunted the café and cleaned shoes on its terrace hurried from table to table with an ill-printed programme, backed by a few advertisements and many blank spaces where advertisements should have been. These programmes were headed: *Grand Concert Apéritif: Orchestre Russe des Balalaikas.*

They played, and nobody heeded them at all. If you wanted music, you went to the municipal café of the Casino over the way. Here the customers didn't listen, the waiters swept past with flying napkins, the proprietor kept his eye on them and on the clock, to see that he got his money's worth, or rather the worth of the scraps of food which he gave them at the end of the evening.

No doubt they were genuine Russian refugees. North Africa, from Cairo to Tangiers, is full of them. And these were like the rest: thin, indolent, with high cheekbones, wide, supercilous mouths, and lank, ashen hair. Their manner cut them off from the rest of the people in the café as definitely as though they belonged to a distant and superior planet.

All but one of them. The exception was a little man with a yellow face, and smooth, black Tartar hair, who carried round the plate and shook it in front of us till we dragged out unwilling centimes. When he had finished his collection,

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he handed it carelessly to the chief of the band and settled down in a corner, his balalaika on his knees. He neither laughed nor talked nor smoked. He sat there, playing softly to himself a tune that nobody else could hear.

I should never have heard it myself if a storm of February sleet had not driven me, one evening, into the interior of the café. There was only one vacant chair. It was next to his, and as I finished my Amer Picon in a hurry—I had no taste for balalaikas at close range—this faint, pathetic melody of his penetrated my brain, disturbed it, enchanted it. It was a little minuet, a figure of slight grace and gaiety, so bright, so artless, and so sweet, that when I left the café to dine it haunted me. Fragments of it stuck in my head. The rest was lost, and the loss was so irritating that I couldn't content myself until I'd made it good. Some old Italian, I thought; perhaps Scarlatti, or could it be Mozart?

After dinner I went straight back to the café. It was almost empty, but still, in the depths of it, the six balalaikas kept up their gentle, irritating tune. When they had finished it my friend the secret soloist came round and jingled his plate under my nose. I put in a franc. His eyes fastened on it with wonder rather than greed.

"That tune," I said in French. "What is it? I mean the tune you played to yourself."

"Ah, that!" he said. "You mean my Mozart?"

He bent over me for a second and began to play. The balalaika whispered so softly that no one else could hear. It was delicious, sprightly, with a queer formal grace. His eyes smiled with love as he played it.

"Yes, that's the bit I lost," I told him. "All the rest I remembered. Do play it through again."

But the eyes of the leader were on him, and the eyes of the proprietor on the leader. "Afterwards," he whispered. As he hurried back I saw him displaying my franc as an excuse for his delay.

And afterwards, as he had promised, he joined me. We took coffee together, I offered him a cigarette. "Let us talk English," he said.

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"I should have said Mozart from the first," I told him, "but the tune was unfamiliar, and since I pretend to know Mozart pretty thoroughly, I was puzzled. Where does it come from?"

"From a suite for string orchestra," he said. "It's not surprising that you don't know it. It's never been published, and never will be."

"Then how did you get hold of it?" I asked.

"The manuscript was in my possession."

"And isn't any longer?"

"I have no possessions in the world. Only memories."

"This sounds like a story."

"Not an unusual one in these days—and in Russia."

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me?"

"Not in the least."

It began in the usual way. He was a noble of the province of Kiev. He lived on his own estate of Heaven knows how many *versts*, whatever a *verst* may be. I'm sure he wasn't a good landlord, for he had been born a bookman and a musician. He had never married. He lived there quietly in his long music-room, amid the library of music-books and manuscripts that he had collected.

Above all periods in music, he loved the eighteenth century; above all musicians Mozart. The principal treasure of his library was a volume of Mozart manuscripts which his agent had discovered in Vienna. The purchase nearly ruined him. He had to bid against the German museums; but at last he got them and carried them back in pride to that sad country house of his. He had them bound sumptuously, he told me, in elegantly tooled leather, with his armorial bearings, poor dear, upon the cover. Among these manuscripts was the Suite for Strings from which that delicious minuet was taken.

The war hardly touched him. In the eastern part of the province there might have been no war, and, in any case, he was too old and frail for soldiering. Even the first outbreak of the Revolution left him undisturbed until the peasants completed what the town workers had begun. He saw his

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district isolated by a blood-red ring of fire and rapine, but still he hung on; he thought he had no enemies. Then came the thing they called the Nakaz—the peasant mandate. He excused himself for troubling me with names.

"That was the decree," he said, "abolishing the landlords' ownership of land. It didn't matter in the very least to me. All I wanted was to be left to myself and my music. As for the peasants, they knew I'd never done them any harm.

"But they went mad, you know," he went on, "quite mad. They were like a pack of wolves infected with rabies. In the middle of the night my bailiff—is that the word?—came bursting into my bedroom. A good fellow he was, but he was the only one they'd got their knives into. 'Vladimir Mihailitch,' he said, 'jump into your clothes at once; we've got to cut and run for it. They're after both of us. Hurry up. No time to spare.' He showed me a flare in the sky; they'd burnt his house already.

"I lost my head. You see, I'm not used to emergencies. 'Wait one moment,' I said, 'while I get my manuscripts.' 'Manuscripts?' said he. 'Is the man mad? Money and jewels are all that matter, and for God's sake be quick. There they are!'

"It was true. We could hear their voices. They were beating on the door. I ran towards the library; he couldn't stop me; it was all my life. Then came a crash of glass. They were in, at the big window over the piano. He dragged me away just in time. Four nights in woods and fields. It was November, and a big moon shining that made the open country dangerous. I nearly died before we reached Kiev.

"Then six months in the city itself. My bailiff was a clever fellow, quite right about the money; but even with the money we nearly starved. The peasants had got their land; it intoxicated them; they saw no need for work. Result: no food to buy. No, I won't tell you about it. You've heard all this before. I'm not the only one.

"We managed to hide in the house of a small tradesman, the bailiff's cousin he was. I slept three in a bed. Three!

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Three million, upon my honour. You've no idea how we Russians, lived. But it was warm, you know. I kept the bailiff's cousin's family going with the money I'd taken with me. I didn't grudge it them. You see, I'd no interest in life. I used to lie in bed all day, smoking and dreaming of my poor music-room: the book-shelves with the bindings going mildewed, the Bechstein under the big window that went crash, the old violins on the walls. Will you believe it, I had an Amati? They were quite kind to me, those people. They thought I was mad, and Russians are always sympathetic with madmen.

"My bailiff humoured me, too. He was an honest fellow, but still scared out of his life. All the time he kept on talking of plots and schemes to get me out of Russia; himself, too, of course. The idea was to work down southward toward the Crimea and the Caucasus, and then. . . . You see the idea? He used to come and sprawl on my bed by the hour talking of the plans he'd made, all the possible outlets, and the probable cost.

"I pretended to listen; he meant it all so well; but somehow it didn't excite me. My brain was numb; I'd left my heart behind in that room of mine.

" 'If you can tell me what's happened to my manuscripts,' I said, 'I'll talk about the Caucasus. Not before. I'm not going without them.'

"At last his thick brain seemed to realize that he could do nothing with me. He had to make an attempt. He got in touch with a peasant who came in to town in one of my own suits. That was how he spotted him. The peasant was a stupid fellow, and much too drunk to inform against him. The house, he said, had been looted and burnt; before they'd burnt it they'd carried away most of the furniture that wasn't too heavy. Good firewood, you know. As for the books, he knew nothing about them. He wasn't interested. He couldn't read.

" 'Now, Vladimir Mihailitch,' said the bailiff, 'you must see reason. Let's get away while the money lasts.'

" 'If the furniture's been removed,' I told him, 'it's quite

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possible that the manuscripts are still in existence. Probably they're somewhere in the district. I shall wait here till you find them.'

"He couldn't see my point of view. I suppose it was natural. He flew into a temper with me. Quite violent. 'Throwing away your life and mine for the sake of those old bits of paper!' But he couldn't move me. Of course I was mad. 'If you find those books,' I said, 'we'll go to-morrow.'

"And the weeks went by. Our money was running away like sand in an egg-boiler. He used to watch me in such a curious way that I began to suspect that he was planning to rob me. I hid the rest of the money in my boots. I'm afraid I did him an injustice. The poor fellow died later, in the Crimea.

"Then one day he came to me flaming with triumph. 'Vladimir Mihailitch,' he said, 'I've found them! I've found them!"

"I jumped out of bed. I threw my arms round his neck and kissed him. 'Tell me, for God's sake tell me!' I said.

" 'I was walking along the street in the Jews' quarter,' he said. 'There's a little hole there kept by an old Hebrew: worn clothes, brass candlesticks, scrap-iron, broken china . . . God knows what rubbish! There he was, sitting on a pile of books—handsome books, Vladimir Mihailitch, in leather bindings. Just a chance, thought I; the merest chance! So I scared the old black spider away, and had a look at them. Never tell me again that there's no Providence! If I hadn't known them by sight, there was your coat of arms. I just gave them a kick, to show how much I valued them. "What do you want for this old lot?" I asked.

" 'He picked them up in his skinny fingers. "It's a beautiful binding," he said, "a very wealthy binding." I laughed at him. Believe me, Vladimir Mihailitch. . . .'

"I could stand it no longer. 'Where are they?' I broke in. 'Where are they?' It was life and death to me. He treated me like a child.

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"'Now be patient,' he said. 'One thing at a time.'

"'Then you haven't got them? My God!' He shook his head. 'Here is some money,' I said. 'Take it at once. Don't lose a moment. It doesn't matter what you pay.' In my excitement I'd showed him my hiding-place. I saw his eyes glitter; but that didn't trouble me. He waved the money aside.

"'Now listen to me,' he said, 'and don't interrupt. There was this old Jew turning them over and over. "Costly bindings?" I said—I was clever, mark you. "What do I want with bindings? Bindings won't light fires. Let's have a look at the paper inside them." He handed one over to me—the book with the crest on the outside. It was like drawing a tooth. I opened it. Your manuscript right enough! "What'll you take for the lot?" I said. He screwed up his black eyes: "Fifty paper roubles."' My bailiff looked cunning. 'You see, Vladimir Mihailitch, it wouldn't have done to jump at it.'

"'My God!' I shouted, 'I'd have given a thousand!'

"'Gently, gently!' said the bailiff. 'Why, if I'd accepted his price he'd have known that I wanted them for something better than fire-lighting. What's more, he might have got a few roubles more by informing against me. No, no. I gave the books another kick. "I'll give you fifteen," I said, "and that's more than they're worth." "Make it twenty," says he, "and let me see your money."

"'And there he'd got me. I hadn't a kopeck on me. I asked him for credit. He laughed at me. "Well, keep them for me," I said, "and I'll be back in half an hour." He wouldn't promise. I'm afraid he guessed that there was something up.

"'And at that moment, that very moment, Vladimir Mihailitch, a great lumbering lout of a moujik came along the street with a barrow. He saw I was after something, and wanted to see what it was. These fellows are full of money, you know. He stood staring at me. I was holding a book in my hand. It seemed to puzzle him to think why I was buying them. Then he got some idea into his thick skull

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and slouched into the shop, leaving his barrow outside. He didn't speak a word. He went straight up to the pile of books and picked up the one with the crest outside. Then he tore a page out of the middle, and held it in his teeth while he routed in his pocket. The old Jew watched him. Nice thin paper. Out came a handful of tobacco. He began to roll a cigarette, and lighted it from the charcoal under the old Jew's chair. One puff, and he'd made up his mind. "How much?" he said.

" ' "Thirty roubles the lot," said the Jew.

" ' "Wait half an hour, and I'll give you forty," I said.

" ' "No waiting here," he answered.

" 'The peasant didn't seem to hear us. He picked up the volumes one by one, and threw them on to his barrow. Cigarette paper's scarce in these days. Then he pulled out a wallet stuffed with notes and planked down thirty roubles. The Jew was on them like a hawk. The moujik went off with his barrow.'

" 'But of course you followed him,' I said. 'You know where he is? Let's lose no time. I'll go with you.'

" 'Follow him?' said the bailiff, with a laugh. 'Follow him? How could I follow him? Why, God knows where he was going. He'd got his bargain, and wasn't likely to part with it either. That's against the nature of the moujik. No, Vladimir Mihailitch, they're gone now. And if it's anyone's fault it's yours. You're so damned stingy with your money, and that's the truth!'

" 'God in heaven,' I said, 'you can have everything I possess if only you find him! You know what he looks like, and the way he went. He can't go fast with a barrowful of books. Quickly, quickly!'

"He only laughed at me. I think he had been drinking. '*I* can't find him; *you* can't find him; *nobody* can find him,' he said. 'You don't seem to realize that all this happened five hours ago. By this time he's having a smoke in his own hovel, or helping his wife to light a fire. But you needn't think I've wasted my time. I've better uses for your money than that. Listen. I know a man who can get us

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through to Odessa. If you put up the money there's no reason why we shouldn't start to-night, now that you've got these blessed manuscripts off your mind. Come along now; pull yourself together!'

"I didn't hear him. It was as if the roof of the sky had crashed down on me. I lay in bed and howled like a child."

He stopped. There were tears in his black, pathetic eyes. The waiter hung over us expectantly.

"Cognac?" I suggested.

"As much as you like. God knows I need it. I've never told the story before. It's brought back the misery of those days in Kiev in such a way. . . . You must excuse me if I can't control myself." He paused for a moment, sitting still with his head bowed in his hands. Then, suddenly, he recovered himself.

"You are an educated man, sir," he said. "Possibly you have read Turgenev? He wrote a novel. 'Fumée'—smoke. That was his best title. Everything in Russia ends in smoke —like my poor manuscripts."

The waiter placed our cognac on the table; I handed my friend his glass.

"Everything in Russia," he repeated, "in smoke, like my poor manuscripts, or in liquor, like myself! *Ah . . . Je m'en fiche, je m'en fiche!* Your health, sir!"

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THE PIPER [1]

By THOMAS KELLY

From *The Manchester Guardian*

On the frowsy bed in the little room behind the kitchen the gaunt body of Manus O'Cloherty lay awaiting the final summons of death. The pale, unkempt face was whiter than the pillow in which it was buried, except for the beard of many days' growth, in which grey was barely predominant over jet black. On the tousled clothing near the foot of the bed lay a battered-looking set of Irish pipes, their dangling accoutrements like the tentacles of some ungainly reptile. Every few minutes the face seemed to twitch as with an effort to speak gone awry; now and again the lips moved, but only a mumbled medley of sound came from them.

In the earthen-floored kitchen the dispensary doctor sat warming his ungloved right hand before the peat fire. By him the wife of Manus was standing, with a bottle and a spoon clutched in either hand. The doctor answered her questioning: "Three or four days at the most," he said. "He must have had the constitution of a horse to wear as he has done to seventy-five, with a life of late hours, irregular food and sleep, and scores of drenchings as he tramped to the places where he played. How often did the clothes dry on his back? And one sample of that has killed stronger men."

"Aye. But his breed was always big-boned, with hardly enough flesh on them to take ailments. . . . Will I give him a spoon of this, doctor, if he wakes up?"

"Yes, but I'm afraid . . ."

"Listen. He's stirring now and trying to talk."

The wife tiptoed to the bedside, but was soon back again:

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"The craythure!" she sighed. "He only turned in his doze. I thought, maybe, the ravin' was comin' over him again. He's gone sort of light in the head, doctor, with the sickness and the wakeness. And he always kind of dramin' of his great piece of music that he ses came into his head one May day and he passin' the rath of Caherlustha. Down on the ditch he sat and began to play the tune he said was sent into his head. He played it for me when he came home—a quare sort of a screechin' thing, the likes of women to be keenin' at a wake, and they tired out from the cryin'. He played and played till he knew where to put the finger for every note. And then the summer, come seven year next June, that he won first prize for his playin' from all of Connaught at the Feis of Lisnabree—and three other pipers against him for the medal—didn't he play it for one of them professor gentlemen did be doin' the judgin' at the Feis, and got him to write down the little scratches and blobs that does be music on two grand sheets of paper for the purpose. Then for fear he'd lose them he kept the papers in his pocket from that day, rolled up in a clane linen rag and tied with a length of whipcord. And a week ago, before he got rale bad, didn't he get Misther Gildea, the teacher, to send the music to some place in Dublin be a registered letther, the way 'twould be made into a printed book with Manus's name to it? But no answer has come, and I think that's what's keepin' him alive—waitin' for the grand news. For he's as clear as the dawn about the days do be passin' and what time Patsy the Post should come with the letther. Then at other times he'd be . . ."

The mumblings of the man on the bed become audible. Followed by the doctor, the woman went into the room. They found Manus wide-eyed, staring in front of him, a look of determination on his face. . . . He spoke slowly: "They'll put it on the marble headstone over me. Sacred to—to Manus O'Cloherty, the last of the three generations of the famous tribe of pipers, who won the silver medal from all of Connaught, and made out of his own head that grand bit of music 'The Lament of O'Cloherty. . . .' The

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paper'll class me with Carolan the harpist, and O'Daly, and all the great music-makers of Ireland. . . . Above in the town of Dublin they'll be buyin' my music and sayin' to themselves, 'The last of the O'Clohertys is no more.'"

The eyes closed again, and for a moment the wife thought that he was dead. A whisper from the doctor reassured her, so she went to answer a timid knocking at the door of the cottage. When the doctor turned round he saw the woman at the door of the room, beckoning him to come. She was holding aloft a large envelope—a look almost of triumph in her eyes.

"It's the great letther," she said, suppressing her excitement. "Patsy the Post ses it's got the Dublin office mark on it, and the name of Manus printed outside. Wisha, docthor avic, would you open and read it for me?"

A faint call of "Maurya" came from the old man as the doctor slit the envelope and just managed to save two dirty and crumple sheets from falling to the ground as the woman hastened to the room. The typewritten enclosure stated that so much of the music as was decipherable had been examined, but as it contained nothing except a passage from "The Coulin" and some excerpts from well-known traditional Irish airs the firm had no use for the proffered manuscript.

"He knows!" announced the wife of Manus. "Clear as day his mind is now. Maybe 'twouldn't bother you too much to read the grand news to him, for 'twill give him the death of happiness to know the respect is comin' to his name."

The doctor had slipped the rejected offering into his overcoat pocket. He went up and met the eye of Manus O'Cloherty. Holding the letter in his hand, he read aloud:

"Dear Mr. O'Cloherty,—Your 'Lament' has safely reached us, and is being printed in a book without delay, with your name on the outside. Your music is more than worthy of the famous piper who won the medal offered for competition in the length and breadth of Connaught. . . ."

The old man was making frantic signals to his wife. Carefully did Maurya gather up the pipes and place them

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before him. In vain did the trembling hands of Manus try to get the instrument into position—hopelessly did he feel and flounder and fumble. Then the two hands shot out convulsively, the head thudded back to the hole it had made in the pillow.

Maurya O'Cloherty followed the doctor from the room of death.

"The crathure!" she wailed. "And he givin' his last breath to try and play the grand tune that he made up out of his own head."

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THE INQUISITION [1]

By LIAM O'FLAHERTY

From *The Adelphi*

There was perfect silence in the study. Thirty-seven postulants were stooping over their high desks, reading and writing, their pens moving over their exercise books with the cumbersome stupidity of boyhood, their heads held between their hands as they repeated over and over again the conjugation of some Latin or Greek noun and tried to retain it in their racked memories. In the rear desk, three auxiliary prefects, wearing black soutanes, worked and conversed in whispers, disobeying the law of silence which they imposed on the junior postulants. For even in religious orders officials disobey their own laws.

It was after six o'clock. The angelus had been said. It was still an hour before the first auxiliary would bang his desk and recite the prayer before leaving the study for the refectory and supper.

A terrible hour, thought Francis Cleary. He sat in the second desk to the left of the passage, and although he had his Euripides open on his desk he was not reading it. He was listening to every sound with beating heart, thinking that the very next moment there would be a heavy step outside the door. Then the door would open slowly and the father-director's large, red, melancholy face would appear. Holding his biretta in his hand he would advance slowly down the study, picking his steps with difficulty on account of his corns. He would pause at Cleary's desk and he would tip Cleary's right shoulder gently. Then without a word

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he would walk back again to the door and Cleary would have to follow him.

Cleary kept going over this routine of movement in his mind, and every time he came to the gentle tip on the shoulder, he started and a flow of blood went to his head that made him flush and tremble. It was terrible waiting like this. He had expected the priest every moment since five o'clock, when they had entered the study from the recreation ground. Why had he not come? Why was he torturing him like this?

There were three other boys guilty and they also were waiting, but they all knew that Cleary would be first. Why? Just with the instinct of boyhood and the peculiar cunning that life in a religious seminary engenders, where life is so closely scrutinized and public that each knows the others better than brothers and sisters know one another in a large family. So Cleary was known to be the most religious and devout boy in the scholasticate. The father-director paid especial attention to him. There were great hopes of his ultimate sanctity. Therefore he would be first. It would be through him that the guilt of the others would be made known or concealed. The others knew that. Cleary knew it and he trembled, because he felt that he would never have the courage to hold back information from Father Harty. Already he heard the boys hissing "spy" at him.

At last the ominous sound came. The auxiliaries stopped whispering. Cleary became absolutely numb with terror. He heard the slow irregular footsteps approach. He felt the gentle tip on his shoulder and he heard the priest's asthmatic breathing over him. He rose immediately, and as he followed the priest's broad black back, he cast a hurried glance behind him. The three faces were watching him with terror in their eyes, but also with a peculiar warning look, as much as to say: "You know what you are going to get if you tell."

The father-director's room was across the passage. Cleary was always terrified at that dark door that seemed to lead into a tunnel. On Saturday nights they all waited out-

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side the door and entered into the lamplit gloom to kneel beside the little prayer stool, where Father Harty sat hearing confessions. Now it would be another sort of confession, a more terrible one.

Father Harty never spoke until he had lit the lamp and sunk into his easy chair by the fire. Then he put his head between his hands and rubbed his face from the temples to chin with the peculiar melancholy movement that was customary with him. Cleary, standing by the door, erect and motionless, felt pity and love for the priest. He was tender and kind to him, that priest. Why was he now afraid of that priest?

But it seemed to him now that some other being was sitting in the chair instead of the good priest, who had once been a great athlete and a heavy drinker. This middle-aged man with the red face, on which a terrible mental suffering was stamped, was like an extraordinary and terrible being, merciless, insane, overpowered by a monstrous fanaticism that licked all tenderness and understanding out of his consciousness, like a devilish flame licking up the tender moisture of humanity, leaving only the charred bones of the terrible dogmas that had brought that constant suffering into his features. This was not the kind Father Harty but a terrible fanatic.

Cleary was only sixteen. He had not yet begun to think out of his own experience. Until now he had assimilated without question all the precepts that were offered to his mind, in the lecture rooms, in the chapel and in the study, where Father Harty gave sermons on personal conduct and on the lives of the saints. Cleary's mind was hitherto just a receptacle for all these precepts, and he had shrunk in terror from any personal thought, lest it might lead him into doubt and sin. But now his consciousness had been completely roused by his terror and this first questioning of the justice of the situation in which he was placed. His superiors were not just, something suggested to him. And almost immediately his mind had begun to think independently and he doubted the wisdom of his superiors. And then

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a little wall had thrust itself in front of his own personality, and for the first time in his life he found himself standing behind this wall, ready to fight his superior. That was an enemy sitting in that chair. Not Father Harty whom he loved, but the embodiment of the terrible dogmas that made men do such cruel things as this, this terrible torture of a youth. That was an enemy.

With the extraordinary instinct of youthful persons, whose judgments are not deflected and obscured by elaborate reasonings, he could see the difference as clearly as if there were two persons sitting in the chair instead of one. And from that moment, when this difference became manifest to him, Cleary had ceased to believe in God with his whole soul as he had hitherto done. He no longer loved God as an omnipotent friend and father. He now feared him.

"Well," said the priest heavily, without looking at Cleary, "this is terrible."

There was a short silence. Cleary's legs trembled and his head seemed to go round and round. The sacred pictures on the walls, the gleaming gilt backs of the books on the shelves, the dark polished wainscotting, the oilcloth on the floor, all seemed occult and terrifying to his eyes wandering about, trying to find some point on which to concentrate, instead of on the recumbent figure of the priest.

"How did this happen?" continued the priest sadly. "How did this terrible craze grow within you? If you had been lukewarm and . . . and casual in your devotions, I could perhaps have understood your giving way to this terrible temptation. But I had placed such faith in your purity. I had such hopes of you. Perhaps I encouraged you too much. Conceit is a terrible danger. Francis, tell me everything."

Cleary's lips began to tremble and tears came to his eyes, but he could not speak. The gentle sadness of the priest's voice knocked down the wall of defence at one blow, and Cleary felt himself an utter miscreant. The enormity of his sin appeared so terrible that he abandoned all hope and he was ready to do anything, anything in order to lighten the

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grief of the priest. And yet, at the same time, his overwhelmed mind simmered with revolt against this appeal to his heart. He could not speak, and he was glad that he could not speak.

"Tell me Francis. Open your mind to me. Then this demon of temptation will be overcome. I am certain that you have been led astray by your companions. I have no doubt of it. I could not be so mistaken in your character. Others older and less pure in mind than yourself have been the cause of this. Speak, Francis."

"I can't speak, father," blubbered Cleary, bursting completely into tears. "I have done nothing. I have done nothing."

"But my child, I have just spent an hour with the Father-Superior. An hour. And I tell you it was very hard on me. Very hard. You went to the town this morning to visit the dentist. Father Moran saw you coming out of a tobacconist's shop. He stopped you to ask you what you had bought and found a packet of cigarettes in your pocket. Do you call that nothing?"

Cleary wept, and in weeping he found relief from the load of grief and terror that oppressed his heart. It seemed too that all his pity for the priest had been washed away with the tears. And when the father director mentioned Father Moran, the superior, Cleary knew immediately that he loathed the Father-Superior with a terrible loathing. He loathed his paunch, his fat hands, his fat red neck, his little ferret-like eyes and the syrupy tone of his voice, like the soft loathsome voice of some reptile, hissing and snake-like. And this terrible hatred, so new to his soul, made him cold and hard, so that his mind became clear and active again.

"They were not for myself," he said. "I don't smoke."

"I am glad, Francis," said the priest. "I am very glad. But you must tell me now who they were for. It is your duty to tell me."

The priest sat up suddenly and his face hardened.

"That would not be honourable," muttered Cleary.

"Honourable!" cried the priest. "My God! Where have

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you been hearing these words? In religious life there is nothing honourable but the love of God and obedience to his holy rules. Do you think it's honourable to shield the sinful acts of your fellow postulants? My child, I command you to tell who those cigarettes were for. As your director I command you. You know what disobedience of my order means."

The priest had risen to his feet. Standing he looked enormous in the gloom. Cleary shrunk away in terror. In his terror he thought that the priest was God himself, the terrible avenging God of the testament, who cried: "Spare neither women nor children." His terror had become physical, and he thought that he would immediately be struck dead if he did not speak. But even in that moment of terror, when his lips were going to utter the words that would kill all love in his soul, his mind exulted, for it had become relieved of fear. Henceforth it would be free to exult in thought, free and hidden from observation, with a wall around it, formed by cunning and deceit, to protect it from these terrible exponents of dogmas that were now its enemies.

"They were for John Hourigan and Michael O'Connor and Paddy Kelly," he cried almost in a scream.

"Michael O'Connor, John Hourigan and Paddy Kelly," repeated the priest slowly, as he sat down again in his chair, groaning as he sat.

Then he placed his hands again on his temples and rubbed them slowly down over his face, as if he were erasing some picture from his memory. A phantom.

Cleary's eyes now shone wildly. His body went rigid and he was ready to jump, he thought. His face twitched. But he felt a great relief. He had come to a decision. Nothing mattered to him now. He felt a great strength in his jaws, where they joined the muscles of his neck, and he didn't have to blink his eyes, as he was in the habit of doing. His eyes remained wide open without effort, and the lids seemed to be very cold and rigid.

The priest's attitude changed again. He began to lecture.

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Cleary thoughtlessly repeated the words of the lecture to himself after the priest, while his newly functioning mind planned other things.

"In the first place it's against the rules to go into a shop. Secondly, it's a grave sin to procure the means of sin for another soul. Thirdly, 'tis a . . ."

And his mind exulted, ravenously devouring all sorts of new ideas, let loose into the whole cosmos of things without restraint. Free now and cunning and deceitful, and securely hidden behind a thick wall of deceit, through which nothing could pierce. Free and alone, and hating everything. Free to found a new cosmos, to fashion a new order of thought and a new God. Through hatred to a new love. Through terrible suffering in loneliness to a new light. Through agony to a new peace.

The priest ceased. Then he said.

"Send Michael O'Connor in to me. I will speak to you later about your penance."

Cleary bowed and left the room. He no longer feared entering the study. He went to the auxiliary desk and asked permission to speak to Michael O'Connor. He went to O'Connor and said: "Father Harty wants you." He paid no heed to the threat that O'Connor uttered.

He went to his desk and covering his face with his hands he smiled.

In the morning he would run away, he thought.

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THE YEARBOOK OF THE BRITISH AND IRISH SHORT STORY JUNE, 1925, TO MAY, 1926

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THE BEST BRITISH AND IRISH SHORT STORIES

JUNE 1, 1925, TO MAY 31, 1926.

NOTE. *Only stories by British and Irish authors are listed. American as well as British and Irish periodicals have been reviewed.*

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Christmas Comes to Ireland. Irish Statesman. December 26, 1925.
Romance of Phelim Ruadh. Catholic World. March.
MANNING-SANDERS, GEORGE.
Brothers. Manchester Guardian. December 21, 1925.
Ceremony. English Review. September, 1925.
Ninth Maid. New Leader. April 23.
On the Heights. Manchester Guardian. February 10.
Poll the Martyr. Weekly Westminster. January 2.
Silent Man. Manchester Guardian. August 6, 1925.
Thanksgiving. Manchester Guardian. October 23, 1925.
Whistle. New Leader. January 8.
MARLOW, FANNY.
Fête Galante. Criterion. July, 1925.
MASSIE, CHRIS.
Incredible Truth. Bermondsey Book. December, 1925.
Perfect Fool and the Plain Lady. Colour. April.
Thing. Colour. January.

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MAUGHAM, W. SOMERSET.
Another Man Without a Country. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. March.
End of the Flight. Harper's Bazar. January.
Great Man. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. January. Cosmopolitan. November, 1925.
Honest Woman. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. February.
Man Who Wouldn't Hurt a Fly. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. August, 1925.
Man With the Scar. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. December, 1925. Cosmopolitan, October, 1925.
Yellow Streak. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. October, 1925.
MÉGROZ, PHYLLIS.
Bull. New Statesman. October 3, 1925.
MERRICK, LEONARD.
Cure for Dyspepsia. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. September, 1925.
Elevation of Lulu. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. November, 1925.
METCALFE, JOHN.
Green Caravan. Fortnightly Review. March.
Mole. Double Dealer. June, 1925.
Salvage. New Coterie. November, 1925.
MILLIN, SARAH GERTRUDE.
Expiation. Cosmopolitan. October, 1925.
MITCHELL, JANE G.
Way Home. Irish Statesman. January 2.
MONKHOUSE, ALLAN N.
Down and Out. Manchester Guardian. December 18, 1925.
Enigma. Manchester Guardian. October 14, 1925.
Phantasy. Manchester Guardian. February 16.
Prig. Manchester Guardian. April 1.
MONRO, HAROLD.
Psychic Phenomena. Weekly Westminster. December 19, 1925.

NEWALL, N.
Au'voir. Dial. January.
NEWTE, HORACE.
"Matter of Faith." Adelphi. October, 1925.

O., J. C.
The Dream. Manchester Guardian. May 15.
O'FAOLAIN, S.
In Lilliput. Irish Statesman. February 6.
O'FLAHERTY, LIAM.
Arrest. Weekly Westminster. September 5, 1925.

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At the Forge. New Leader. August 14, 1925.
Charity. Weekly Westminster. July 4, 1925.
Civil War. New Coterie. November, 1925.
Fireman's Death. Weekly Westminster. October 24, 1925.
Grave Reason. New Leader. October 16, 1925.
Idle Gossip. New Leader. February 19.
Inquisition. Adelphi. March.
Limpets. Weekly Westminster. January 30.
Milking Time. Manchester Guardian. August 14, 1925. Dial. December, 1925.
Mother and Son. Weekly Westminster. November 28, 1925.
Moving. Manchester Guardian. November 16, 1925.
Offerings. Outlook (London). March 13.
Poor People. Weekly Westminster. September 26, 1925.
Public Scandal. Manchester Guardian. September 9, 1925.
Stolen Ass. Manchester Guardian. December 3, 1925.
Tent. Calendar. October, 1925.
Terrorist. New Coterie. Spring.
Tinker-Woman's Child. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. October 3, 1925.
Wild Goat's Kid. Dublin Magazine. July, 1925. Dial. August, 1925.
Wounded Cormorant. Nation. (London.) November 28, 1925.
Your Honour. Manchester Guardian. December 24, 1925.

PAVEY, L. A.
Tripper. New Leader. July 24, 1925.

PEARN, V. A.
At Half-Past Five. Empire Review. October, 1925.

PEASE, MAUDE G.
Box. New Age. August 20, 1925.

PHILLPOTTS, EDEN.
Crazywell. Graphic. Christmas Number, 1925.
End of Count Rollo. Hutchinson's Magazine. December, 1925.
George's Masterpiece. Windsor Magazine. January.
Golden Wyandottes. Woman. April.
"Mother's Misfortune." Hutchinson's Magazine. February.
Right of Way. Pearson's Magazine. November, 1925.
Silver Candlesticks. Sovereign Magazine. May.

POTTER, KENNETH.
Hermit. Cornhill Magazine. November, 1925.

POWER, ARTHUR.
Stranded Sailor. Irish Statesman. January 23.

POWYS, T. F.
Adders' Brood. Nation (London). January 9.
Ducky. New Leader. September 4, 1925.

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Golden Gates. Nation (London). April 3.
History of Squire Pooley. Vogue (London). Late April.
Lady Louisa and the Wallflowers. New Leader. February 5.
Mad. Nation (London). August 15, 1925.
Mr. Facey. New Leader. January 1.
Mr. Handy's Wife. Calendar. April.
Mullet and the Swans. New Coterie. November, 1925.
Stubborn Tree. New Coterie. Spring.

PRITCHETT, V. S.
Rain in the Sierra. Irish Statesman. April 24.

PUGH, EDWIN.
Birds of Prey. 20-Story Magazine. November, 1925.

RICHARDSON, ANTHONY.
Eleventh Month of the Eleventh Year. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. October, 1925.
Old Mossy Face. Pearson's Magazine. August, 1925.

RICKWORD, EDGELL.
Pioneers, O Pioneers! Calendar. June, 1925.

SCOULLER, EDWARD.
Defeat. New Leader. May 28.

SKINNER, M. L.
Hand. Adelphi. May.

STEVENSON, G. H.
Passion. Adelphi. April.

STONE, CHRISTOPHER.
Shaving Brush. London Mercury. January.

STRUTHER, JAN.
Cobbler, Cobbler, Mend My Shoe. G. K.'s Weekly. October 24, 1925.

SWEENEY, W. H. ("VOYOU.")
John Byrne's Appointment. G. K.'s Weekly. October 24, 1925.
Philosopher. G. K.'s Weekly. May 29.
Terror in the Night. G. K.'s Weekly. November 7, 1925.

THOMPSON, C. PATRICK.
Penny. British American. December, 1925.

THORNTON, D. M.
Two Words. Weekly Westminster. October 3, 1925.

THORP, M. M.
Stella Mary. English Review. November, 1925.

THORPE, JULIAN.
Tactics. Dial. May.

THURSTON, E. TEMPLE.
Cock of the Hat. Home Magazine. January.
To-hell Corkery. Hutchinson's Magazine. March.

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TOMLINSON, H. M.
Changeling. Sphere. March 20.
Good Human Story. Sphere. December 12, 1925.
Stormy Petrel. Sphere. March 6.
Under the Microscope. Sphere. February 6.
TOWNEND, W.
Bolshevik. Strand Magazine. September, 1925.
TURNER, JOHN HASTINGS.
Window. London Magazine. September, 1925.

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WALPOLE, HUGH.
Adventure of the Beautiful Things. Windsor Magazine. June, 1925.
Mr. Oddy. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. May. Cosmopolitan. March.
Mrs. Hunt. Pears' Annual, 1926.
Under the Colossi. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. December, 1925.
WARREN, C. HENRY.
And Take Away One. New Leader. November 27, 1925.
WAUGH, ALEC.
Rewards of Courage. Fortnightly Review. October, 1925.
WEST, REBECCA.
Magician of Pell Street. Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine. April.
WETJEN, ALBERT RICHARD.
Lamp-Trimmer of the Oddistar. Cassell's Magazine. March. Collier's Weekly. February 6.
North of the World. Story-Teller. July, 1925.
Pound for Pound. Story-Teller. April. Saturday Evening Post. December 26, 1925.
WHARTON, ANTHONY.
"Beautiful Day." Empire Review. March.
WILLIAMS-ELLIS, A.
Old Ivor Jones. New Leader. October 9, 1925.
WYLIE, I. A. R.
Old People. Saturday Evening Post. April 17.

YOUNG, FRANCIS BRETT.
Balalaika. Story-Teller. January.

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ARTICLES ON THE SHORT STORY IN BRITISH AND IRISH PERIODICALS

JUNE 1, 1925, TO MAY 31, 1926.

NOTE. *Capital letters are employed to indicate the author of an article.*

"A. E."
W. B. Yeats. Irish Statesman. October 17, 1925. (5:176.)

A., J.
Princess Bibesco. Queen. September 30, 1925. (22.)
Allan Monkhouse. Queen. September 30, 1925. (22.)

AAS, L.
Knut Hamsun. Bookman (London). December, 1925. (69: 147.)

ADCOCK, ST. JOHN.
J. M. Barrie. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. December 5, 1925. (i.)
Archibald Marshall. Bookman (London). September, 1925. (68:288.)

"AFFABLE HAWK."
Anton Chekhov. New Statesman. June 20, 1925. (25:284.)
Anatole France. New Statesman. July 4, 1925. (25:339.)
James Joyce. New Statesman. September 5, 1925. (25:574.)
Count Lyof Tolstoi. New Statesman. August 29, 1925. (25:551.) May 1. (27:83.)
H. G. Wells. New Statesman. August 29, 1925. (25:551.)
Oscar Wilde. New Statesman. July 18, 1925. (25:395.)

"Afghan."
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 25, 1925. (24:433.)
By E. B. Osborn. Morning Post. July 10, 1925. (7.)

Aiken, Conrad.
Anonymous. Adelphi. June, 1925. (3:73.)
Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. June 12, 1925. (7.)
By J. F. H. Calendar. September, 1925. (2:68.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. July 4, 1925. (25:340.)
By Edwin Muir. Criterion. July, 1925. (3:583.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Weekly Westminster. June 27, 1925. (4:237.)
By Milton Waldman. London Mercury. July, 1925. (12:319.)
By Ida A. R. Wylie. Queen. August 12, 1925. (27.)

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ALDINGTON, RICHARD.
Madame de Charrière. Nation (London). January 9. (38: 526.)
James Joyce. Vogue. Early May. (96.)
"Aleichem, Shalon."
By Hannah Berman. Bermondsey Book. March. (102.)
"ALIX."
André Maurois. Time and Tide. May 28. (7:477.)
ALMEDINGEN, EDITH M.
Ladislas Reymont. English Review. January. (42:119.)
American Short Stories.
Anonymous. Adelphi. September, 1925. (3:305.)
Anonymous. Nation (London). May 22. (39:186.)
Anonymous. Now and Then. Summer, 1925. (34.)
Anonymous. Spectator. July 4, 1925. (26.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 4, 1925. (24:385.) December 3, 1925. (24:828.)
By Henry Baerlein. Bookman (London). October, 1925. (69: 36.)
By Ivor Brown. Manchester Guardian. June 26, 1925. (7.)
By A. E. Coppard. Manchester Guardian. November 20, 1925. (7.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. April 18. (8.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). May 1. (141: 576.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. December 12, 1925. (26: 273.)
By Susan L. Mitchell. Irish Statesman. July 11, 1925. (4:562.)
By Allan Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. April 1. (7.)
Andersen, Hans Christian.
By Robert Lynd. John o' London's Weekly. December 26, 1925. (14:498.)
By L. M. Shortt. Fortnightly Review. August, 1925. (118:190.)
By J. C. Squire. Observer. August 2, 1925. (4.)
Anderson, Sherwood.
Anonymous. G. K.'s Weekly. July 4, 1925. (1:357.)
Anonymous. John o' London's Weekly. August 1, 1925. (13: 577.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. September 5, 1925. (25:576.)
Anonymous. Observer. August 2, 1925. (4.)
Anonymous, Saturday Review. (London.) August 1, 1925. (140:137.)
Anonymous. Spectator. September 12, 1925. (420.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. August 20, 1925. (24: 541.)
By L. P. Hartley. Calendar. August, 1925. (1:480.)

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By "Lydia Languish." John o' London's Weekly. May 8. (15: 184.)
By Raymond Mortimer. Vogue. (London.) Early July, 1925. (39.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). July 11, 1925. (37:462.)
By Edward Shillito. Sunday Times. July 5, 1925. (9.)
By A. C. Ward. Bookman (London). October, 1925. (69: 52.)

Andreyev, Leonid.
By Maxim Gorki. Dublin Magazine. July, 1925. (2:768.) August, 1925. (3:1.)
By Alexander Kaun. Slavonic Review. June, 1925. (4:137.)

Anker-Larsen, J.
By W. W. Worster. Fortnightly Review. December, 1925. (118: 802.)

Argentine Short Story.
Anonymous. Saturday Review. (London.) April 3. (141:441.)

Arlen, Michael.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. June 12, 1925. (17.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. June 12, 1925. (9.)
Anonymous. Observer. June 14, 1925. (4.)
Anonymous. Spectator. July 25, 1925. (171.)
Anonymous. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. June 27, 1925. (4: 318.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 25, 1925. (24: 433.)
By Gerald Bullett. Saturday Review (London). June 13, 1925. (139:646.)
By P. G. Weekly Westminster. July 4, 1925. (4:258.)
By H. C. Harwood. Manchester Guardian. July 3, 1925. (7.)
Outlook. (London.) June 13, 1925. (55:393.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. July 4, 1925. (25:340.)
By "Lydia Languish." John o' London's Weekly. June 27, 1925. (13:400.)
By Louis J. McQuilland. G. K.'s Weekly. June 20, 1925. (1: 310.)
By James Milne. Graphic. June 6, 1925. (111:966.) June 20, 1925. (111:1086.)
By Raymond Mortimer. Vogue (London). Early July, 1925. (39.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). June 20, 1925. (37:372.)
By Ward Muir. Sphere. July 18, 1925. (102:64.)
By Sir Denison Ross. English Life. August, 1925. (5:244.)
By C. A. Dawson Scott. Bookman (London). August, 1925. (68:252.)
By John Shand. Adelphi. March. (3:674.)

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By Milton Waldman. London Mercury. October, 1925. (12: 658.)
By Ida A. R. Wylie. Queen. July 1, 1925. (16.)
ARMSTRONG, MARTIN.
A. E. Coppard. Now and Then. Summer, 1925. (8.)
Austin, F. Britten.
Anonymous. Empire Review. April. (43:385.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). March 27. (54:248.)
By Coulson Kernahan. Bookman (London). April. (70:35.)
AUSTIN, HESTER J.
Lafcadio Hearn. London Mercury. February. (13:415.)
Austin, William.
Anonymous. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. July 11, 1925. (4: 387.)
Averchenko, Arkady.
By E. S. Slavonic Review. March. (4:772.)

B., A. A.
Robert Louis Stevenson. Cornhill. September, 1925. (351:355.)
B., C. E.
Lafcadio Hearn. Illustrated London News. July 11, 1925. (167: 66.)
B., E. F.
Robert Louis Stevenson. G. K.'s Weekly. July 18, 1925. (1:391.)
B., H.
R. Murray Gilchrist. Manchester Guardian. May 21. (5.)
Louis Hémon. Bookman (London). January. (69:230.)
Robert Herrick. Manchester Guardian. February 19. (7.)
Frank Penn-Smith. Manchester Guardian. July 10, 1925. (6.)
Eden Phillpotts. Manchester Guardian. August 21, 1925. (7.)
B., P.
Joseph Conrad. Westminster Gazette. March 10. (6.)
Babel, I.
By Prince D. S. Mirsky. Nation. (London.) January 23, 1926. (38:581.)
Bachmann, Robert.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. October 1, 1925. (24: 636.)
BAERLEIN, HENRY.
American Short Stories. Bookman (London). October, 1925. (69:36.)
Bailey, H. C.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). June, 1925. (68:178.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. June 5, 1925. (15.)
Baldwin, Mrs. Alfred.
Anonymous. G. K.'s Weekly. July 4, 1925. (1:358.)

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Balzac, Honoré de.
By E. V. Odle. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. October 3, 1925. (4:746.)
Barcynska, Countess.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 18, 1925. (24: 417.)
Baring, Maurice.
Anonymous. Nation (London). April 24. (39:105.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. April 15. (25:280.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). April 17. (57:298.)
By Ralph Strauss. Sunday Times. April 18. (9.)
Barrie, Sir J. M.
By St. John Adcock. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. December 5, 1925. (i.)
By Marian C. Lochhead. Scots Magazine. June, 1925. (3:197.)
Bashford, H. H.
Anonymous. Morning Post. December 4, 1925. (9.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. January 2. (26:368.)
Anonymous. Observer. November 8, 1925. (5.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). November 14, 1925. (56:330.)
By Susan L. Mitchell. Irish Statesman. November 14, 1925. (5:309.)
By A. N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. November 27, 1925. (7.)
Beith, Ian Hay. *See* "Hay, Ian."
Belbin, Ashley.
William Le Queux. Hutchinson's Magazine. November, 1925. (14:447.)
Bennett, Arnold.
By Edwin Muir. Calendar. June, 1925. (1:290.)
Benson, E. F.
Robert Louis Stevenson. London Mercury. July, 1925. (12:268.) August, 1925. (12:372.)
Bercovici, Konrad.
Anonymous. Morning Post. June 12, 1925. (9.)
Anonymous. Nation (London). June 27, 1925. (37:406.)
Anonymous. Spectator. September 19, 1925. (460.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 25, 1925. (24: 433.)
Anonymous. Weekly Westminster. July 4, 1925. (4:261.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. August 15, 1925. (25:504.)
By Susan L. Mitchell. Irish Statesman. July 11, 1925. (4:562.)
By F. R. Manchester Guardian. July 3, 1925. (7.)
Berman, Hannah.
"Shalom Aleichem." Bermondsey Book. March. (102.)

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Bibesco, Princess Elizabeth.
By J. A. Queen. September 30, 1925. (22.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. September 22, 1925. (7.)
Anonymous. Observer. September 27, 1925. (4.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). October 24, 1925. (140:482.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. September 24, 1925. (24:616.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). October 3, 1925. (56:230.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. October 24, 1925. (26:49.)
By Allan Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. October 23, 1925. (7.)
By Ralph Straus. Sunday Times. October 18, 1925. (9.)
Bierce, Ambrose.
By Thomas Burke. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. March 6. (5:675)
By Y. O. Irish Statesman. May 22. (6:304.)
Biron, Sir Chartres.
Maxim Gorki. London Mercury. July, 1925. (12:325.)
Lafcadio Hearn. London Mercury. November, 1925. (13:104.)
Blackmore, R. D.
By S. M. Ellis. Bookman (London). June, 1925. (68:141.)
By Robert Lynd. John o' London's Weekly. June 6, 1925. (13:301.)
Blackwood, Algernon.
Anonymous. Time and Tide. September 11, 1925.
By Walter Tittle. Illustrated London News. July 25, 1925. (167:170.)
Blake, George.
Anton Chekhov. John o' London's Weekly. February 20. (14:773.)
Blasco Ibáñez, Vicente.
Anonymous. Nation (London). May 22. (39:184.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. April 29. (25:320.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. April 23. (7.)
By Leslie Richardson. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. February 13. (5:587.)
Bouffers, Stanislas Jean de.
By Bonamy Dobrée. Observer. May 30. (6.)
Bowen, Elizabeth.
Anonymous. Morning Post. April 3. (17.)
Anonymous. Nation (London). May 29. (39:211.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. April 22. (25:300.)
By A. E. Coppard. Manchester Guardian. April 30. (7.)

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By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). May 22. 57:360.)
Bower, Marian.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. August 14, 1925. (13.)
Anonymous. G. K.'s Weekly. November 7, 1925. (2:199.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. October 3, 1925. (25:705.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. September 3, 1925. (24:567.)
By S. H. Queen. November 11, 1925. (4.)
By C. F. K. Manchester Guardian. September 11, 1925. (7.)
Boylesve, René.
By Edmund Gosse. Sunday Times. January 31. (8.)
Brailsford, H. N.
Count Lyof Tolstoi. New Leader. February 19. (10.)
British Short Story.
Anonymous. Adelphi. June, 1925. (3:73.) September, 1925. (3:305.)
Anonymous. Daily News. January 4. (6.)
Anonymous. Now and Then. Summer, 1925. (34.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. April 29. (25:320.)
By Ivor Brown. Manchester Guardian. March 5. (7.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). March 13. (141:342.)
By H. C. Harwood. Manchester Guardian. November 27, 1925. (7.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. March 13. (26:680.)
By Sylvia Lynd. Time and Tide. February 19. (7:176.)
By L. R. Irish Statesman. March 6. (5:802.)
By "Oliver Scribe." T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. June 20, 1925. (4:278.)
Brontë, Charlotte.
Anonymous. New Statesman. November 21, 1925. (26:180.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. November 12, 1925. (24:753.)
By Davidson Cook. Bookman (London). November, 1925. (69:100.)
By Sylvia Lynd. Daily News. November 25, 1925. (4.)
By George Sampson. Observer. November 15, 1925. (4.)
By Arthur Waugh. Daily Telegraph. November 3, 1925. (15.)
By Leonard Woolf. Nation (London). November 14, 1925. (38:260.)
Brown, Ivor.
British Short Story. Manchester Guardian. June 26, 1925. (7.) March 5. (7.)
Buchan, John.
By Marian C. Lochhead. Scots Magazine. July, 1925. (3:282.)

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"Michael Arlen." Saturday Review (London). June 13, 1925. (139:646.)

A. E. Coppard. Saturday Review (London). June 13, 1925. (139:646.)

Wilfranc Hubbard. Saturday Review (London). August 1, 1925. (140:135.)

Violet Hunt. Saturday Review (London). September 12, 1925. (140:290.)

L. A. G. Strong. Saturday Review (London). July 4, 1825. (140:15.)

Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland. Saturday Review (London). July 4, 1925. (140:15.)

Bullett, Gerald.

Anonymous. Bookman (London). October, 1925. (69:58.)

Anonymous. Morning Post. September 11, 1925. (7.)

Anonymous. Nation (London). October 10, 1925. (38:66.)

Anonymous. New Statesman. September 12, 1925. (25:605.)

Anonymous. Observer. September 6, 1925. (4.)

Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). September 19, 1925. (140:314.)

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. September 3, 1925. (24:568.)

By A. E. Coppard. Manchester Guardian. October 9, 1925. (7.)

By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). September 19, 1925. (56:186.)

By Susan L. Mitchell. Irish Statesman. September 26, 1925. (5:87).

By H. L. Morrow. Daily News. September 23, 1925. (4.)

By Perceval Nash. Bookman's Journal. October, 1925. (13:24.)

By R. Ellis Roberts. Weekly Westminster. October 17, 1925. (4:646.)

By N. G. Royde-Smith. Time and Tide. November 27, 1925. (6:1164.)

By Milton Waldman. London Mercury. November, 1925. (13:97.)

BULLOCH, J. M.

Francis Bret Harte. Sunday Times. March 21. (9.)

BURDETT, OSBERT.

Frank Harris. Bermondsey Book. September, 1925. (2:44.)

Edith Wharton. London Mercury. November, 1925. (13:52.)

BURKE, THOMAS.

Ambrose Bierce. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. March 6. (5:675.)

BYRNE, DONN.

By T. P. O'Connor. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. October 3, 1925. (5:39.)

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C., A.
Joseph Conrad. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. April 3. (5: 833.)
CANDLER, EDMUND.
Washington Irving. Time and Tide. December 11, 1925. (6: 1217.)
Candler, Edmund.
By N. G. Royde-Smith. Time and Tide. November 27, 1925. (6:1164.)
Canton, William.
By Katherine Tynan. Bookman (London). October, 1925. (69:10.)
Carco, Francis.
By Sisley Huddleston. John o' London's Weekly. July 4, 1925. (13:458.)
CARDINGTON, LORD THOMAS OF.
Anonymous. Spectator. May 22. (875.)
CAREW, DUDLEY.
Virginia Woolf. London Mercury. May. (14:40.)
Carleton, William.
By Cahir Healy. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. September 26, 1925. (4:723.)
CARLTON, MARJORIE.
Sarah Gertrude Millin. Queen. January 2. (16.)
Cather, Willa Sibert.
By Alexander Porterfield. London Mercury. March. (13: 516.)
Charrière, Madame de.
By Richard Aldington. Nation (London). January 9. (38: 526.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. December 18, 1925. (18.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. December 26, 1925. (26:336.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. December 17, 1925. (24:879.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). December 26, 1925. (140:773.)
By "Lydia Languish." John o' London's Weekly. January 16. (14:584.)
By Allan Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. January 15. (7.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Weekly Westminster. December 19, 1925. (5:178.)
By J. St. Loe Strachey. Spectator. February 2. (324.)
By Arthur Waugh. Daily Telegraph. December 22, 1925. (15.)
CHEKHOV, ANTON.
Letters to Olga Leonardovna Knipper. Spectator. March 6. (428.)

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Chekhov, Anton.

By Actors of the Moscow Art Theatre. Spectator. November 7, 1925. (821.) December 5, 1925. (1029.)
By "Affable Hawk." New Statesman. June 20, 1925. (25:284.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. December 4, 1925. (9.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. November 1, 1925.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. October 29, 1925. (24:713.) March 18. (25:206.)
By George Blake. John o' London's Weekly. February 20. (14: 773.)
By W. L. Courtney. Daily Telegraph. October 23, 1925. (7.) February 19. (15.)
By Bonamy Dobrée. Nation (London). March 13. (38:418.)
By Hugh I'A. Fausset. Bookman (London). March. (69:315.)
By E. G. Manchester Guardian. December 22, 1925. (7.)
By Mary Agnes Hamilton. Time and Tide. March 12. (7:248.)
By "Journeyman." Adelphi. November, 1925. (3:448.)
By Sylvia Lynd. Time and Tide. October 30, 1925. (6:1056.) Daily News. January 28. (4.)
By H. C. Minchin. Sunday Times. April 11. (8.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. February 15. (5.)
By Henry W. Nevinson. New Leader. May 28. (10.)
By P. S. O'H. Irish Statesman. April 10. (6:132.)
By Eric Ponder. John o' London's Weekly. June 6, 1925. (13: 308.)
By J. B. Priestley. Saturday Review (London). October 17, 1925. (140:446.)
By George Sampson. Bookman (London). December, 1925. (69:170.)
By Edward Shanks. Saturday Review (London). January 30. (141:125.)
By L. A. Soulerzhitsky. Spectator. October 24, 1925. (701.)
By Max Temple. Queen. February 3. (23.)

Chesterton, G. K.

Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated London News. July 18, 1925. (167:98.) July 25, 1925. (167:148.)

Chesterton, G. K.

Anonymous. John o' London's Weekly. June 27, 1925. (13:431.)
Anonymous. Spectator. July 11, 1925. (78.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. June 14, 1925. (9.)
Anonymous. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. July 4, 1925. (4: 362.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 18, 1925. (24: 417.)
By Brodie Fraser. Sunday Times. June 7, 1925. (9.)

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By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. August 15, 1925. (25:504.)
By Louis J. McQuilland. G. K.'s Weekly. June 27, 1925. (1: 333.)
By James Milne. Graphic. June 27, 1925. (111:134.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. July 10, 1925. (6.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Bookman (London). August, 1925. (68: 258.)
By J. C. Squire. Observer. June 14, 1925. (4.)
By Milton Waldman. London Mercury. August, 1925. (12: 433.)

Child, Richard Washburn.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. December 8, 1925. (6.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. October 27, 1925. (8.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. October 22, 1925. (24: 694.)

CHURCH, RICHARD.
Fyodor Dostoevsky. New Age. May 20. (39:25.)
H. G. Wells. Calendar. November, 1925. (2:201.)

Clémenceau, Georges.
By the Hon. Neville Lytton. English Life. April. (6:374.)

CLIFFORD, MRS. W. K.
Maurice Hewlett. Observer. April 10. (22.)

Cohen, Octavus Roy.
Anonymous. Morning Post. August 7, 1925. (7.)

Colum, Padraic.
By BIS. Manchester Guardian. January 15. (7.)
By Y. O. Irish Statesman. December 26, 1925. (5:500.)

Connell, Richard.
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. February 13. (26:548.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. January 29.

Conrad, Joseph.
Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. November 16. 1925. (5.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. October 30, 1925. (6.) March 3. (12.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. May 1. (27:84.)
Anonymous. Spectator. April 24. (765.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. March 4. (25:159.)
By P. B. Westminster Gazette. March 10. (6.)
By A. C. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. April 3. (5:833.)
By Mrs. Joseph Conrad. Bookman's Journal. July, 1925. (12: 135.)
By Sidney Dark. John o' London's Weekly. August 29, 1925. (13:671.)

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By Monica M. Gardiner. Spectator. August 1, 1925. (190.)
By Mary Agnes Hamilton. Time and Tide. March 26. (7:308.)
By A. K. English Review. May. (42:714.)
By E. E. Kellett. London Mercury. March. (13:485.)
By Jack McLaren. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. July 25, 1925. (4:448.)
By R. L. Mégroz. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. March 6. (5: 680.)
By H. C. Minchin. Sunday Times. March 14. (9.)
By Herbert Read. Nation (London). April 3. (39:20.)
By Leslie Richardson. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. December 19, 1925. (5:341.)
By Cecil Roberts. Bookman (London). November, 1925. (69: 95.)
By Clement K. Shorter. Sphere. October 31, 1925. (103: 157.)
By Arthur Symons. Manchester Guardian. December 17, 1925. (16.)
By H. M. Tomlinson. Observer. March 14. (6.)
By A. S. W. Manchester Guardian. March 3. (7.)
By C. H. W. Bookman (London). January. (69:224.)
By Arthur Waugh. Daily Telegraph. March 16. (15.)

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Joseph Conrad. Bookman's Journal. July, 1925. (12:135.)

Conyers, Dorothea.

Anonymous. G. K.'s Weekly. July 25, 1925. (1:430.)
Anonymous. Observer. June 14, 1925. (4.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 25, 1925. (24: 433.)

COOK, DAVIDSON.

Charlotte Brontë. Bookman (London.) November, 1925. (69: 100.)

COPPARD, A. E.

American Short Stories. Manchester Guardian. November 20, 1925. (7.)
Elizabeth Bowen. Manchester Guardian. April 30. (7.)
Gerald Bullett. Manchester Guardian. October 9, 1925. (7.)
Louis Hémon. Manchester Guardian. October 30, 1925. (7.)

Coppard, A. E.

Anonymous. Adelphi. August, 1925. (3:230.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. June 19, 1925. (17.)
Anonymous. G. K.'s Weekly. July 4, 1925. (1:356.)
Anonymous. Nation (London). June 27, 1925. (37:406.)
Anonymous. Now and Then. Summer, 1925. (34.)
Anonymous. Spectator. August 1, 1925. (205.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 11, 1925. (24: 397.)

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Anonymous. Weekly Westminster. June 27, 1925. (4:240.)
By Martin Armstrong. Now and Then. Summer, 1925. (8.)
By Gerald Bullett. Saturday Review (London). June 13, 1925. (139:646.)
By L. P. Hartley. Calendar. July, 1925. (1:408.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). June 20, 1925. (55: 414.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. July 18, 1925. (25:396.)
By Susan L. Mitchell. Irish Statesman. June 27, 1925. (4:497.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. June 19, 1925. (9.)
By Hermon Ould. Bookman (London). August, 1925. (68: 254.)
By John Sydenham. Empire Review. September, 1925. (42:293.)
By C. H. W. New Leader. September 18, 1925. (12.)

Corder, R. E.
Anonymous. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. June 20, 1925. (4: 292.)

COURTNEY, W. L.
Anton Chekhov. Daily Telegraph. October 23, 1925. (7.) February 19. (15.)
Fyodor Dostoevsky. Daily Telegraph. October 2, 1925. (13.)
Austin R. Freeman. Daily Telegraph. July 3, 1925. (15.)
Maurice Hewlett. Daily Telegraph. March 5. (6.)

Cromartie, Countess of.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. January 7. (10.)

Cunninghame-Graham, R. B.
Anonymous. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. August 29, 1925. (4: 604.)
By Marian C. Lochhead. Scots Magazine. August, 1925. (3: 395.)

Czech Short Stories.
Anonymous. Daily News. December 2, 1925. (4.)
Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. August 21, 1925. (7.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. September 3, 1925. (24:567.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). September 12, 1925. (37: 708.)

DARK, SIDNEY.
Joseph Conrad. John o' London's Weekly. August 29, 1925. (13: 671.)
Lafcadio Hearn. John o' London's Weekly. July 18, 1925. (13: 506.)

De la Mare, Walter.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. December 1, 1925. (15.)

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Anonymous. Empire Review. February. (43:175.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. November 13, 1925. (15.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. March 20. (26: 720.)
Anonymous. Observer. November 22, 1925. (6.)
Anonymous. Spectator. December 19, 1925. (1156.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. November 26, 1925. (24:797.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. December 12, 1925. (26: 273.)
By Sylvia Lynd. Daily News. December 2, 1925. (4.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). December 19, 1925. (38: 440.)
By H. W. Nevinson. New Leader. December 11, 1925. (10.)

DEVALDÈS, MANUEL.

Han Ryner. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. February 13. (5: 581.)

DINGLE, REGINALD J.

Anatole France. London Mercury. October, 1925. (12:627.)

DOBRÉE, BONAMY.

Stanislas Jean de Boufflers. Observer. May 30. (6.)
Anton Chekhov. Nation (London). March 13. (38:418).
Rudyard Kipling. Nation (London). February 20. (38:178.)

DOSTOEVSKY, FYODOR.

Grand Inquisitor. New Age. October 15, 1925. (37:281.) October 22, 1925. (37:296.) October 29, 1925. (37:310.) November 19, 1925. (38:31.) November 26, 1925. (38:44.)
Letter to Pauline Souslov. Calendar. March. (1:44.)
Notebooks. New Age. September 10, 1925. (37:223.) September 17, 1925. (37:234.)

DOSTOEVSKY, FYODOR.

Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. May 24.
Anonymous. Morning Post. April 5. (7.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. March 25. (25:232.)
By Richard Church. New Age. May 20. (39:25.)
By W. L. Courtney. Daily Telegraph. October 2, 1925. (13.)
By Madame Dostoevsky. Calendar. June, 1925. (1:277.) July, 1925. (1:369.) August, 1925. (1:464.) October–November, 1925. (2:190.) T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. August 29, 1925. (4:591.) December 26, 1925. (5:359.) January 2. (5:400.) January 9. (5:428.) January 16. (5:461.) Nation (London). January 16. (38:551.) New Age. December 17, 1925. (38:80.) December 24, 1925. (38:93.)
By Mary Agnes Hamilton. Time and Tide. May 28. (7:475.)
By Bertram Higgins. Calendar. October, 1925. (2:142.)
By Sylvia Lynd. Daily News. May 25. (4.)
By Desmond MacCarthy. Empire Review. April. (43:377.)

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By H. P. Marshall. London Mercury. April. (13:659.)
By Prince D. S. Mirsky. Nation (London). May 22. (39: 180.)
By Charles Morgan. Observer. March 28. (7.)
By C. Nabokoff. Contemporary Review. February. (129:211.)
By E. S. Westminster Gazette. May 20. (6.)
By George Sampson. Bookman (London). November, 1925. (69:130.)

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Fyodor Dostoevsky. Calendar. June, 1925. (1:277.) July, 1925. (1:369.) August, 1925. (1:464.) October-November, 1925. (2:190.) T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. August 29, 1925. (4: 591.) December 26, 1925. (5:359.) January 2. (5:400.) January 9. (5:428.) January 16. (5:461.) Nation (London). January 16. (38:551.) New Age. December 17, 1925. (38:80.) December 24, 1925. (38:93.)

Douglas, Norman.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). February. (69:284.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. December 3, 1925. (24:828.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. December 31, 1925. (5.)
By Forrest Reid. Irish Statesman. December 5, 1925. (5:404.)

Downey, Alan.
By J. M. Irish Statesman. May 29. (6:333.)

Dowson, Ernest.
By Charles Stonehill. Bookman's Journal. September, 1925. (12: 229.)

"Doyle, Lynn."
Anonymous. Bookman (London). December, 1925. (69:189.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. October 27, 1925. (8.)
By J. W. G. Irish Statesman. October 24, 1925. (5:214.)
By C. F. K. Manchester Guardian. November 20, 1925. (7.)

Dreiser, Theodore.
By C. Hartley Grattan. Nation (London). September 30, 1925. (121:361.)

Duffy, P. J. O'Connor.
By Susan L. Mitchell. Irish Statesman. October 17, 1925. (5: 180.)

DYBOSKI, ROMAN.
Ladislas Reymont. Slavonic Review. March. (4:552.)
Stefan Zeromski. Slavonic Review. March. (4:552.)

ELDER, FRANCIS.
Robert Louis Stevenson. Weekly Westminster. August 29, 1925. (4:451.)

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Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. January 14. (26.)
Ellis, S. M.
R. D. Blackmore. Bookman (London). June, 1925. (68:141.)
Montague Rhodes James. Bookman (London). December, 1925. (69:189.)
Guy de Maupassant. Bookman (London). August, 1925. (68: 254.)

F., G. M.
James P. McGinity. Irish Statesman. July 25, 1925. (4:623.)
Farjeon, Eleanor.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). October, 1925. (69:60.)
Anonymous. John o' London's Weekly. August 15, 1925. (13: 633.)
Anonymous. Observer. July 26, 1925. (5.)
Anonymous. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. September 5, 1925. (4:634.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. August 6, 1925. (24: 519.)
Anonymous. Weekly Westminster. August 29, 1925. (4:457.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). August 1, 1925. (56: 74.)
By M. A. L. Manchester Guardian. August 21, 1925. (7.)
By Kathleen McCloy. Queen. August 26, 1925. (17.)
By Louis J. McQuilland. G. K.'s Weekly. July 25, 1925. (1:429.)
By James Milne. Graphic. July 25, 1925. (112: 160.)
By Thomas Moult. Time and Tide. August 28, 1925. (6:840.)
By Milton Waldman. London Mercury. September, 1925. (12: 542.)
Fausset, H. I'A.
Anton Chekhov. Bookman (London). March. (69:315.)
Thomas Hardy. Manchester Guardian. December 29, 1925. (5.)
Maurice Hewlett. Adelphi. April. (3:757.)
Ferenczy, Arpad.
Anonymous. G. K.'s Weekly. July 25, 1925. (1:431.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. July 23, 1925. (24: 494.)
Ford, Stanley.
Anonymous. Nation (London). May 22. (39:188.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). April 17. (57:298.)
Forster, E. M.
Lyof Tolstoi. New Leader. September 4, 1925. (11.)
Fowler, Ellen Thornycroft.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. March 11. (25:180.)

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France, Anatole.
By "Affable Hawk." New Statesman. July 4, 1925. (25:339.)
Anonymous. Adelphi. August, 1925. (3:227.)
Anonymous. Blackwood's Magazine. June, 1925. (217:864.)
Anonymous. Bookman's Journal. August, 1925. (12:195.)
Anonymous. John o' London's Weekly. June 27, 1925. (13:419.)
Anonymous. New Age. August 13, 1925. (37:177.)
Anonymous. Observer. June 21, 1925. (5.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). June 20, 1925. (139: 678.)
Anonymous. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. July 18, 1925. (4: 409.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 11, 1925. (24: 399.) December 10, 1925. (24:863.)
By Reginald Dingle. London Mercury. October, 1925. (12:627.)
By Richard King. Eve. June 15, 1925. (22:58.)
By D. S. Meldrum. Bookman (London). August, 1925. (68: 251.)
By James Milne. Graphic. July 18, 1925. (112:101.)
By H. W. Nevinson. New Leader. December 11, 1925. (10.)
By H. M. Tomlinson. Weekly Westminster. June 13, 1925. (4: 185.)
By Leonard Woolf. Nation (London). June 20, 1925. (37:370.)

Fraser, Brodie.
G. K. Chesterton. Sunday Times. June 7, 1925. (9.)
Violet Hunt. Sunday Times. August 23, 1925. (3.)

Freeman, J. H.
George Gissing. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. October 31, 1925. (5:44.)

Freeman, R. Austin.
Anonymous. John o' London's Weekly. July 18, 1925. (13:515.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. July 5, 1925. (10.)
By W. L. Courtney. Daily Telegraph. July 3, 1925. (15.)

G., E.
Anton Chekhov. Manchester Guardian. December 22, 1925. (7.)
Nikolay Gogol. Manchester Guardian. April 14. (7.)
Edgar Allan Poe. Manchester Guardian. February 1. (5.)
Alexander Pushkin. Manchester Guardian. April 14. (7.)

G., J. W.
"Lynn Doyle." Irish Statesman. October 24, 1925. (5:214.)

G., L.
Eden Phillpotts. Sphere. July 25, 1925. (ii.)

G., P.
"Michael Arlen." Weekly Westminster. July 4, 1925. (4:258.)

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Galsworthy, John.
Anonymous. Empire Review. June, 1925. (41:674.)
Anonymuos. English Review. June, 1925. (11:825.)
By Eric Ponder. John o' London's Weekly. June 6, 1925. (13: 308.)
Galt, John.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. October 29, 1925. (24: 715.)
By H. B. C. Manchester Guardian. November 13, 1925. (7.)
GARDINER, MONICA M.
Joseph Conrad. Spectator. August 1, 1925. (190.)
GARMAN, DOUGLAS.
American Short Story. Calendar. August, 1925. (1:487.)
British Short Story. Calendar. August, 1925. (1:487.)
GARNETT, EDWARD.
Ernest Rhys. Weekly Westminster. January 9. (5:247.)
Garnett, Richard.
By C. E. M. Joad. New Leader. September 18, 1925. (12.)
Gaskell, Elizabeth Cleghorn.
By E. B. Osborn. John o' London's Weekly. December 19, 1925. (14:468.)
George, W. L.
By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Fortnightly Review. April. (119:521.)
Ghost Stories.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. December 8, 1925. (17.)
GIBBON, WOLF.
Maxim Gorki. Irish Statesman. July 4, 1925. (4:536.)
Gilchrist, Robert Murray.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. April 29. (25:320.)
By H. B. Manchester Guardian. May 21. (5.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). May 22. (141: 623.)
By E. B. Osborn. Morning Post. April 23. (6.)
Gissing, George.
By J. H. Freeman. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. October 31, 1925. (5:44.)
By Austin Harrison. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. April 24. (6: 23.)
Glass, Montague.
Anonymous. Morning Post. October 27, 1925. (8.)
Godineau, Comte de.
By J. M. Hone. Irish Statesman. April 17. (6:158.)
Gogol, Nikolai.
Anonymous. Nation (London). February 13. (38:684.) May 22. (39:184.)

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Anonymous. Spectator. May 22. (871.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. February 18. (25: 115.) May 27. (25:349.)
By E. G. Manchester Guardian. April 14. (7.)
By Clarence A. Manning. Slavonic Review. March. (4:553.)
By Prince D. S. Mirsky. Observer. May 30. (7.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. April 30. (7.)
By C. H. Rickword. Calendar. February. (2:439.)
By "Oliver Scribe." T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. February 20. (5:621.)

GORDON, W. R.
Maurice Hewlett. Daily News. March 4. (4.)

GORKI, MAXIM.
Leonid Andreyev. Dublin Magazine. July, 1925. (2:768.) August 1925. (3:1.)

Gorki, Maxim.
By Sir Chartres Biron. London Mercury. July, 1925. (12:325.)
By Wolf Gibbon. Irish Statesman. July 4, 1925. (4:536.)

GOSSE, EDMUND.
René Boylesve. Sunday Times. January 31. (8.)
Maurice Hewlett. Sunday Times. March 14. (8.)

GOULD, GERALD.
American Short Story. Observer. April 18. (8.)
Louis Hémon. Daily News. November 2, 1925. (4.)
Aldous Huxley. Observer. May 30. (8.)
B. L. Jacot. Observer. May 2. (8.)
John Metcalfe. Daily News. October 26, 1925. (4.)
Helen Simpson. Daily News. January 11. (4.)
Rabindranath Tagore. Daily News. January 11. (4.)
Joan Young. Daily News. December 21, 1925. (4.)

GRAHAM, W. H.
Maurice Hewlett. Fornightly Review. July, 1925. (118:47.)

GRANT, LIONEL.
Monkhouse, Allan N. Outlook (London). December 5, 1925. (56:382.)

GRATTAN, C. HARTLEY.
Theodore Dreiser. Nation (London). September 30, 1925. (121: 361.)
Edith Wharton. Nation (London). September 30, 1925. (121: 361.)

GREY, ROWLAND.
Thomas Hardy. Bookman (London). December, 1925. (69:151.)

GRIEVE, C. M.
W. C. G. Jitro. New Age. June 18, 1925. (37:79.)
Jean Toomer. New Age. June 18, 1925. (37:79.)

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By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). February 20. (151:234.)

H., F. W.
André Maurois. Manchester Guardian. April 16. (7.)
H., J. F.
Conrad Aiken. Calendar. September, 1925. (2:68.)
H., S.
Marian Bowyer. Queen. November 11, 1925. (4.)
HAMILTON, MARY AGNES.
Anton Chekhov. Time and Tide. March 12. (7:248.)
Joseph Conrad. Time and Tide. March 26. (7:308.)
Fyodor Dostoevsky. Time and Tide. May 28. (7:475.)
Hamsun, Knut.
By L. Aas. Bookman (London). December, 1925. (69:147.)
Hardy, Thomas.
By H. I'A. Fausset. Manchester Guardian. December 29, 1925. (5.)
By Rowland Grey. Bookman (London). December, 1925. (69: 151.)
By J. Middleton Murry. Weekly Westminster. June 6, 1925. (4: 163.)
Harris, Frank.
By Osbert Burdett. Bermondsey Book. September, 1925. (2:44.)
HARRISON, AUSTIN.
George Gissing. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. April 24. (6: 23.)
HARRISON, PHILIP.
Geoffrey Moss. Hutchinson's Magazine. March. (15:263.)
Harte, Francis Bret.
Anonymous. John o' London's Weekly. May 1. (15:158.)
Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. May 24.
Anonymous. Nation (London). May 29. (39:213.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. April 10. (26:809.)
Anonymous. Observer. March 28. (7.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. March 18. (25:207.)
By J. M. Bulloch. Sunday Times. March 21. (9.)
By Arthur Waugh. Daily Telegraph. April 13. (6.)
HARTLEY, L. P.
American Short Story. Saturday Review (London). May 1. (141:576.)
Sherwood Anderson. Calendar. August, 1925. (1:480.)
British Short Story. Saturday Review (London). March 13, (141:342.)
Madame de Charrière. Saturday Review (London). December 26, 1925. (140:773.)

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A. E. Coppard. Calendar. July, 1925. (1:408.)
R. Murray Gilchrist. Saturday Review (London). May 22. (141:623.)
Hon. Mrs. Lionel Guest. Saturday Review (London). February 20. (141:234.)
Laurence Housman. Saturday Review (London). November 21, 1925. (140:600.)
Richard Hughes. Saturday Review (London). February 13. (141:200.)
Vernon Knowles. Bookman (London). July, 1925. (68:219.)
W. B. Maxwell. Bookman (London). July, 1925. (68:219.)
John Metcalfe. Bookman (London). November, 1925. (69:123.)
Frank Penn-Smith. Bookman (London). July, 1925. (68:219.)
Giovanni Verga. Calendar. November, 1925. (2:214.)
C. Henry Warren. Saturday Review (London). December 19, 1925. (140:743.)

HARWOOD, H. C.
Michael Arlen. Manchester Guardian. July 3, 1925. (7.) Outlook (London). June 13, 1925. (55:393.)
F. Britten Austin. Outlook (London). March 27. (57:248.)
Maurice Baring. Outlook (London). April 17. (57:298.)
H. H. Bashford. Outlook (London). November 14, 1925. (56:330.)
Princess Bibesco. Outlook (London). October 3, 1925. (56:230.)
Elizabeth Bowen. Outlook (London). May 22. (57:360.)
British Short Story. Manchester Guardian. November 27, 1925. (7.)
Gerald Bullett. Outlook (London). September 19, 1925. (56:186.)
G. K. Chesterton. Outlook (London). June 27, 1925. (55:430.)
A. E. Coppard. Outlook (London). June 20, 1925. (55:414.)
Eleanor Farjeon. Outlook (London). August 1, 1925. (56:74.)
Stanley Ford. Outlook (London). April 17. (57:298.) Outlook (London). August 1, 1925. (56:74.)
Wilfranc Hubbard. Manchester Guardian. August 14, 1925.
Richard Hughes. Outlook (London). February 6. (57:91.)
Violet Hunt. Outlook (London). September 19, 1925. (56:186.)
Aldous Huxley. Outlook (London). May 29. (57:376.)
Stacey W. Hyde. Outlook (London). December 19, 1925. (56:422.
B. L. Jacot. Outlook (London). May 22. (57:360.)
Vernon Knowles. Manchester Guardian. July 3, 1925. (7.)
Ring W. Lardner. Outlook. (London.) May 29. (57:36.)
D. H. Lawrence. Calendar. June, 1925. (1:327.)
Sidney Loch. Outlook (London). January 23. (57:58.)
Sylvia Lynd. Outlook (London). November 7, 1925. (56:312.)

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André Maurois. Outlook (London). April 3. (57:266.)
John Metcalfe. Outlook (London). September 19, 1925. (56: 186.)
Gilbert Norwood. Outlook (London). May 1. (57:330.)
Oliver Onions. Outlook (London). November 28, 1925. (56: 361.)
Eden Phillpotts. Outlook (London.) July 18, 1925. (56:42.)
"Saki." (H. H. Munro.) Outlook (London). March 27. (57: 248.)
Helen Simpson. Outlook (London). November 14, 1925. (56: 330.)
Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland. Outlook (London). June 20, 1925. (55:414.)
Rabindranath Tagore. Outlook (London). November 28, 1925. (56:361.)
C. Henry Warren. Outlook (London). January 9. (57:26.)
James Wood. Outlook (London). April 24. (57:314.)
Joan Young. Outlook (London.) November 28, 1925. (56:361.)

"Hay, Ian." (Beith, Ian Hay.)
By Walter Tittle. Illustrated London News. June 13, 1925. (116:1152.)

HEALY, CAHIR.
William Carleton. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. September 26, 1925. (4:723.)

Hearn, Lafcadio.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. November 13, 1925. (15.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. August 8, 1925. (25:480.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. August 6, 1925. (24: 518.) October 22, 1925. (24:689.)
By Hester J. Austin. London Mercury. February. (13:415.)
By C. E. B. Illustrated London News. July 11, 1925. (167:66.)
By Sir Chartres Biron. London Mercury. November, 1925. (13: 104.)
By Sidney Dark. John o' London's Weekly. July 18, 1925. (13: 506.)
By Richard King. Eve. July 15, 1925. (22:58.)
By Thomas Moult. Manchester Guardian. July 30, 1925. (7.)
By Wilfred Partington. Bookman's Journal. September, 1925. 12:239.)
By Edward Stockman. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. July 18, 1925. (4:210.)

Hémon, Louis.
Anonymous. Nation (London). October 24, 1925. (37:160.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. October 22, 1925. (24: 694.)
By H. B. Bookman (London). January. (69:230.)

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By A. E. Coppard. Manchester Guardian. October 30, 1925. (7.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. November 2, 1925. (4.)

Hergesheimer, Joseph.
By J. B. Priestley. London Mercury. May. (14:61.)

Herrick, Robert.
By H. B. Manchester Guardian. February 19. (7.)
By Y. O. Irish Statesman. February 27. (5:772.)

Hewlett, Maurice.
Anonymous. Morning Post. March 9. (8.)
Anonymous. Nation (London). April 10. (39:46.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. April 24. (27:50.)
Anonymous. Observer. March 14. (6.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. March 4. (25:158.)
By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. Observer. April 11. (22.)
By W. L. Courtney. Daily Telegraph. March 5. (6.)
By Hugh I'A. Fausset. Adelphi. April. (3:757.)
By W. R. Gordon. Daily News. March 4. (4.)
By Edmund Gosse. Sunday Times. March 14. (8.)
By W. H. Graham. Fortnightly Review. July, 1925. (118:47.)
By Edward Shanks. Saturday Review (London.) March 6. (141:304.)
By Max Temple. Queen. March 10. (6.)

Higgins, Bertram.
Fyodor Dostoevsky. Calendar. October, 1925. (2:142.)

Hind, C. Lewis.
Robert Louis Stevenson. Sphere. February 13. (104:210.)

Hone, J. M.
Comte de Gobineau. Irish Statesman. April 17. (6:158.)
Washington Irving. Irish Statesman. November 14, 1925. (5:314.)

Hopkins, R. Thurston.
Rudyard Kipling. Weekly Scotsman. January 16. (2.)

Housman, Laurence.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. November 13, 1925. (15.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. November 24, 1925. (17.)
Anonymous. Observer. November 15, 1925. (4.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. November 5, 1925. (24:737.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). November 21, 1925. (140:600.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. February 13. (26:548.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. November 6, 1925. (7.)
By Conal O'Riordan. Weekly Westminster. November 28, 1925. (4:94.)
By S. Paull Tabb. Daily News. January 6. (4.)

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Hubbard, Wilfranc.
Anonymous. Nation (London). August 29, 1925. (37:654.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. July 30, 1925. (24:507.)
By Gerald Bullett. Saturday Review (London). August 1, 1925. (140:135.)
By H. C. Harwood. Manchester Guardian. August 14, 1925. (7.) Outlook (London). August 1, 1925. (56:74.)
By N. G. Royde-Smith. Time and Tide. October 16, 1925. (6:1008.)
By Milton Waldman. London Mercury. September, 1925. (12:542.)
Huddleston, Sisley.
Francis Carco. John o' London's Weekly. July 4, 1925. (13:458.)
Guy de Maupassant. John o' London's Weekly. December 5, 1925. (14:404.)
Hudson, W. H.
By Henry S. Salt. Fortnightly Review. February. (119:214.)
Hughes, Richard.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. February 2. (7.)
Anonymous. Observer. February 14. (6.)
Anonymous. Spectator. February 20. (335.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. January 28. (25:60.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). February 13. (141:200.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). February 6. (57:91.)
By Sylvia Lynd. Daily News. February 23. (4.)
By R. L. Mégroz. Colour. April. (26.)
By Allan Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. February 5. (7.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). March 6. (38:782.)
By E. B. Osborn. Morning Post. February 9. (17.)
By Herman Ould. Bookman (London). March. (69:311.)
By Edward Shanks. London Mercury. March. (13:549.)
By John Sydenham. Empire Review. March. (43:267.)
Hunt, Violet.
Anonymous. John o' London's Weekly. September 19, 1925. (13:799.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. September 4, 1925. (7.)
Anonymous. Observer. September 6, 1925. (4.)
Anonymous. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. September 19, 1925. (4:693.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. September 3, 1925. (24:568.)
By Gerald Bullett. Saturday Review (London). September 12, 1925. (140:290.)

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By Brodie Fraser. Sunday Times. August 23, 1925. (2.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). September 19, 1925. (56:186.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. October 10, 1925. (25:727.)
By M. A. L. Manchester Guardian. September 25, 1925. (7.)
By Louis J. McQuilland. G. K.'s Weekly. September 12, 1925. (1:597.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). September 26, 1925. (37: 767.)
By "The Raven." T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. September 12, 1925. (4:648.)
By N. G. Royde-Smith. Time and Tide. September 18, 1925. (6:912.)
By C. A. Dawson Scott. Bookman (London). October, 1925. (69:42.)

Hutten, Baroness von.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. August 21, 1925. (13.)
Anonymous. G. K.'s Weekly. July 25, 1925. (1:430.)
Anonymous. John o' London's Weekly. July 18, 1925. (13:515.)
Anonymous. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. July 4, 1925. (4:362.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 11, 1925. (24: 401.)
By Susan L. Mitchell. Irish Statesman. June 13, 1925. (4:433.)

Huxley, Aldous.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. May 20. (25:338.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. May 30. (8.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). May 29. (57:376.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). February 27. (38:743.)
By F. R. Irish Statesman. May 29. (6:332.)
By N. G. Royde-Smith. Time and Tide. October 16, 1925. (6: 1008.)

Hyde, Stacey W.
Anonymous. New Statesman. January 2. (26:368.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). October 31, 1925. (140:512.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. December 3, 1925. (24:831.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). December 19, 1925. (56: 422.)
By Susan L. Mitchell. Irish Statesman. December 26, 1925. (5: 497.)

I.-C., G.
John Metcalfe. Manchester Guardian. October 16, 1925. (7.)
Helen Simpson. Manchester Guardian. November 13, 1925. (7.)
L. A. G. Strong. Manchester Guardian. July 24, 1925. (7.)

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Irving, Washington.
Anonymous. Daily News. December 8, 1925. (4.)
Anonymous. Nation (London). October 24, 1925. (37:156.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. October 8, 1925. (24:653.)
By Edmund Candler. Time and Tide. December 11, 1925. (6:1217.)
By J. M. Hone. Irish Statesman. November 14, 1925. (5:314.)
By John Linnell. Spectator. October 31, 1925. (783.)
By E. V. Lucas. Sunday Times. September 9, 1925. (10.)
By H. C. Minchin. Sunday Times. October 18, 1925. (9.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. New Statesman. May 22. (27:143.)

Jacot, B. L.
By Gerald Gould. Observer. May 2. (8.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). May 22. (57:360.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. May 21. (5.)
James, Henry.
Anonymous. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. September 19, 1925. (4:693.)
By Louise Morgan. Outlook (London). February 6. (57:89.)
By Y. O. Irish Statesman. August 8, 1925. (4:696.)
By S. P. Waterlow. New Statesman. February 6. (26:514.)
James, Montague Rhodes.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. November 20, 1925. (5.)
Anonymous. Spectator. December 12, 1925. (1107.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. November 26, 1925. (24:799.)
By S. M. Ellis. Bookman (London). December, 1925. (69:189.)
By Thomas Moult. Manchester Guardian. December 4, 1925.
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). November 28, 1925. (38:324.)
By E. B. Osborn. Morning Post. October 30, 1925. (7.)
By N. G. Royde-Smith. Daily News. November 5, 1925. (4.)
Jerrold, Douglas.
By Mary Jerrold. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. December 5, 1925. (5:230.)
Jerrold, Mary.
Douglas Jerrold. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. December 5, 1925. (5:230.)
Jitro, W. C. G.
By C. M. Grieve. New Age. June 18, 1925. (37:79.)
Joad, C. E. M.
Richard Garnett. New Leader. September 18, 1925. (12.)
Robert Louis Stevenson. New Leader. June 5, 1925. (12.)

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Jordan, Elizabeth.
Anonymous. John o' London's Weekly. June 6, 1925. (13:327.)
"JOURNEYMAN."
Anton Chekhov. Adelphi. November, 1925. (3:448.)
Joyce, James.
By "Affable Hawk." New Statesman. September 5, 1925. (25: 574.)
By Richard Aldington. Vogue. Early May.
By Thomas Moult. Manchester Guardian. March 9. (7.)
By J. O'Callaghan. Irish Statesman. August 22, 1925. (4:754.)
By James P. O'Reilly. Irish Statesman. September 12, 1925. (5: 17.)
By "Oliver Scribe." T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. February 13. (5:580.)

K., A.
Joseph Conrad. English Review. May. (42:714).
K., C. F.
Marian Bower. Manchester Guardian. September 11, 1925. (7.)
"Lynn Doyle." Manchester Guardian. November 20, 1925. (7.)
Joan Young. Manchester Guardian. December 11, 1925. (7.)
KAUN, ALEXANDER.
Leonid Andreyev. Slavonic Review. June, 1925. (4:137.)
KAYE-SMITH, SHEILA.
W. L. George. Fortnightly Review. April. (119:521.)
KELLETT, E. E.
Joseph Conrad. London Mercury. March. (13:485.)
KENNEDY, P. C.
Conrad Aiken. New Statesman. July 4, 1925. (25:340.)
American Short Stories. New Statesman. December 12, 1925. (26:273.)
"Michael Arlen." New Statesman. July 4, 1925. (25:340.)
Konrad Bercovici. New Statesman. August 15, 1925. (25:504.)
Princess Bibesco. New Statesman. October 24, 1925. (25:727.)
British Short Story. New Statesman. March 13. (26:680.)
G. K. Chesterton. New Statesman. August 15, 1925. (25:504.)
Richard Connell. New Statesman. February 13. (26:548.)
A. E. Coppard. New Statesman. July 18, 1925. (25:396.)
Walter de la Mare. New Statesman. December 12, 1925. (26: 273.)
Laurence Housman. New Statesman. February 13. (26:548.)
Violet Hunt. New Statesman. October 10, 1925. (26:49.)
D. H. Lawrence. New Statesman. June 20, 1925. (25:285.)
Sylvia Lynd. New Statesman. November 14, 1925. (26:145.)

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Katherine Mansfield. New Statesman. March 6. (26:648.)
W. B. Maxwell. New Statesman. June 20, 1925. (25:285.)
John Metcalfe. New Statesman. November 7, 1925. (26:113.)
Allan N. Monkhouse. New Statesman. October 10, 1925. (25: 727.)
Edith O'Shaughnessy. New Statesman. November 14, 1925. (26: 145.)
Frank Penn-Smith. New Statesman. August 29, 1925. (25:552.)
Eden Phillpotts. New Statesman. August 29, 1925. (25:552.)
Helen Simpson. New Statesman. December 12, 1925. (26:273.)
Giovanni Verga. New Statesman. June 20, 1925. (25:285.)
C. Henry Warren. New Statesman. January 16. (26:416.)

KERNAHAN, COULSON.
F. Britten Austin. Bookman (London). April. (70:35.)

KING, RICHARD.
Anatole France. Eve. June 24, 1925. (21:668.)
Lafcadio Hearn. Eve. July 15, 1925. (22:58.)
Louise Jordan Miln. Eve. July 8, 1925. (22:5.)

Kipling, Rudyard.
By Bonamy Dobrée. Nation (London). February 20. (38:178.)
By R. Thurston Hopkins. Weekly Scotsman. January 16. (2.)
By James Milne. Graphic. June 13, 1925. (111:1036.)
By "Oliver Scribe." T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. December 19, 1925. (5:335.)
By G. T. Bookman (London). January. (69:220.)
By Wilfrid Whitten. John o' London's Weekly. December 19, 1925. (14:464.)

Knowles, Vernon.
Anonymous. G. K.'s Weekly. August 29, 1925. (1:550.)
Anonymous. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. June 20, 1925. (4: 292.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 11, 1925. (24: 401.)
Anonymous. Weekly Westminster. June 20, 1925. (4:213.)
By L. P. Hartley. Bookman (London). July, 1925. (68:219.)
By H. C. Harwood. Manchester Guardian. July 3, 1925. (7.)

Kollentay, Madame Alexandra.
Anonymous. Observer. January 24. (6.)

Kuprin, Alexander.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. April 22. (25:299.)

L., I.
Guy de Maupassant. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. August 29, 1925. (4:589.)
Edgar Saltus. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. August 29, 1925. (4:589.)

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L., M. A.
Eleanor Farjeon. Manchester Guardian. August 21, 1925. (7.)
Violet Hunt. Manchester Guardian. September 25, 1925. (7.)
Sylvia Lynd. Manchester Guardian. November 27, 1925. (7.)
Lagerlöf, Selma.
Anonymous. John o' London's Weekly. December 12, 1925. (14: 441.)
LANGUISH, LYDIA.
Sherwood Anderson. John o' London's Weekly. May 8. (15: 184.)
"Michael Arlen." John o' London's Weekly. June 27, 1925. (13: 400.)
Madame de Charrière. John o' London's Weekly. January 26, 1925. (14:584.)
Jack London. John o' London's Weekly. July 18, 1925. (13:500.)
Geoffrey Moss. John o' London's Weekly. July 11, 1925. (13: 472.)
LARDNER, RING W.
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). May 29. (57:376.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. May 28. (5.)
By Edward Shanks. Saturday Review (London). May 15. (141: 597.)
Lawrence, D. H.
Anonymous. Adelphi. July, 1925. (3:153.)
Anonymous. G. K.'s Weekly. July 4, 1925. (1:356.)
Anonymous. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. July 18, 1925. (4: 426.)
By H. C. Harwood. Calendar. June, 1925. (1.327.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. June 20, 1925. (25:285.)
By Raymond Mortimer. Vogue (London). Early July, 1925. (39.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation (London). July 4, 1925. (37:425.)
By Wilfred Partington. Bookman's Journal. September, 1925. (12:239.)
By R. J. Randerson. Saturday Review (London). June 6, 1925. (139:618.)
By John Sydenham. Empire Review. July, 1925. (42:83.)
By Milton Waldman. London Mercury. June, 1925. (12:208.)
By Ida A. R. Wylie. Queen. July 29, 1925. (157:22.)
Layard, G. S.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). June, 1925. (68:177.)
Le Queux, William.
By Ashley Belbin. Hutchinson's Magazine. November, 1925. (14:447.)
Lewis, Sinclair.
Anonymous. Time and Tide. September 25, 1925. (6:934.)

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By Milton Waldman. London Mercury. January. (13:273.)
LINNELL, JOHN.
Washington Irving. Spectator. October 31, 1925. (783.)
Loch, Sydney.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. January 21. (25:42.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). January 23. (57:58.)
By Louis J. McQuilland. G. K.'s Weekly. February 27. (2:606.)
By Edward Shanks. London Mercury. March. (13:549.)
LOCHHEAD, MARIAN C.
J. M. Barrie. Scots Magazine. June, 1925. (3:197.)
John Buchan. Scots Magazine. July, 1925. (3:282.)
R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Scots Magazine. August, 1925. (3:395.)
London, Jack.
By "Lydia Languish." John o' London's Weekly. July 18, 1925. (13:500.)
LUCAS, E. V.
Washington Irving. Sunday Times. September 9, 1925. (10.)
LUNN, ERLE.
Andrew Soutar. Hutchinson's Magazine. October, 1925. (14:343.)
LYND, ROBERT.
Hans Christian Andersen. John o' London's Weekly. December 26, 1925. (14:498.)
R. D. Blackmore. John o' London's Weekly. June 6, 1925. (13:301.)
LYND, SYLVIA.
British Short Story. Time and Tide. February 19. (7:176.)
Charlotte Brontë. Daily News. November 25, 1925. (4.)
Daily News. January 28. (4.)
Anton Chekhov. Time and Tide. October 30, 1925. (6:1056.)
Walter de la Mare. Daily News. December 2, 1925. (4.)
Fyodor Dostoevsky. Daily News. May 25. (4.)
Richard Hughes. Daily News. February 23. (4.)
Lynd, Sylvia.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. November 6, 1925. (15.)
Anonymous. Observer. November 1, 1925. (5.)
Anonymous. Queen. November 11, 1925. (16.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). October 31, 1925. (140:512.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. October 29, 1925. (24:716.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). November 7, 1925. (56:312.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. November 14, 1925. (26:145.)

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By M. A. L. Manchester Guardian. November 27, 1925. (7.)
By Rose Macaulay. Daily News. November 3, 1925. (4.)
By Louis J. McQuilland. G. K.'s Weekly. January 2. (2:413.)
By Susan L. Mitchell. Irish Statesman. November 7, 1925. (5:276.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Bookman (London). January. (69:221.)
Weekly Westminster. November 21, 1925. (3:70.)
By N. G. Royde-Smith. Time and Tide. November 13, 1925. (6:1116.)
By Max Temple. Queen. November 11, 1925. (16.)

LYTTON, HON. NEVILLE.
Georges Clémenceau. English Life. April. (6:374.)
Guy de Maupassant. English Life. October, 1925. (5:361.)

M., J.
Alan Downey. Irish Statesman. May 29. (6:333.)
Gilbert Norwood. Irish Statesman. May 29. (6:333.)

MACAULAY, ROSE.
Sylvia Lynd. Daily News. November 3, 1925. (4.)

McBRIEN, PETER.
Henryk Sienkiewicz. Dublin Review. July–September, 1925. (177:72.)

MACCARTHY, DESMOND.
Fyodor Dostoevsky. Empire Review. April. (43:377.)

McCLOY, KATHLEEN.
Eleanor Farjeon. Queen. August 26, 1925. (17.)

McGinity, James P.
By G. M. F. Irish Statesman. July 25, 1925. (4:623.)

McLAREN, JACK.
Joseph Conrad. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. July 25, 1925. (4:448.)

MacMechan, Archibald.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. December 3, 1925. (24:827.)

MacNichol, Kenneth.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. October 15, 1925. (24:672.)

McQUILLAND, LOUIS J.
"Michael Arlen." G. K.'s Weekly. June 20, 1925. (1:310.)
G. K. Chesterton. G. K.'s Weekly. June 27, 1925. (1:333.)
Eleanor Farjeon. G. K.'s Weekly. July 25, 1925. (1:429.)
Violet Hunt. G. K.'s Weekly. September 12, 1925. (1:597.)
Sydney Loch. G. K.'s Weekly. February 27. (2:606.)
Sylvia Lynd. G. K.'s Weekly. January 2. (2:413.)
Edgar Wallace. Bookman (London). March. (69:301.)

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MANNING, CLARENCE A.
Nicholas Gogol. Slavonic Review. March. (4:573.)
Mansfield, Katharine.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. February 25. (25:136.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. March 6. (26:648.)
Maraini, Yoi.
Anonymous. John o' London's Weekly. September 26, 1925. (13: 839.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. September 10, 1925. (24:582.)
"MARK-OVER."
Robert Louis Stevenson. Outlook (London). July 18, 1925. (56: 43.) August 15, 1925. (56:108.) January 23. (57:59.)
Marshall, Archibald.
By St. John Adcock. Bookman (London). September, 1925. (68: 288.)
MARSHALL, BEATRICE.
Count Lyof Tolstoi. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. October 24, 1925. (5:7.)
MARSHALL, H. P.
Fyodor Dostoevsky. London Mercury. April. (13:659.)
James Stephens. London Mercury. September, 1925. (12:500.)
Mathers, E. Powys.
Anonymous. New Statesman. May 8. (28:109.)
By Thomas Moult. Manchester Guardian. March 15. (5.)
Maupassant, Guy de.
Anonymous. John o' London's Weekly. August 29, 1925. (13: 675.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. October 8, 1925. (24: 652.)
By S. M. Ellis. Bookman (London). August, 1925. (68:254.)
By Sisley Huddleston. John o' London's Weekly. December 5, 1925. (14:404.)
By I. L. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. August 29, 1925. (4: 589.)
By the Hon. Neville Lytton. English Life. October, 1925. (5: 361.)
By C. A. Dawson Scott. Bookman (London). October, 1925. (69:42.)
By "Oliver Scribe." T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. June 20, 1925. (4:278.)
By "Stigma." Cornhill Magazine. August, 1925. (350:151.)
Maurois, André.
By "Alix." Time and Tide. May 28. (7: 77.)
Anonymous. New Age. May 20. (39:27.)
Anonymous. Spectator. April 3. (640.)

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Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. April 1. (25:245.)
By F. W. H. Manchester Guardian. April 16. (7.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). April 3. (57:266.)
By G. Le G. N. English Review. May. (42:720.)
By E. S. Westminster Gazette. April 19. (6.)
By Max Temple. Queen. April 14. (7.)

Maxwell, W. B.
Anonymous. John o' London's Weekly. July 4, 1925. (13:459.)
Anonymous. Nation (London). June 13, 1925. (37:324.)
Anonymous. Observer. June 14, 1925. (4.)
Anonymous. Spectator. July 25, 1925. (171.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 4, 1925. (24: 385.)
Anonymous. Weekly Westminster. July 4, 1925. (4:261.)
By L. P. Hartley. Bookman (London). July, 1925. (68:219.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. June 20, 1925. (25:285.)
By Louis J. McQuilland. G. K.'s Weekly. June 13, 1925. (1: 286.)
By Ida A. R. Wylie. Queen. July 8, 1925. (8.)

Mégroz, R. L.
Joseph Conrad. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. March 6. (5: 680.)
Richard Hughes. Colour. April. (26.)

Meldrum, D. S.
Anatole France. Bookman (London). August, 1925. (68:251.)

Metcalfe, John.
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). October 17, 1925. (140:450.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. October 1, 1925. (24: 636.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. October 26, 1925. (4.)
By L. P. Hartley. Bookman (London). November, 1925. (69: 123.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). September 19, 1925. (56:186.)
By G. I.-C. Manchester Guardian. October 16, 1925. (7.)
By P. C. Kennedy. New Statesman. November 7, 1925. (26: 113.)
By Milton Waldman. London Mercury. November, 1925. (13: 97.)

Millett, J. L. Vivian.
Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. July 6, 1925. (5.)
Anonymous. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. June 20, 1925. (4: 292.)

Millin, Sarah Gertrude.
By Marjorie Carlton. Queen. January 20. (16.)

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Miln, Louise Jordan.
Anonymous. John o' London's Weekly. July 11, 1925. (13:472.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 25, 1925. (24:433.)
By Richard King. Eve. July 8, 1925. (22:5.)

Milne, James.
"Michael Arlen." Graphic. June 6, 1925. (111:966.)
G. K. Chesterton. Graphic. June 27, 1925. (111:1134.)
Eleanor Farjeon. Graphic. July 25, 1925. (112:160.)
Anatole France. Graphic. July 18, 1925. (112:101.)
Rudyard Kipling. Graphic. June 13, 1925. (111:1036.)
Collinson Owen. Graphic. August 22, 1925. (112:314.)
Giovanni Verga. Graphic. August 22, 1925. (112:314.)

Minchin, H. C.
Anton Chekhov. Sunday Times. April 11. (8.)
Joseph Conrad. Sunday Times. March 14. (9.)
Washington Irving. Sunday Times. October 18, 1925. (9.)
"Saki." (H. H. Munro.) Sunday Times. May 23. (8.)
W. B. Yeats. Sunday Times. October 25, 1925.

Mirsky, Prince D. S.
I Babel. Nation (London). January 23. (38:581.)
Fyodor Dostoevsky. Nation (London). May 22. (39:180.)
Nikolay Gogol. Observer. May 30. (6.)

Mitchell, Susan L.
American Short Story. Irish Statesman. July 11, 1925. (4:562.)
Konrad Bercovici. Irish Statesman. July 11, 1925. (4:562.)
Gerald Bullett. Irish Statesman. September 26, 1925. (5:87.)
A. E. Coppard. Irish Statesman. June 27, 1925. (4:497.)
P. J. O'Connor Duffy. Irish Statesman. October 17, 1925. (5:180.)
Stacey W. Hyde. Irish Statesman. December 26, 1925. (5:495.)
Sylvia Lynd. Irish Statesman. November 7, 1925. (5:276.)
Helen Simpson. Irish Statesman. November 21, 1925. (5:342.)
L. A. G. Strong. Irish Statesman. June 20, 1925. (4:466.)
Baroness Von Hutten. Irish Statesman. June 13, 1925. (4:433.)

Monkhouse, Allan N.
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Rhys, Ernest.
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Saltus, Edgar.
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Anonymous. Morning Post. August 28, 1925. (13.)
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Anonymous. Observer. August 30, 1925. (4.)
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SCOTT, C. A. DAWSON.
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Scott, C. A. Dawson.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). December, 1925. (69:189.)
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SHORTER, CLEMENT K.
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SHORTT, L. M.
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Sienkiewicz, Henryk.
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Sitwell, Osbert.
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Soutar, Andrew.
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SQUIRE, J. C.
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Stephens, James.
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Stern, G. B.
By Marian Ryan. Queen. June 10, 1925. (8.)
Stern, G. B., *and* Holdsworth, Geoffrey.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. April 8. (25:262.)
STEUART, J. A.
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STEVENS, H. C.
Russian Short Story. New Leader. October 9, 1925. (11.)
Stevenson, R. L.
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By Dilys Powell. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. September 26, 1925. (4:718.)
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Ernest Dowson. Bookman's Journal. September, 1925. (12:229.)
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Madame de la Charrière. Spectator. February 20. (324.)
STRAUS, RALPH.
Maurice Baring. Sunday Times. April 18. (9.)
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By G. I.-C. Manchester Guardian. July 24, 1925. (7.)
By Susan L. Mitchell. Irish Statesman. June 20, 1925. (4:466.)
Sutherland, Millicent Duchess of.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). September, 1925. (68:312.)
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Anonymous. Observer. June 21, 1925. (4.)
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SYDENHAM, JOHN.
A. E. Coppard. Empire Review. September, 1925. (42:293.)
Richard Hughes. Empire Review. March. (43:267.)
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TABB, S. PAULL.
Laurence Housman. Daily News. January 6. (4.)
Arthur Schnitzler. Daily News. January 6. (4.)
C. A. Dawson Scott. Daily News. January 6. (4.)
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TEMPLE, MAX.
Anton Chekhov. Queen. February 3. (23.)
Maurice Hewlett. Queen. March 10. (6.)
Sylvia Lynd. Queen. November 11, 1925. (16.)
André Maurois. Queen. April 14. (7.)
Thomson, Sir Basil.
By Frank Rutter. Bookman (London). July, 1925. (68:212.)
Thomson of Cardington, Lord.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. April 8. (25:262.)
TITTLE, WALTER.
Algernon Blackwood. Illustrated London News. July 25, 1925. (167:170.)
"Ian Hay." Illustrated London News. June 13, 1925. (166: 1152.)
Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Illustrated London News. July 18, 1925. (167:115.)
May Sinclair. Illustrated London News. June 27, 1925. (116: 1280.)
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By E. M. Forster. New Leader. September 4, 1925. (11.)
By Beatrice Marshall. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. October 24, 1925. (5:7.)
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Tomlinson, H. M.
Anonymous. New Statesman. August 1, 1925. (25:453.)

Toomer, Jean.
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TYNAN, KATHERINE.
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JUNE 1, 1925, TO MAY 31, 1926.

NOTE. *An asterisk before a title indicates distinction.*

I. ENGLISH AND IRISH AUTHORS

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"ARLEN, MICHAEL." *May Fair. Collins.
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BASHFORD, H. H. *Happy Ghost. Heinemann.
BECKE, LOUIS. *The Strange Adventures of James Shervinton. Unwin. *Under Tropic Skies. Unwin.
BENSUSAN, S. L. *Village Idylls. Douglas.
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BRONTË, CHARLOTTE. *Twelve Adventurers. Hodder and Stoughton.
BULLETT, GERALD. *The Baker's Cart. Lane.
CHESTERTON, G. K. *Tales of the Long Bow. Cassell.
CONYERS, DOROTHEA. Sandy and Others. Mills and Boon.
COPPARD, A. E. *Fishmonger's Fiddle. Cape.
CORDER, R. E. Tales Told to the Magistrate. Melrose.
CROMARTIE, COUNTESS OF. Temple of the Winds. Mathews.
CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM, R. B. *The Ipané. Unwin.
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DORRINGTON, ALBERT. Stories to the Master. Mills and Boon.
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GARNETT, RICHARD. *The Twilight of the Gods. Lane.
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GODLEY, MAUDE. In the Land of Breffne. Mathews.
GOULD, NAT. Major's Mascot. Long.
GREIG, NORMAN PROCTOR. The Cromer Street Chronicles. Dent.
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HAWKES, STEPHEN. By the Stepping Stones. Ouseley.
HORNE, JOHN. Ma Rachel and Other Originals. Allenson.
HOUSMAN, LAURENCE. *Odd Pairs. Cape.
HUBBARD, WILFRANC. *Orvieto Dust. Constable.
HUGHES, RICHARD. *A Moment of Time. Chatto and Windus.
HUNT, VIOLET. *More Tales of the Uneasy. Heinemann.
HUTTEN, BARONESS VON. Candy, and Other Stories. Mills and Boon.
HUXLEY, ALDOUS. *Two or Three Graces. Chatto and Windus.
HYDE, STACEY W. Simple Annals. Noel Douglas.
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KICKHAM, C. J. *Tales of Tipperary. Talbot Press.
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SAXON, EDGAR J. Philosopher's Den. Daniel.
SCOTT, C. A. DAWSON. * The Vampire. Holden.
SHEARWOOD, F. F. Five Indian Tales. S. C. M.
SIBSON, F. H. A Breeze from the Backveld. Douglas.
SIMPSON, HELEN. * The Baseless Fabric. Heinemann.
STERN, G. B. and HOLDSWORTH, GEOFFREY. The Happy Meddler. Ward Lock.
STERNE, ASHLEY. Knotted Yarns. Nisbet.
STRONG, L. A. G. * Doyle's Rock. Blackwell.
THOMSON OF CARDINGTON, LORD. * Smaranda. Cape.
WARREN, C. HENRY. * Cobbler, Cobbler. Faber and Gwyer.
WHITECHURCH, VICTOR. Adventures of Captain Ivan Koravitch. Blackwood.
WODEHOUSE, P. G. The Heart of a Goof. Jenkins.
WOOD, JAMES. New World Vistas. Routledge.
YEATS, W. B. * Early Poems and Stories. MacMillan.
YOUNG, JOAN. Tamar Tales. Lane.

II. AMERICAN AUTHORS.

BERCOVICI, KONRAD. * Between Earth and Sky. Cape.
CHILD, RICHARD WASHBURN. Fresh Waters. Hodder and Stoughton.
COHEN, OCTAVUS ROY. Sunclouds. Hodder and Stoughton.
CONNELL, RICHARD. Variety. Parsons.
* Contact Collection of Contemporary Writers. Paris: Three Mountains Press.
GLASS, MONTAGUE. Y'Understand. Heinemann.
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MACCLURE, VICTOR. Esau. Harrap.
MACNICHOL, KENNETH. * Nose of Papa Hilaire. Blackwood.
MILN, LOUISE JORDAN. The Soul of China. Hodder and Stoughton.
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RICE, ALICE HEGAN, *and* RICE, CALE YOUNG. Winners and Losers. Hodder and Stoughton.

III. TRANSLATIONS.

BLASCO IBÁÑEZ, VINCENTE. (*Spanish.*) *Mad Virgins. Butterworth.
BUSCH, MARIE, *and* PICK, OTTO, *translators.* (*Czech.*) *Selected Czech Tales. Milford.
CHARRIÈRE, MADAME DE. (*French.*) *Four Tales by Zélide. Constable.
"FRANCE, ANATOLE." (*French.*) *Little Sea Dogs. Lane.
GOGOL, NIKOLAY. (*Russian.*) *Evenings on a Farm near Dikanka. Chatto and Windus.
HÉMON, LOUIS. (*French.*) Battling Malone. Butterworth.
MAUPASSANT, GUY DE. (*French.*) *Saint Anthony and Other Stories. Jarrolds.
*Selected Stories. Stanley Paul.
MAUROIS, ANDRE. (*French.*) *Mape. Lane.
TAGORE, RABINDRANATH. (*Bengali.*) *Broken Ties. Macmillan.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

ANDERSON, MATTHEW. Born 1894. Educated Kilmarnock Academy. Served on Scottish weekly papers and on "The Scotsman," Edinburgh. With the Scots Guards from September, 1914, until October, 1917, when invalided out. On staff of "Manchester Guardian" since October, 1918. Author of work on local government entitled "How Manchester is Managed." Wrote in the "Manchester Guardian" on social, political and industrial subjects. Lives in Manchester.

ARMSTRONG, MARTIN. Born at the end of 1882 in Northumberland. Educated at Charterhouse School and Pembroke College, Cambridge. During the ten years preceding the War tried without success a variety of ways of making money. Served in the Army, first as private and then as officer, from September, 1914 to April, 1919; thirteen months of that time, previous to the Armistice, in France. Author of "Exodus and Other Poems," 1912; "Thirty New Poems," 1918; "The Buzzards," 1921; "The Puppet Show," 1922; "The Bazaar," 1924; "The Goat and Compasses," 1925; "Desert: A Legend," 1926.

AUMONIER, STACY. "When a man claims that his 'people date back to the Conqueror,' he invariably means that his boast concerns a line of aristocrats and soldiers. It is Mr. Stacy Aumonier's proud boast that he can trace his ancestry back for over three hundred years and that all his forebears have been craftsmen of some kind or another. He is an Englishman of Huguenot descent, and this instinct of craftsmanship is very strongly developed in him, for a proficiency in several of the arts appears to have come quite naturally to him. He has been a successful landscape painter, a decorative designer, an actor,

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a maker of charts for the government, a society entertainer, and finally a short story writer. In addition to this he is married to a distinguished pianist—Miss Gertrude Peppercorn." Author: "Olga Bardel"; "Just Outside"; "The Querrils"; "One After Another"; "Heartbeat"; "Three Bars' Interval"; "The Love-a-duck"; "The Friends"; "Miss Bracegirdle and Others"; "Odd Fish"; "The Golden Windmill"; "Overheard." Lives in London.

AUSTIN, FREDERICK BRITTEN. Born in London, 1885, Educated Grocers' Company School, London. First published story: "The Dealer in Antiques," Graphic Christmas Number, 1908. First novel: "The Shaping of Lavinia," 1911. War service, August 4th, 1924 to January 19th, 1919, demobilised retaining the rank of Captain. Made a hit, early in 1917, in the Strand Magazine and the Saturday Evening Post simultaneously, with a number of stories dealing with the war as seen through German eyes—the best known perhaps being "Panzerkraftwagen!" and "Nach Verdun!". Has since contributed stories regularly to these two magazines, and during 1925 has contributed a series of "next-war" stories ("The War-God Walks Again") to the London Magazine and the Saturday Evening Post simultaneously. In these two periodicals, also, are now appearing another series of "prehistoric" stories ("When Mankind Was Young"). Since the war, has travelled extensively in various European nations for the Saturday Evening Post, also in 1925 made a complete study of European aviation, civil and military, for that paper.

"BARTIMEUS." (PAYMASTER COMMANDER LEWIS DA C. RICCI, R. N.) Entered the Royal Navy as a Cadet in September 1901. While serving as a Midshipman on the Mediterranean Station, he contracted Malta fever and lost the sight of his right eye. It was during his subsequent sick leave in England that he wrote his first story, a short Naval sketch published by the Pall Mall Gazette, under the pseudonym, "Bartimeus." He was transferred to the Accountant Branch of the Navy in 1905 and served afloat until 1913 in various parts of the world, writing occasional sketches of Naval life. In August, 1914, a few days before the declaration of War, "Naval Occasions" appeared. He served during the War on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, Grand Fleet, then Admiral Sir John Jellicoe. His war books were "A Tall Ship," "The Long Trick," "The Navy Eternal," and have been followed since by "Unreality," "Seaways," and "Great Security." He is now serving in the Atlantic Fleet.

BATES, H. E. Born in 1905. Left school in 1921 when he took up journalism, dropped it in disgust, and for three years worked in a warehouse. At fifteen he began writing lyrics and at eighteen a novel which he says is "mercifully lost." Author: "The Two Sisters," 1926; "The Last Bread," 1926. Is unmarried. Owes an immense amount to the sympathy of Mary L. Pendered and Edward Garnett. Lives at Rushden, Northants.

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BENNETT, ENOCH ARNOLD. Born in North Staffordshire on May 27, 1867. Educated at Newcastle Middle School. Practised law and edited "Woman" from 1893 to 1900, since when he has devoted himself entirely to literature. Author: "A Man From the North," 1898; "The Grand Babylon Hotel," 1902; "Anna of the Five Towns," 1902; "The Truth About an Author," 1903; "Leonora," 1903; "A Great Man," 1904; "Sacred and Profane Love," 1905; "Whom God Hath Joined," 1906; "The Grim Smile of the Five Towns," 1907; "Cupid and Commonsense," 1908; "Buried Alive," 1908; "The Old Wives' Tale," 1908; "What the Public Wants," 1909; "Clayhanger," 1910; "The Card," 1911; "The Honeymoon," 1911; "Hilda Lessways," 1911; "Milestones" (with Edward Knoblauck), 1912; "The Matador of the Five Towns," 1912; "The Great Adventure," 1913; "The Regent," 1913; "The Price of Love," 1914; "These Twain," 1916; "The Lion's Share," 1916; "Books and Persons," 1917; "The Title," 1918; "The Pretty Lady," 1919; "Judith," 1919; "A Roll Call," 1919; "From the Log of the Velsa," 1920; "Things That Have Interested Me" (three series), 1921, 1823, 1925; "The Love Match," 1922; "Mr. Prohack," 1922; "Body and Soul," 1922; "Lilian," 1923; "Riceyman Steps," 1923; "Elsie and the Child," 1925, etc. Lives in London.

BENNETT, ROLF. Author of numerous novels and short stories of a humorous nature chiefly dealing with the sea.

BENSON, EDWARD FREDERIC. Born at Wellington College, July 24, 1867. Son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury and brother of the late Arthur Christopher Benson and the late Robert Hugh Benson. Educated at Marlborough and Cambridge. Unmarried. Author: "Dodo," 1893; "Six Common Things," 1893; "Rubicon," 1894; "Judgment Books," 1895; "Limitations," 1896; "The Babe, B. A., 1897; "Vintage," 1898; "The Capsina," 1899; "Mammon and Co.," 1900; "The Princess Sophia," 1900; "The Luck of the Vails," 1901; "Scarlet and Hyssop," 1902; "Book of Months," 1903; "The Relentless City," 1903; "The Challoners," 1904; "An Act in a Backwater," 1905; "The Image in the Sand," 1905; "The Angel of Pain," 1906; "The House of Defence," 1907; "Sheaves," 1907; "The Blotting Book," 1908; "Figure-Skating," 1908; "The Climber," 1908; "Daisy's Aunt," 1910; "The Osbornes," 1910; "Aunt Jeannie," 1902; "Account Rendered," 1911; "Mrs. Ames," 1912; "The Weaker Vessel," 1913; "Thorley Weir," 1913; "Winter Sports in Switzerland," 1913; "Dodo the Second," 1914; "Arundel," 1914; "Dinner For Eight," 1915; "The Oakleyites," 1915; "David Blaize," 1916; "Mike," 1916; "The Freaks of Mayfair," 1916; "Mr. Teddy," 1917; "Crescent and Iron Cross," 1918; "Up and Down," 1918; "Robin Linnet," 1919; "The Countess of Lowndes Square," 1920; "Our Family Affairs," 1920; "Queen Lucia," 1920; "Dodo Wonders," 1921; "Miss Mapp," 1922; "Colin," 1923; "David of King's," 1924; "Alan," 1924. Lives in London.

BENSON, STELLA. Born 1892 in Shropshire, England. Educated at

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home. In her later teens lived a great deal on the Continent, chiefly in Switzerland, but also in France and South Germany. During the War was in charge of one of the "Queen's Workrooms," later worked "on the land" in Berkshire. Wrote her first book, "I Pose," in 1915. Also during the war wrote "This Is the End" and a book of verse called "Twenty." In the summer of 1918 went to U. S. A. After a few months of the east, pushed westward. Having spent all her available money, got work in Colorado and later in California. Stayed in California till 1920. Wrote "Living Alone" there. In Japan and China during 1920, still working her way. India the first half of 1921. Married in 1921, J. C. O'Gorman Anderson, in Chinese Customs Service—an internationally organised service in China. Four months' wedding trip spent in U. S. A., partly crossing from New York to San Francisco in a Ford car. Wrote "The Poor Man" in 1922, returned to China and lived in Yunnan till 1925, travelling occasionally in Indo-China and the interior of China. Wrote "Pipers and a Dance" in 1924. 1925, travelled a good deal in U. S. A. again and to England and the continent. Husband transferred to Manchuria. New novel just finished. Has been living in Manchuria for the past year.

BERMAN, HANNAH. Was born in the province of Kovno, Lithuania. At the age of three, she was taken to Ireland by her parents. Went to school in Dublin. Started to write for the Dublin newspapers at a very early age. Her first novel, "Melutovna," was published in 1913. In the same year, her translated novel "Stempenyu" (from the Yiddish of Shalom Aleichem) was published in London. Another translated volume, from the same author; "Jewish Children," was published in 1920. Her second novel, "Anthills," was published in 1926. She has contributed short stories and translations from the Yiddish to numerous British and American papers. She has also written for the Yiddish press in London. She has rarely departed from her specialty, the lives of the Jews in Lithuanian Russia during the Nineteenth Century. Lives in London.

BOTTOME, PHYLLIS. Born in England. She spent six years of her childhood in America, but returned to England at the age of thirteen. Shortly afterwards she had a serious lung break-down and was obliged to live in Switzerland or the South of Italy, until the War broke out. In 1917, she married Captain A. E. Forbes Dennis who was fighting in France; since then she has lived abroad where her husband has held various government appointments in France and Austria. Published her first book at the age of eighteen, but her first success, was made five years later with "The Dark Tower." "The Kingfisher" and her last book, "Old Wine," are considered her best long novels; but she herself prefers her short stories which have appeared chiefly in America and were published in book form in "The Derelict and Other Stories." She has also done much of her best

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work in long short story form; in "The Crystal Heart"; "The Victim and the War" and "The Perfect Wife." Phyllis Bottome is well known both in England and America, but she feels herself to belong, both in sympathy and in style, more to the American than to the English school of fiction writers. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Dennis have made their permanent home at Kitzbühal in the Austrian Tyrol.

BOWEN, MARJORIE. Commenced writing at a very early age, having completed her first published novel when she was 17. This was "The Viper of Milan," which was followed by many other historical works, perhaps the most remarkable of these being the trilogy dealing with William III and his times. Her first collection of stories was published when in her early twenties. Principal works: "God's Play-Things," followed by "Shadows of Yesterday," "Curious Happenings," "The Pleasant Husband," "Crimes of Old London," and "Seeing Life!" They are varied in subject, dealing with life in its many forms, ghostly, occult, human, etc., historical and modern, ranging from a thousand words to the long story. "Windfalls" won for her Eve's £100 prize in 1923. She is a F. R. Soc. Lit., F. R. Hist. Soc. in England, and F. Soc. Arts and Learning, Utrecht, Soc. of Lit., Leyden University. Lives in Kent.

BRADDELL, MAURICE. Born in November, 1900. Educated at Charterhouse School and Oriel College, Oxford. After leaving Oxford he studied at the Academy of Dramatic Art in London, then went up to the Repertory Theatre at Liverpool, then acted with some of Mr. Nigel Playfair's companies. He is now in America where he has gone to do some work for the films.

BULLETT, GERALD. Born December 30, 1893 and educated in London; published his first novel "The Progress of Kay" early in 1916 while on active service; in 1921 graduated at Jesus College, Cambridge, taking First Class Honours and Special Distinction in English. Since coming down from Cambridge he has contributed largely to the literary weeklies, and has written the following books: "The Street of the Eye," "Mr. Godly Beside Himself," "The Baker's Cart," "The Innocence of G. K. Chesterton," "Walt Whitman," and "Modern English Fiction." His own dramatisation of "Mr. Godly Beside Himself" was produced by Mr. Nigel Playfair for the Three Hundred Club on February 21, 1926. Lives in London.

BURKE, THOMAS. Born in London. Started in City at 14. Began to write at 15. Sold first story at 16. Left City at 18, and worked in publisher's office, as bookseller's assistant, and as secretary in a literary agency. Retired from this work in 1914 and devoted himself to writing. Married, 1918, Winifred Wells. Principal books: "The Wind and the Rain"; "Nights in Town"; "Limehouse Nights," and "The Sun in Splendour." Lives in London.

BURTON, PHILIP VANDELEUR. Born 1897. Educated at the Dragon

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School, Oxford, and Clifton College. Married Ella Thelma Cleave in 1925. Profession—writing. Contributor to the London Mercury and the Bermondsey Book. Publications—nil. At present engaged on a set of adventure stories for boys. Lives in Cornwall.

CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH. Born in London 1874. Educated at St. Paul's School. Married in 1901. Engaged in literature and journalism since 1900. Editor of G. K.'s Weekly. Author: "The Wild Knight"; "The Defendant"; "Greybeards at Play"; "Twelve Types"; "Browning"; "G. F. Watts," 1904; "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," 1904; "The Club of Queer Trades," 1905; "Heretics," 1905; "Dickens," 1906; "The Man Who Was Thursday," 1908; "Orthodoxy," 1908; "All Things Considered," 1908; "Tremendous Trifles," 1909; "George Bernard Shaw," 1909; "The Ball and the Cross," 1910; "What's Wrong With the World," 1910; "Alarms and Discursions," 1911; "The Innocence of Father Brown," 1911; "Manalive," 1912; "Ballad of the White Horse," 1913; "The Victorian Age in Literature," 1913; "Magic," 1913; "The Flying Inn," 1914; "The Wisdom of Father Brown," 1914; "Poems," 1915; "The Crimes of England," 1915; "A Shilling for My Thoughts," 1916; "A Short History of England," 1917; "Irish Impressions," 1919; "The Superstition of Divorce," 1920; "The New Jerusalem," 1920; "The Uses of Diversity," 1921; "Evils of Eugenics," 1922; "What I Saw in America," 1922; "The Ballad of St. Barbara"; "Man Who Knew Too Much"; "Fads Versus Fancies"; "St. Francis of Assisi"; "Tales of the Long Bow," 1925, etc. Lives at Beaconsfield, Bucks.

CONDRON, NINA. "I was born in Dublin and livid in Galway most of my life. I am 28. My first short story was published in the Empire Annual for Girls, when I was 14. I have been writing stories and articles since then for English and Irish papers—notably the Daily News, the Yorkshire Post, the Yorkshire Observer, T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly, the Irish Independent, and 'Banba'. Most of my work deals with Irish peasant life. When I was 14 I became ill and had to leave school and live in the open air for three years, I thus escaped a great deal of the tyranny of 'education.' I have not written very much yet, but I think it is due to the liberty and happiness of those three years that I have written anything at all." Lives in London.

COPPARD, ALFRED EDGAR. Born at Folkestone, Kent, January 4, 1878. Engineer's clerk at Brighton and Oxford for 20 years. Was an all-round athlete, winning scores of prizes at professional sprinting, long-distance walking, swimming and boxing, with cricket, football, billiards, and marriage thrown in. Present pastimes are shovehapenny and meditating upon the syllable Om. Commenced writing in 1912 and has published the following short story volumes: "Adam and Eve and Pinch Me," 1921 (the first book to be published by the Golden Cockerel Press, and now extremely rare); "Hips and Haws," 1922; "Clorinda Walks in Heaven," 1922; "The Black Dog," 1924; and, "Fishmonger's

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Fiddle," 1925. Lives alone in a Chiltern wood and expects to die modestly of starvation.

"CLEMENCE, DANE" (WINIFRED ASHTON). Author: "Regiment of Women," "First the Blade," "Legend," "The Wandering Stars," "A Bill of Divorcement," "Will Shakespeare," "The Way Things Happen," and "Granite."

DATALLER, ROGER. "I am a Yorkshireman, living at Parkgate, near Rotherham. I was born thirty-three years ago, and received an elementary school education until the age of thirteen, when I entered a steel works where by successive stages I became 'stocktaker' in a steel mill. Afterwards I took employment with a colliery and for a number of years now have been underground time-keeper. I first broke into print by winning the "Bookman" lyric competition in 1921. In 1925 published, "From a Pitman's Notebook." Contributions also to the "Adelphi," "New Leader," "Recorder," "Lansbury's and other journals."

DAVIES, RHYS. Born November 9, 1901, in the Rhondda Valley, South Wales. "A Gift of Death" first story published. A novel of Welsh Life and a book of short stories in preparation. Lives in Essex.

DELAFIELD, ELIZABETH M. Elder daughter of Count Henry de la Pasture, of Llandogo Priory, Monmouthshire. Born 1890. Served as V. A. D. in the County of Devon 1914-1917, and in the Ministry of National Service 1917-1918. Married in 1919, Major Paul Dashwood, third son of Sir George Dashwood, Bart. One son and one daughter. Author of "Zella Sees Herself," "The Pelicans," "Consequences," "Tension and Humbug," "The Optimist," "A Reversion to Type," "Mrs. Harter," and "The Chip and the Block." Contributes occasional short stories to The London Mercury, Good Housekeeping, Nash's Magazine, The Cornhill, etc. Principal hobbies; reading other people's books, The Women's Institute Movement, and Criminology. Lives now at Croyle, Cullompton, in the County of Devon, and serves as Justice of the Peace.

DE LA MARE, WALTER. Born in 1873. Author: "Songs of Childhood," 1902; "Henry Brocken," 1904; "Poems," 1906; "The Three Mulla-Mulgars," 1910; "The Return," 1910; "The Listeners and other Poems," 1912; "Peacock Pie," 1913; "Motley and other Poems," 1913; "Flora," 1919; "Collected Poems," 1902-1918, 1920; "The Veil and other Poems," 1921; "Down-adown-Derry," 1921; "Crossings," 1921; "Memoirs of a Midget," 1921; "The Riddle and other stories," 1923; "Come Hither," 1923; "Ding Dong Bell," 1924; and "The Connoisseur," 1926. Lives at Taplow, Bucks.

"DOYLE, LYNN" (LESLIE ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.) Born at Downpatrick, Co. Down spent part of his boyhood on a farm, Ballydonihy, Co. Down. Entered service of the Northern Banking Co. Ltd. at the age of sixteen. Has been successively manager of their Branches in

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Cushendall, on the Co. Antrim Coast, Keady, Co. Armagh, and Skerries on the Co. Dublin Coast. Has written "Ballygullion," "Mr. Wildridge of the Bank," "An Ulster Childhood," Lobster Salad," and "Dear Ducks." Of his plays "Love and Land" was produced in Belfast by the Ulster Theatre, later, under the name of "Persevering Pat," at the Little Theatre in London. Other plays: "The Lilac Ribbon," and "Turncoats" produced by the Ulster Theatre, and "Revenge," produced by the Northern Drama League.

EDGINGTON, MAY. "I am married to Mr. F. E. Baily, editor and writer, and have one son, aged 11. I write a great deal for American magazines, and have written, and collaborated in, several plays: 'The Prude's Fall'; 'The Ninth Earl'; and 'Secrets,' in collaboration with Rudolf Besier, and 'Trust Emily' and 'The Fairy Tale' of my own. A great deal of my work has been filmed by the Famous Players, Goldwyn, Fox, First National, and Ince Companies. My first editor was Mr. Alder Anderson, then of the Grand Magazine, for whose encouragement I shall always be grateful. I have, of course, had a good many novels published, one of the most successful being a humorous one, 'Oh James!' from which the comedy 'His Lady Friends,' and then the book of 'No, No, Nanette!' were made." Lives in London.

EDWARDS, DOROTHY. Born 1902 in Glamorganshire, of Welsh parentage. Educated at the University of Wales, Cardiff. Lives in Cardiff.

ERTZ, SUSAN. Born in Walton-on-the-Thames, England, is of American parentage, and has lived equally in America and England. Her childhood was divided between England and California, but of late years she has made her home in London. Her first novel, "Madame Claire," was published in 1923, and brought her immediate recognition on both sides of the Atlantic. It was followed by "Nina" in 1924, and "After Noon" early in 1926. She is also becoming increasingly well known as a writer of short stories.

FARRINGTON, VICTORIA DOROTHEA. Is the daughter of the late Thomas Farrington M.A., and his wife Mary Emily Foreman, both members of well known Cork families. Her father all his life took a prominent part in the life of Cork and her uncle, Stephen Foreman, is the author of several novels. She was born and educated in Cork, and is a B.A. of the University College of that city (Nat. Univ. of Ireland). In 1913 and 1914 she was secretary to the Munster Women's Franchise League, and in that cause she worked with such different celebrities as Miss E. Œ. Somerville (the famous "Irish R. M." author and artist) and Miss Mary MacSwiney, the Republican T. D. She is married to Mr. T. F. Harvey Jacob of Waterford and has three children. Lives in Waterford, Ireland.

FENBY, CHARLES. Born in North Yorkshire, May 21, 1905. Educated at King Edward VI. School, Guildford, and Oxford, becoming

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a scholar in Modern History at Wadham College in 1923. Has contributed to Oxford magazines, was a co-founder of the Jawbone Society, has acted for the O. U. D. S., and contributed dramatic criticism to the Westminster Gazette. Lives at Oxford.

FLOWER, WALTER NEWMAN. Born at Fontmell Magna, Dorset, July 8, 1879. Educated at Weymouth College and privately. Was on the staff of Messrs. Harmsworth for some years and has been associated with Messrs. Cassell & Co. since 1906. He is now literary director of that firm. Author: "Red Harvest," 1913; "Is God Dead?", 1915; "Crucifixion," 1916; "The Boy Who Did Grow Up," 1919; and "George Frederick Handel," 1923. Has also contributed articles and short stories to many publications. Lives at Sevenoaks.

GARVIN, VIOLA. Born at Gibraltar, daughter of Captain Harry Taylor, King's Foreign Service Messenger M. V. O., and wife of the editor of "The Observer." Mrs. Garvin is the grand-daughter of the poet, Sir Henry Taylor, K. C. M. G. who was for years in the Colonial Office and who wrote "Philip Van Artevelde," and of Alice Theodosia Taylor, well known to lovers of R. L. Stevenson and to whom that author dedicated "The Merry Men." Last year she published "Guests and Memories," a posthumous record of the life, literary and political, at the Taylors' house, "The Roost." Tennyson, Gladstone, Spedding, Jowett, Aubrey de Vere, Stevenson, Mrs. Norton, and many others crossed the threshold of the Victorian villa in Bournemouth regularly. Mrs. Garvin began to write as Viola Taylor when she was seventeen in "The Westminster Gazette," and since then has contributed to "The Observer," "The Saturday Review," "The London Mercury," "The Evening Standard," "The Fortnightly," "The Empire Review," "The Weekly Westminster," and "The Pall Mall Gazette." She published in 1922 "As You See It." Lives in London.

GERHARDI, WILLIAM. Born on November 22, 1896 of British parents in Russia, was educated at Petrograd and at Oxford, served in the war, gravitating towards the end of it, as most Russian-speaking British officers, did, towards the Russian theatre, from which point of vantage he wrote his first novel "Futility," which, after being refused by most publishers, was launched by the late Katharine Mansfield who, having had the manuscript sent to her by the author, completely unknown to her, found a publisher for it within a week, but died before the author could meet her. Edith Wharton, to whom likewise Mr. Gerhardi was unknown, wrote an introduction for the American edition, but for which the author would have starved on his English royalties. Mr. Gerhardi lived for two years on the royalties of "Futility," writing the while a critical study of Anton Chekhov, and his second novel "The Polyglots," the royalties of which books being exhausted, he relapsed into semi-starvation on the Continent, when Lord Beaverbrook, having discovered his talent, got him to return to England where, thanks to Lord Beaverbrook's hospitality, the author's

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health was restored for a time. Mr. Gerhardi now lives on a farm near Toulon, eating into the unearned royalties of the novel he is now writing.

GIBBON, PERCIVAL. Born in Trelech, Carmarthenshire, Wales, November 4, 1879. Educated at a Moravian school in Germany. Was for many years in the Merchant Service and later travelled as a journalist and war correspondent in Europe, Africa and America. Died in 1926. Author: "African Items," "Souls in Bondage," "Salvator," "Margaret Harding," "Vrouw Grobelaar's Leading Cases," "Adventures of Miss Gregory," "The Second Class Passenger," and "Those Who Smiled." Died in 1926.

GIBBS, SIR PHILIP. Born May 1, 1877. Privately educated. Married. In early life was an editor for Messrs. Cassell & Co. and has been engaged in journalism since 1902. Has had a distinguished career as editor of the Daily Mail, Daily Chronicle, and Tribune and as war correspondent with the Bulgarian Army in 1912 and with the British, French, and Belgian Armies during the War. Knighted in 1920. Author: "The Individualist," "The Spirit of Revolt," "The Street of Adventure," "Intellectual Mansion, S. W.", "Oliver's Kind Women," "Helen of Lancaster Gate," "A Master of Life," "The Custody of the Child," "Back to Life," "Venetian Lovers," "The Middle of the Road," "Heirs Apparent," "Little Novels of Nowadays," "The Reckless Lady," "Founders of the Empire," "The Romance of Empire," "Men and Women of the French Revolution," "George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham," "King's Favourite," "Adventures of War with Cross and Crescent," "The Soul of the War," "The Battles of the Somme," "From Bapaume to Passchendaele," "Open Warfare," "The Way to Victory," "Realities of War," "The Hope of Europe," "People of Destiny," "Knowledge is Power," "Facts and Ideas," "The Eighth Year," "The New Man," "Adventures in Journalism," and "Ten Years After." Lives in Surrey.

GILKES, MARTIN. Son of Rev. A. H. Gilkes, late headmaster of Dulwich College. Educated Dulwich College and scholar of Oriel College, Oxford. Served in War, 1st Surrey Rifles (21st London Regiment). Twice mentioned in Despatches; awarded Military Cross for reconnaissance of enemy lines Loos 1915. Now Asst. Master Shrewsbury School. Stories have appeared in Land and Water, Truth, Saturday Westminster, Cornhill, Adelphi. Lives at Shrewsbury.

GOSSMAN, OLIVER. ("CRAIG CLYDE.") Born in Glasgow in 1885 but belongs to Gourock on the Firth of Clyde. He was educated at the local school and Greenock Collegiate. After a year at an art school he worked for nine years as a house factor in Glasgow; then spent 1912 and 1913 as a teacher of English in Berlin, and first came to London in 1914. Being rejected for the Army and having no employment for his pen save as the correspondent of Donald Hankey, "Stu-

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dent in Arms," he became a house factor in Glasgow again. He entered the Army in 1917 and served ultimately in France. He has since worked as a publisher's editor in London and as a journalist in Vienna, where he married. Published work: Two poems, three back-page articles in the Manchester Guardian, two short stories ("Please, Sir, Rooney" and "The Rolling Mill") in The New Leader under the name of "Craig Clyde," and "The Devil and Dan Tyre," which appeared in the London Mercury. Lives in Vienna.

GUNN, NEIL M. A native of Caithness. He is interested in the contemporary revival of Scottish letters. His first novel, "The Grey Coast," was published in 1926. Lives in Inverness.

HARRIS, MURIEL. Journalist. Born Abingdon, Bucks. Author: "The Book of Dolls." Has spent greater part of journalistic career on staffs of Tribune, Westminster Gazette, and Manchester Guardian. Has written short stories in Temple Bar, Windsor Magazine, and various American magazines. Lives in London.

HARRISON, MARIE. Born in Paris; daughter of the Rev. A. J. Harrison, M.A., B.D., Th.D. On the reporting staff of the Daily Chronicle, for which she acted as a special correspondent in Belgium, 1914. On French front for Daily Express in 1918. Since 1919 has been reporter and special correspondent for Daily Chronicle. Author of "Dawn in Ireland," "The Stolen Lands," and numerous short stories. Lives in London.

HAUSSMAN, JOHN. "I was born 22nd September 1902 in Bucarest, Roumania, of a French father and English mother. Lived there for the first four years of my life, and after that for four years in Paris, and then until 1920 partly in Paris and at Clifton where I was educated. Spent two years in the wilds of the Argentine, breeding cows and hogs and raising wheat and writing a book of short stories which has not yet been published. Then three years in London, in the grain business, writing occasional short stories and reviews. Am now wandering about the face of the North American Continent."

HEALY, CAHIR. Born December 1877 in Co. Donegal. Actively connected with National affairs in Ireland. Was interned by the Northern Government in a prison ship from May 1922 till March 1924. During internment elected twice to Imperial Parliament at Westminster. Was the subject of a debate there on 14th January 1924, precedents going back to 1673 being quoted. Released by order of the Prime Minister. Re-arrested by the Northern Government, but released a second time in few days. Elected M. P. of the Northern Parliament at the General Election, 1925. Was in business, then a newspaper reporter, and has since 1899 been an official with an insurance company. Published "The Adventures of Condy Corrigan." Writes occasionally in newspapers on public matters. Lives at Enniskillen, Ireland.

HOLME, CONSTANCE. (Mrs. F. B. PUNCHARD.) Author: "Crump

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Folk Going Home"; "The Lonely Plough"; "The Old Road from Spain"; "Beautiful End"; "The Splendid Fairing" (awarded the Femina-Vie Heureuse Prize of 1920–21); "The Trumpet in the Dust," and "The Things Which Belong." Lives at Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmorland.

HOLMS, JOHN FERRAR. Born at Naini Tal, United Provinces, India, 18th November, 1897. Educated Rugby School. Has contributed to The New Statesman, The Calendar, The Freeman, and other journals. Lives in France.

HUGHES, RICHARD. Author: "Gipsy Night," 1922; "The Sisters' Tragedy," 1922; "A Comedy of Good and Evil," 1924; "A Moment of Time," 1925; and "Confessio Jurenis," 1926. Lives in Wales.

HUTCHINSON, VERE STUART MENTETH. Born Paignton, Devonshire. Published first short story in 1915. First novel in 1922. Author of "Sea-mark," 1922; "Great Waters," 1924; and "The Naked Man," 1925. Contributed many short stories in England and America, translated into German and Norwegian and Dutch. Lives in London.

HUXLEY, ALDOUS. Born July 26, 1894. Educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford. Married. Author: "The Burning Wheel," 1916; "The Defeat of Youth," 1918; "Limbo," 1920; "Leda," 1920; "Crome Yellow," 1921; "Mortal Coils," 1922; "On the Margin," 1923; "Antic Hay," 1923; "Little Mexican," 1924; "Those Barren Leaves," 1925; and "Two or Three Graces," 1926.

HUXLEY, JULIAN SORELL. Born June 22, 1887. Educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford. Married. Lecturer in Zoölogy, Balliol College, 1909–11; travelled in Germany as Research Associate of the Rice Institute, 1911–12; Asst. Professor, Rice Institute, Houston, Texas, U. S. A., 1912–16; Staff Lieut. G. H. Q., Italy, 1918; Fellow of New College and Senior Demonstration in Zoölogy, Oxford University, 1919; helped organise and took part in Oxford University Expedition to Spitzbergen, 1921; Professor of Zoölogy at King's College, London since 1925. Author: "The Individual and Animal Kingdom," 1911; and "Essays of a Biologist," 1923.

IRONS, EVELYN GRAHAM. Born of Scottish parents in 1900, at Glasgow, which she was fortunate enough to leave at an early age for a village on the Firth of Clyde. In 1911 she was despatched to a boarding-school in Cheshire, and thence to St. Bride's School, Helensburgh, as a day-girl. She went up, in 1918, to Oxford (Somerville College), where she read English and wrote the usual verses. Fifteen months of office work in London, with some dabbling in freelance journalism, then enabled her to spend some time in Florence. Afterwards, at her home in Scotland, she continued the journalism and even wrote leaders for the local paper. She returned to London and became a bookseller's assistant, feeling that it is better to distribute

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literature than to produce it. But she is now writing short stories. Lives in London.

JACOBS, WILLIAM WYMARK. Born in London, September 8, 1863. Educated privately. In the Savings Bank Department of the Civil Service 1883–99. Author: "Many Cargoes," 1896; "The Skipper's Wooing," 1897; "Sea Urchins," 1898; "A Master of Craft," 1900; "Light Freights," 1901; "At Sunwich Port," 1902; "The Lady of the Barge," 1902; "Odd Craft," 1903; "Dailstone Lane," 1904; "Captains All," 1905; "Short Cruises," 1907; "Salthaven," 1908; "Sailors' Knots," 1909; "Ship's Company," 1911; "Night Watches," 1914; "The Castaways," 1916, and "Deep Waters," 1919. Lives at Berkhamsted.

JACOT, B. L. (BERNARD LOUIS JACOT DE BOINOD.) Born at Perry Barr, England, 1899. M.A., St. John's College, Oxford; Barrister-at-Law of the Inner Temple. English of French-Swiss descent. Married, one son. Played Rugby football as a schoolboy for England; double Blue at Oxford (Rugby football and swimming and water polo); also ran 100 yds. and Quarter Mile and boxed (heavyweight) for the University. Now plays football for the Harlequins and the London Scottish. Commissioned in the Artillery in 1915, transferred to Royal Flying Corps, 1916, wounded at St. Quentin, 1917. Later, staff-captain and test-pilot. A sub-editor of The Times, having joined the staff of The Times on leaving Oxford in 1922. Collected edition of short stories, 1926, "The Longer Shadow." Lives in London.

JAMES, MONTAGUE RHODES. Provost of Eton. Born 1st August, 1862, in Kent. Was at school at Temple Grove, and Eton (in College); left in 1882 for King's and lived there till 1918, having been Provost (1905) and Vice Chancellor of the University in 1913–15. The bulk of his published work consists of catalogues of manuscripts, publications of apocryphal texts, and medieval matter, historic and artistic. Fiction has been confined to four books of ghost stories, the first issued in 1904, and a fairy tale, "The Five Jars"; besides which he has rescued from forgotten periodicals a number of Sheridan Le Fanu's anonymous stories, in a volume called "Madame Crowl's Ghost." He has no theories as to the rules which should govern the composition of a short story.

JESSE, F. TENNYSON. (MRS. H. M. HARWOOD.) A grand-niece of Lord Tennyson. Has been a painter, a journalist and engaged in war work. Author: "The Milky Way," "Secret Bread," "Murder and its Motives," "Anyhouse," "The Mask," "Billetted," "The Pelican" (with H. M. Harwood), and "Quarantine." Lives at Bosham, Sussex.

JOHNSON, DOROTHY. Born in York; educated at the Ladies' College, Cheltenham; took a degree in classics; taught for some years, first at the Wimbledon Hill School for Girls and afterwards at a boys' preparatory school; has published one novel, "Doris," 1925; occasional

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contributor to The London Mercury, Manchester Guardian, Nation, Saturday Review, Adelphi, etc. Lives in London.

JORDAN, HUMFREY. Educated at Bedford Grammar School, Pembroke College, Cambridge, and the University of Paris. Tried teaching, but quickly abandoned it. Took to writing. Wrote, sailed and sea-fished and wandered a little about Europe until the war. Got a commission in the Devonshire Regt. in September, 1914 and served in France, Flanders and the Rhine until 1919. Married shortly after the war and went out to the East for a time. Chief pastimes: hunting, enjoying country life, sailing and sea fishing. Lives at Rimpton, Somerset.

KELLY, THOMAS. Born at Skreen, Co. Sligo, on the 19th December, 1886, and entered the Inland Revenue Service in 1906. That branch of the Civil Service is now the Customs and Excise, and is unique in that it still maintains a system of departmental competitive examination for promotion. Mr. Kelly competed as soon as he was eligible, late in 1925. The results, announced in May, 1926, placed him high amongst the successful candidates for Customs and Excise Surveyorships. For twenty years he has been a contributor of stories, sketches and articles to various papers and magazines, including, "The Saturday Review," "The Reader," "Book Monthly," "Manchester Guardian," "Manchester Evening News," "Great Thoughts," "Time and Tide," "Daily News," "Everyman," "English," "Sunday Mercury," as well as to the leading Irish newspapers and magazines. A Dublin publisher has in hand a collection of his short stories, but his projected novel of Irish life is still in the embryonic stage. Lives in Manchester.

KINROSS, ALBERT. "Born 1870. Left school 1886. A year and a half in the City with my father who was a West India Merchant. Three years loafing and wandering on the Continent, mainly in Germany and Switzerland. In 1892 decided to become an author. Lived in the country and at Cambridge, mainly at my father's expense and had a good time. In 1895, came to London; first novel accepted, and wrote letters regularly for the Boston Evening Transcript, chiefly about Art, Literature and Drama. Assistant editor Outlook (London) 1898–1900. Retired to write novels and stories and dramatic criticism for the Morning Post. To Italy, Denmark, Germany, France, Belgium, Austria, Russia and Poland in the winters of 1903–4 and 1905–6 as special correspondent during Russo-Japanese War and the earlier Revolution. Then to Greece and the Ægean. Left daily journalism in 1906. Wrote 'Joan of Garioch' for Chicago Daily News, stories for Harper's, Scribner's, Atlantic, Century, Adventure and so forth in America; Graphic, Pearson, Windsor, Pall Mall Magazine, Sphere, in England. Also novels. Also interested in farming and sport. Joined army in 1914 and served in France till September, 1915, except when damaged. To Salonica from autumn 1915–autumn 1917. Torpedoed but otherwise O. K. With Allenby's army in Palestine and

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Egypt 1917–1919. Home and restarted author. Century took most of my Vignolles stories; Smart Set, Sphere, Eve other stories. Wrote a novel 'The Torch' and went over to U. S. A. Had a look at Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Washington, Cleveland and Indianapolis. Wrote stories, chiefly for Strand, and novel, 'God and Tony Hewitt.'" Lives in London.

KIPLING, RUDYARD. Born at Bombay, December 30, 1865. Educated at the United Services College, Westward Ho, North Devon. Assistant editor of "The Civil and Military Gazette and Pioneer," India, 1882–89. Married. Lives at Burwash, Sussex.

LANCASTER, G. B. Tasmanian-born. Brought up principally in a New Zealand sheep station. Began writing for Sydney Bulletin, Australasian, English and American Magazines. Came to Canada and America. Did some journalistic work for New York Evening Post, and for other American papers from France during the War. Returned to wander through Canada from Nova Scotia to Yukon. Now living in England, but shortly returning to Australia. Author: "Sons of Men," "The Altar Stairs," "Jim of the Ranges," and "The Law Bringers." Also short stories. Prefers wandering to staying in one place, and most places to people. No particular vices or virtues.

LANGBRIDGE, ROSAMOND. Born Donegal, Ireland, of partly Gaelic parentage. Author: "The Flame and the Flood," "The Third Experiment," "The Single Eye," and three other novels; and a child's book, "The Land of the Ever Young." She wrote "The Spell: a Tragedy of Truth," a short Irish play, played by Sir John Martin Harvey, which caused a riot in a Dublin Theatre. Since then she has contributed Irish sketches for some years to the Manchester Guardian and published Irish poems in The Saturday Westminster. Lives in England now, but has lived more than half her life in Ireland, and her inspiration has been mainly from an Irish source.

LAVER, JAMES. Born in Liverpool on the 14th March, 1899, and lived there until he entered the Army early in 1918. He obtained a commission in the Kings Own (Royal Lancaster) Regiment, and remained in the service until late in 1919. Upon demobilization he went up to New College, Oxford, and in 1921, was awarded the Newdigate Prize for a poem on "Cervantes." In the following year a volume of his collected juvenile verse appeared, but his serious poems had less success than the light verses contributed regularly to University journals. Upon leaving Oxford he obtained a post as Assistant in the Department of Engraving, Illustration and Design at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. Early in 1925 appeared a book of art criticism, "Portraits in Oil and Vinegar," and later in the same year another volume of verses, "The Young Man Dances." He has also written articles on art subjects for various British and Continental journals. Lives in London.

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LAWRENCE, DAVID HERBERT. Born in Nottingham, September 11, 1875. Educated at Nottingham High School and Nottingham University. Married. Author: "The Trespasser," "The White Peacock," "Sons and Lovers," "The Rainbow," "Women in Love," "Aaron's Rod," "The Lost Girl," "Kangaroo," "The Boy in the Bush" (with M. L. Skinner), "David," "England, my England," "The Prussian Officer," "The Ladybird," "The Captain's Doll," "The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd," "Touch and Go," "Love Poems," "Bay," "Amores," "Tortoises," "New Poems," "Birds, Beasts, and Flowers," "Look! We have Come Through," "St. Mawr," "The Plumed Serpent," "Fantasia of the Unconscious," "Sea and Sardinia," "Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine," "Studies in Classic American Literature," "Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious," and "Twilight in Italy."

LAWRENCE, MARGERY H. "My name is Margery H. Lawrence, daughter of the well known Barrister, R. J. Lawrence of the Inner Temple, now dead. I left home to go on the stage in the early days of the War, but relinquished this for War work. Have only been writing prose since the War, though I published a book of verse in 1915. I love travel and spend most of my summers wandering about abroad. Am tremendously keen on books, ancient and modern, on music and painting; indeed I invariably design the covers of my own books. My first novel 'Miss Brandt Adventuress' fortunately made considerable success, and was followed by 'Red Heels,' which immediately sold to the films. My most recent publication is 'Nights of the Round Table.' Have done a great deal of short story work for 'The Tatler,' 'Hutchinson's,' 'Woman,' etc. Am at work upon another novel dealing with life of the artistic colony in Chelsea. My constant companion is my Alsatian wolfhound, 'Zach the Silent.' My hobbies are golf and motoring, and I am a keen ball-room dancer—love picturesque clothes and am tall and dark." Lives in London.

LEE, E. G. Born in Exeter. Attended an elementary school until the age of fourteen and was then apprenticed to a tailor. Joined the army in 1914 and served for the whole period of the war, two years in India and two and a half years upon active service in Mesopotamia. Returned to Exeter after the war and resumed occupation as a tailor. Attended regularly evening classes of the Workers' Educational Association, studying economics. Obtained scholarships to attend the W. E. A. summer school at Holybrooke House, Reading, four years in succession still studying economics. Was granted a scholarship under the Cassel Trust to study English Literature at the University of the South West for three months in 1925. At present a theological student at Manchester College, Oxford.

LIMEBEER, ENA. A native of London. She first displayed her literary talent when a young student at the Regent St. Polytechnic. She wrote, produced, and acted three parts in a fantastic play entitled "The Great Idea," written in verse and prose, and acted by the students.

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For a time she devoted herself completely to lyric poetry. Her first book of poems, "To a Proud Phantom," was published two years ago. Since then she has published a large number of poems and short stories in various periodicals in England and America. Lives in London.

LOWNDES, MARIE ADELAIDE BELLOC. Educated at Mayfield Convent, Sussex. Descended from Joseph Priestley. Author: "The Heart of Penelope," 1904; "Barbara Rebell," 1905; "The Pulse of Life," 1907; "The Uttermost Farthing," 1908; "Studies in Wives," 1909; "When No Man Pursueth," 1910; "Jane Oglander," 1911; "The Chink in the Armour," 1912; "Mary Pechell," 1912; "Studies in Love and in Terror," 1913; "The Lodger," 1913; "The End of Her Honeymoon," 1914; "Good Old Anna," 1915; "The Red Cross Barge," 1916; "Lilla," 1916; "Love and Hatred," 1917; "The Lonely House," 1920; "From the Vasty Deep," 1920; "What Timmy Did," 1921; "Why They Married," 1923; "The Terriford Mystery," 1924; "Some Men and Women," 1925; "Bread of Deceit," 1925; and "What Really Happened," 1926. Lives in London.

LYND, SYLVIA. Born Hampstead, London, 1888. Has been writing verse and stories since 1895, when her first work, called after a more famous contemporary, "The Yellow Book," appeared in a limited edition of two copies (pencil). Since then she has contributed verse and stories, and later reviews, to many papers and periodicals, including "The Nation," "The London Mercury," "The Daily News," and "The Westminster Gazette," to which last she made her first contribution in 1902. Author: "The Chorus," 1916; "The Thrush and The Jay," 1916; "The Swallow Dive," 1921; "The Goldfinches," 1920, and "The Mulberry Bush," 1925. Married Robert Lynd 1909. Two daughters. Lives in London.

"LYSTER, M." (LIA CLARKE.) Author of numerous short stories published in "Colour" and "Banba" in 1922 and in the "Irish Statesman" since 1924. Lives in Dublin.

MACCARTHY, JOHN BERNARD. Was born at Crosshaven, Co. Cork, Ireland, on June 24th, 1888. He comes of a seafaring family, and, on the death of his father, who was killed aboard a steamer on the Thames and is buried in London, he became an assistant auxiliary postman. From an early age he began to write with a view to making literature his career. He has acted as local Press correspondent, has had some experience of editorial work and of producing plays for amateur dramatic societies. Contributes short stories, articles and verse to most Irish and some English publications. Twenty of his plays have been staged at the Abbey Theatre, London, Manchester, Birkenhead, Canada, etc., notably his serious drama, "Crusaders." His works published in book form include nine plays, one book of

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verse, and two novels, "Covert" and Possessions." Lives at Crosshaven, Co. Cork.

MACCARTHY, MARY. Born 1882 at Lynton, N. Devon. Seventh child of F. Warre Cornish M.A., Vice Provost of Eton, and Blanche, daughter of the Rt. Honble. William Ritchie, Legal member of the Council of India. Educated at home and in Germany. Married 1906 Desmond MacCarthy, journalist. Two sons and one daughter. Occupations: Literary and social. Publications: "A Pier and A Band," a novel of the nineties, and "A Nineteenth Century Childhood." Lives in London.

MCILWRAITH, FRANK L. "Started life as the tenth child of his parents on a farm among the New Zealand hills. Being an idealist early, he despised cows, solitude, and rustic simplicity and hankered after politics, economic problems, men and things. The New Zealand University (Christchurch) left him only slightly mentally impaired and with a whetted appetite for inquiring into things. So he became a journalist and chased the elusive bogey of truth through many newspaper offices. Later he arrived in Australia under rather unusual circumstances and continued his search, incidentally meeting at one time or another many interesting personalities, and some new brands of politicians. He tried the sunshine and the inside of more newspaper offices in a number of Australian cities and finally in November, 1925, at the age of 33, he came to England to continue his Odyssey along the hoary intricacies of Fleet Street and to write a little for pleasure in the intervals of making money." Lives in London.

MACMANUS, L. Born in County Mayo, Ireland, and finds the inspiration for her stories in that country. Its history, its folklore, the beliefs and life around her give her the material for her work. Has contributed short stories to the Dublin papers and magazines and to "Green and Gold," the Waterford quarterly of fiction. Has published three adventure stories, "Tally of the Brigade," "In Sarsfield's Days," and "Nuala." Has also published a dream-story called "The Professor in Erin," and a collection of short stories, "Within the Four Seas of Fela." Her story "The Silk of the Kine" has been republished by the Talbot Press, Dublin, as a reader for schools. All her work is published in Dublin. Lives at Killamagh, Co. Mayo, Ireland.

MACMANUS, SEUMAS. Born and reared in the Donegal Mountains, son of one of the mountaineers, farm laborer in his boyhood, mountain schoolmaster later. Absorbed the life and old lore of the Irish mountains. Began writing verse and prose for the County paper in his boyhood. Published several books before his manhood. Closed his school and brought his work to America, where it got instant and rapid recognition. Has published books of poetry, fiction, history, drama—about twenty-four in all. Has an American home, The Manor

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House, Piermont, New York,—and an Irish home, in his native glen Tanatalan, (Mt. Charles), Co. Donegal.

MANNING-SANDERS, GEORGE. Born 1891, on the moors in North Cornwall. From painting and teaching design turned to literature in 1921, when his first story "The Feud" was published in "John o' London's Weekly." Since then he has had two hundred stories published in various journals including the English Review, The Manchester Guardian, The New Leader, The Dublin Magazine, John o' London's Weekly, The Weekly Westminster, Colour, The Daily News, etc. His stories are based chiefly on the daily doings of the Cornish peasantry and fisher folk among whom much of his life has been passed. He does not favour the use of strong dialect, but seeks to convey only the spirit of the native idiom. His wife is Ruth Manning-Sanders, the poet. They have two children and they live near Land's End, where the primitive force of the Cornish people still has a stronghold against the levelling process of civilization.

"MARLOW, FANNY." (VIVIEN HAIGH ELIOT.) Was born at Santa Margherita di Ligure in 1892. Studied violin, piano, painting and dancing for some years. Wife of T. S. Eliot. Has published (in "The Criterion") "Letters of the Moment," "A Dairy of the Rive Gauche," "Thé Dansant," "Night Club," "On the Eve," "Fête Galante," and various reviews there and elsewhere. Lives in London.

MASSIE, CHRIS. Born in a South Hackney slum and had scarcely any education. Has a comprehensive knowledge of the underworld. Author: "Lady," 1925, which was written in a workhouse. Has been a soldier and a tramp. Some years ago Mr. H. G. Wells noticed his work and introduced it to Mr. Austin Harrison who was then editor of the English Review. Much of his work has appeared in that periodical. He lives in London.

MAUGHAM, WILLIAM SOMERSET. Born in 1874. Educated at King's School, Canterbury, Heidelberg University, and St. Thomas's Hospital. Married. Author: "Liza of Lambeth," 1897; "The Making of a Saint," 1898; "Orientations," 1899; "The Hero," 1901; "Mrs. Craddock," 1902; "Schiffbrüchig," 1902; "A Man of Honour," 1903; "The Merry-go-round," 1904; "The Land of the Blessed Virgin," 1905; "The Bishop's Apron," 1906; "The Explorer," 1907; "Lady Frederick," 1907; "The Magician," 1908; "Jack Straw," 1908; "Mrs. Dot," 1908; "Penelope," 1909; "Smith," 1909; "The Tenth Man," 1910; "Grace," 1910; "Loaves and Fishes," 1911; "The Land of Promise," 1914; "Of Human Bondage," 1915; "Caroline," 1916; "Love in a Cottage," 1918; "The Moon and Sixpence," 1919; "Cæsar's Wife," 1919; "Home and Beauty," 1919; "The Unknown," 1920; "The Circle," 1921; "East of Suez," 1922; "On a Chinese Screen," 1922; "Our Betters," 1923; "Camel's Back," 1924; "Rain," 1925, and "The Painted Veil," 1925. Lives in London.

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MÉGROZ, PHYLLIS. Born in London in 1898. Comes of a literary family, two cousins being the late Amy Levy and H. F. Rubinstein respectively. Married in 1921, R. L. Mégroz, author of a book on Walter de la Mare, who is godfather to her younger daughter. Author: "The Silver Bride," 1924. A collection of her short stories is to be published soon in America. Lives near London.

MERRICK, LEONARD. Born in London, February 21, 1864. Educated at Brighton College and privately. Married. Author: "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," "When Love Flies out o' the Window," "The Position of Peggy Harper," "The Man Who Understood Women," "The Quaint Companions," "Cynthia," "The Man Who Was Good," "A Chair on the Boulevard," "One Man's View," "The Worldlings," "The Actor-Manager," "The House of Lynch," "While Paris Laughed," and "To Tell you the Truth." Lives in London.

METCALFE, JOHN. Born Heacham, Norfolk, October 6, 1891. Educated St. Felix College, Felixstowe; Paston School, North Walsham; and London University. Graduated (Honour School of Philosophy) in 1913. Joined Royal Naval Division in 1914. Commissioned in R. N. V. R. in 1918. Now on Royal Air Force Reserve of Officers. First short stories appeared in "Land and Water," 1919 to 1920. Since then Assistant Master at Highgate School, but has now abandoned teaching to give his time entirely to writing. Author: "The Smoking Leg," 1925. Now living in Scilly Islands. Recreations: golf and yachting.

MILLIN, SARAH GERTRUDE. "I live in Johannesburg where my husband—Advocate Philip Millin—practises at the Bar. I have lived in South Africa all my life. My novels are: 'The Dark River,' 1920; 'Middleclass,' 1921; 'Adam's Rest,' 1922; 'The Jordans,' 1923; 'God's Stepchildren,' 1924; and 'Mary Glenn,' 1925. My next book, 'The South Africans,' is an essay on the relationship of the South African peoples towards one another, the earth, and the forces of their circumstances. I have written short stories for The Athenæum, The Adelphi, The Cosmopolitan, and various South African papers. During the last few years I have written weekly literary essays first for The Cape Times, then for The Rand Daily Mail."

MITCHELL, JANE G. Born in Carrick-on-Shannon, Co. Leitrim, Ireland. Is a younger sister of the late Miss Susan L. Mitchell. Contributed to the "Irish Homestead" the following short stories: "Catherine," 1903; "The Tinker's Daughter," 1904; "Tirnanogue"; "That Understanding Woman." To "Sinn Fein" 1907, "How Johnny MacIntyre Cleared away the Brosna." To "New Ireland" December, 1917, "Dreams of Youth"; and "Swans in Duck Street," 1918. To the "Irish Review," July–Aug., 1914, "The Devout Murderer." To "The Dublin Magazine," September, 1923, "The Poetry of Shopping." To "The Irish Statesman," "Those People," 1923; "The Long Drive," 1924;

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"The Snow," March, 1925; and "The Way Home," January 2, 1926. Lives in Dublin.

MONKHOUSE, ALLAN N. A Lancashire man who was born in the county of Durham (1858) and lives in Cheshire. Since childhood his local interests have centered in Manchester. His education was at private schools and the time from early manhood to middle-age was spent in Manchester warehouses and offices. Joined the editorial staff of the Manchester Guardian in 1902. His first play was produced by Miss Horniman at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester and his most successful one—"The Grand Cham's Diamond"—at the Birmington Repertory Theatre. With "The Conquering Hero" he obtained a success of esteem in London, and other pieces played there have aroused some curiosity. He has written half-a-dozen or more novels of which the latest and perhaps the most successful with the public are "My Daughter Helen" and its sequel "Marmaduke." Married and has four children. Lives in Stockport.

MONRO, HAROLD. Born in 1879. Founder of the Poetry Bookshop and editor of "Poetry and Drama" and "The Chapbook." Author: "Poems," 1906; "Evolution of the Soul," 1907; "Judas," 1907; "Chronicle of a Pilgrimage," 1909; "Before Dawn," 1911; "Children of Love," 1914; "Strange Meetings," 1917; "Some Contemporary Poets," 1920; "Real Property," 1922. Lives in London.

NEWALL, N. "Born January 3rd, 1897; a date that appears alarming, but not to a youngster about to start on serious work. Am sending out a volume of short stories. I was night editor of a morning newspaper when I resigned in the Spring of 1914 to write fiction. On demobilization I had to return to Fleet St. A year ago I left to test the possibilities of a partnership in a book-publishing firm; I shall be in Fleet Street for probably another year to repair my losses. Have contributed a few short stories and general articles to magazines, popular and otherwise; translated a book from the French; and read for a publisher. My practice has been to use a pen-name." Lives in London.

NEWTE, HORACE WYKEHAM CAN. Although born in Wiltshire in 1870, comes of an old Devonshire clerical family which had the living of Tiverton. Educated Christ's Hospital for the Navy, but went in for journalism and unsuccessful playwriting. Had some twenty one-act plays produced in London and the Provinces. Then wrote novels, many of which have been successful, particularly in cheap editions. Author of "Sparrows," "The Wife," "A Young Lady," "Ruth," "The Rogues' Progress," and "The Extra Lady," and about twenty-five other novels, including one describing the horrors of England under Communism. Has written for the Daily Mail, Evening Standard, Sunday Herald, Sunday Chronicle, Star, the Adelphi, and other newspapers and magazines.

O FAOLÁIN, SEÁN. An Irish writer who is better known to those

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interested in the modern Gaelic school of writers than to those who know only the Anglo-Irish school. He has, however, written in English for British and American magazines. Born in Cork in 1900, a scholar as well as a writer, took his M.A. degree in the University there in 1923, and is at present studying at the same college for major degrees in Medieval English Literature.

O'FLAHERTY, LIAM. "Life History, so far, of the man known as Liam O'Flaherty: Born Aran Islands, Co. Galway, Ireland, 28th August 1896. Educated Rockwell College, Blackrock College and University College, Dublin. Joined British Army 1915. Served in France therewith. Discharged with shell shock, May, 1918. Set out to conquer the world August, 1918, from the Aran Islands. Worked in London as a foreman in a brewery, a porter in a hotel, and as a clerk in an office. Walked out of the office and went to sea as a trimmer on a tramp steamer. Left the steamer at Rio de Janeiro. Didn't like the place. Came back in the same capacity on another steamer to Liverpool. Joined another at Cardiff and went east, to Italy, Turkey, Greece etc. Thence to Montreal where he left the ship. Wandered over Canada, working in the capacity of lumberjack, railway worker, tinned milk sealer, miner in copper mines, dock labourer, hobo carpenter. Crossed the American frontier without a passport in November, 1919. Joined his brother in Boston. Followed various avocations in various States of the Union, to wit, maker of pastry, telegraph messenger, oyster fisher, houseporter, dishwasher, waiter in a construction camp boarding house, dynamite worker in Dupont's works, shipyard worker, plumber's assistant, printer's assistant, rubber tyre maker, and labourer in biscuit factory. Joined another ship at New York, August, 1920 to return to Ireland. Carried to South America instead. Joined another ship at Santos, Brazil, and travelled to Belgium, Holland and Germany thereon. Came from Hamburg to Cardiff. Came to Ireland from Cardiff in November, 1920. Stayed a few weeks in that country and passed to London once more where he stayed until January, 1921, in which month he returned to the Aran Islands without having conquered any part of the world. Meditated for many months in the aforesaid islands on the indefinability of the paregoric, the uncertainty of life, and the constant tribulations to be met with in this world. Roused himself to a desire for a further attempt at world conquest in August, 1921. Set out for London once more, but returned to Ireland in December of the same year and became active in various manners, to wit, in the organisation of the unemployed and the seizure of the Rotunda, over which he hoisted the Red Flag and fed the poor, in participation in the Four Courts rebellion, and later in a further departure from the scene of these activities by going once more to London, where in September, 1922 he commenced to write. Since then he has written divers books called: 'Thy Neighbour's Wife,' 'The Black Soul,' 'Spring Sow-

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ing,' 'The Informer,' and 'The Tent.' He is now resident in Glencoe, Co. Wickham, Ireland, still meditating on the indefinability of the paregoric."

PAVEY, L. A. Born 1888. Civil Servant and Free-Lance. Lived in England, France and Ireland. Contributor to: "Adelphi," "Saturday Review," "Nation," "Manchester Guardian," "New Leader," "Chambers' Journal," and "Windsor Magazine." Lives at Westcliff-on-Sea.

PEARN, V. A. Born Portsmouth. Brought up (after parents' death) by grandfather, Captain Pearn, R. N. Educated, Godolphin School, Salisbury. Author: "Separate Stars," "Love on the Happy Hill," "Wild Birds," "Hush!", and "The Otways." Children's plays written with Algernon Blackwood: "The Starlight Express" and "Through the Crack." Lives at Guildford, Surrey.

PHILLPOTTS, EDEN. Born at Mount Aboo, India, November 4, 1862. Educated at Plymouth. Was clerk in an insurance office 1880–90. Studied for the stage. Married. Author: "Lying Prophets," 1896; "Children of the Mist," 1898; "The Human Boy," 1899; "Sons of the Morning," 1900; "The Striking Hours," 1901; "The River," 1902; "My Devon Year," 1903; "The American Prisoner," 1904; "The Secret Woman," 1905; "Knock at a Venture," 1905; "The Portreeve," 1906; "The Whirlwind," 1907; "The Folk Afield," 1907; "The Mother," 1908; "The Human Boy Again," 1908; "The Virgin in Judgment," 1908; "The Three Brothers," 1909; "Fun of the Fair," 1909; "The Haven," 1909; "The Thief of Virtue," 1910; "Tales of the Tenements," 1910; "Wild Fruit," 1910; "Demeter's Daughter," 1911; "The Beacon," 1911; "Dance of the Months," 1911; "The Forest on the Hill," 1912; "The Iscariot," 1912; "The Angle of Seventeen," 1912; "The Old Time Before Them," 1913; "The Joy of Youth," 1913; "The Shadow," 1913; "Curtain Raisers," 1914; "The Old Judge's Chair," 1914; "Brunel's Tower," 1915; "Old Delabole," 1915; "The Green Alleys," 1916; "The Human Boy and the War," 1916; "The Girl and the Faun," 1916; "The Nursery," 1917; "Plain Song," 1917; "The Farmer's Wife," 1917; "Chronicles of St. Tid," 1917; "The Spinners," 1918; "A Shadow Passes," 1918; "Storm in a Tea Cup," 1919; "Evander," 1919; "St. George and the Dragon," 1916; "Miser's Money," 1920; "As the Wind Blows," 1920; "Orphan Dinah," 1920; "Eudocia," 1921; "The Bronze Venus," 1921; "Pan and the Twins," 1922; "Pixies' Plot," 1922; "Black, White, and Brindled," 1923; "Children of Men," 1923; "The Lavender Dragon," 1923; "A Human Boy's Diary," 1924; "Cheat-the-Boys," 1924; "The Treasures of Typhon," 1924; "A Harvesting," 1924; "Redcliff," 1924; "Up Hill, Down Dale," 1925; "George Westover," 1925; "Jane's Legacy," 1925; "The Island of Sirce," 1926. Lives at Torquay.

POTTER, KENNETH. Born in London in 1893. Educated at Dulwich, and went up to Balliol with a classical scholarship in 1912. Obtained

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a first-class in Classical Moderations in 1914. Gazetted to the Norfolk Regiment in the same year. Went out to France in 1915, and remained there, except for an interval caused by a wound, till the end of 1917. Awarded Military Cross in 1916. Wounded and taken prisoner near Cambrai on November 30th, 1917, and remained in Germany until after the armistice. Demobilised with rank of captain in 1919, and returned to Oxford. In 1920 obtained a first-class in Literæ Humaniores, and became a master at Wellington. Since 1924, assistant to the Professor of Latin at Edinburgh University.

POWER, ARTHUR. "Born 1891 in the Island of Guernsey. My father was in the army, and from Guernsey we were moved to Belfast and from Belfast to Dublin. Dublin is the first place I remember. We had a beautiful old house and garden outside at Glasnevin in which Swift had written epigrams on the window panes. An illustrated edition of Milton gave me my first impetus towards literature. When I was nine my father died in the South African War. Two years later I was sent to a preparatory school and then to the Oratory, Edgbaston, where I suffered the tortures of the damned. After three years my health broke down and I went to Heidelberg, where I spent two years. I then returned to Ireland and studied for the Army, and when the Great War broke out I was going up for my second examination. I was given a commission at the front and went out in October, 1914, and was through the first and second battles of Ypres. Before I left during the holidays I had written several poems and commenced a novel, and I decided that if I ever escaped with my life out of that carnage, I would devote myself to literature. Eight months later I came home on a transfer, and my health broke down and I was ill for two years, and have never recovered from its effects. Invalided out of the Army, I finished my novel three years later, but I did not publish it. During the latter part of the War I lived in London among its Bohemian intellectuals, and on the conclusion of the War I travelled abroad through Italy, finally settling in Paris where I frequented the same society. I have written a number of poems, two one-act plays, and a number of short stories. At present I am living in the mountainous wilds of Connemara in Co. Galway trying to rid myself of intellectualism and find myself again in simplicity and nature My chief interests are sport and drawing, and I have been associated in several efforts to create an interest in the arts in Ireland, and am a strong believer in the application of continental ideals and ideas in Ireland in opposition to Anglo-Saxon culture which bears so little fruit here."

POWYS, THEODORE F. Born at Shirley Vicarage in Derbyshire in 1875. From Shirley the family moved to Dorchester and six years later to Montacute Vicarage in Somerset. Aged ten, T. F. Powys went as a boarder to Dorchester Grammar school, which Hardy and Burns had once attended. He also studied at Sherborne and at Alde-

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burgh. Author: "The Left Leg," "Mark Only," and "Black Briony." Lives at East Chaldon, Dorset.

PRITCHETT, V. S. "I am a native of Ipswich, Suffolk, and I was born in 1900. I was educated at Alleyn's School. As a journalist I have travelled fairly considerably, and I have lived for longish periods in France, Spain, and Ireland and America. I am a regular contributor to The Christian Science Monitor, in which I am known as V. S. P." Lives in Dublin.

PUGH, EDWIN. "Born in London, January, 1874, of poor because honest parents. Went to the worst school in the world till I was thirteen, then left to become, first an errand-boy, then a 'strong lad' in a metal works, then a law clerk in the City. Quitted the City for good at 21. Have since lived by writing. Output: about fifty books of various kinds, some thousands of articles, hundreds of short stories, and perhaps a dozen poems. Happily married to the best woman in the world, and younger now than I was forty years ago." Lives in London.

RICHARDSON, ANTHONY. Born in 1899. Educated at Marlborough and Manchester University. Served 2nd. Lt. Kings Own Scottish Borderers in the War. Worked on editorial staff of C. Arthur Pearson, Curtis Brown, Ltd., Messrs. William Heinemann. Short stories Contributed to Pictorial Review, Forum, Nash's Magazine, Pearson's Magazine, Cassell's Magazine, Royal Magazine, etc. etc. Married 1923. Daughter 1925. No clubs or societies. Hobby: silverwork and jewelry. Author: "Word of the Earth," "Ransom," "High Silver," and "The Appropriate County" (in preparation). Lives in Surrey.

RICKWORD, EDGELL. Born at Colchester in Essex, 1898. Author: "Behind the Eyes," 1921, and "Rimbaud: The Boy and the Poet," 1924. Edited "The Calendar" 1925-1926. Lives in Wales.

SCOULLER, EDWARD. Born in Ardrossan, Ayrshire, April 4, 1892. Educated at Greenock High School, anæsthetised at Glasgow University. Has been clerk, insurance agent, private tutor, postman, soldier, and most other things except author. In more serious moments a Socialist propagandist, in frivolous days served with Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in France and Palestine. Has written occasional poems under strong provocation. Lives at Greenock.

SKINNER, M. L. Author of "The Boy in the Bush" (with D. H. Lawrence), and "Black Swans," 1925.

STEVENSON, G. H. "Born in a little country town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the 6th of March, 1875, the thirteenth (vide 'Benjy') of fifteen children. Have been writing more or less intermittently and with very varying success for years. First book: 'The Silver Spoon' published in 1909, was a failure. In 1913 John Lane bought and published 'Topham's Folly' (after, I think, about fifteen if not

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more refusals elsewhere—*ça, c'est pour encourager les autres*) and contracted for five more novels of which four—'Jenny Cartwright,' 'A Little World Apart,' 'Benjy,' and 'A Soul's Comedy'—have been written. Have also contributed to the Fortnightly Review, Cornhill, Adelphi, Eve, The Novel Magazine, and various other periodicals."

STONE, CHRISTOPHER REYNOLDS. Born at Eton, September 19, 1882. Educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford. Married. Private 16th Middlesex, 1914; Commission 22nd Royal Fusiliers, 1915; Major, 2nd in command, 1917; A. D. C. to G. O. C. 2nd Division, 1918 (despatches 3 times, D. S. O., M. C.) Author: "Scars," "The Valley of Indecision," "The Rigour of the Game," and other novels as well as books about Eton. Lives at West Horsham, Sussex.

"STRUTHER, JAN." Scottish by birth, but lives in London. Born in 1901. Began contributing to the Saturday Westminster Gazette in 1917. Since then has published poems, short stories, and articles in the Weekly Westminster, G. K.'s Weekly, Graphic, Bystander, Tatler, Eve, Evening Standard, Daily News, Daily Express, Spectator, Punch, etc. Lives in London.

SWEENEY. W. A. ("VOYOU".) Nationality: Irish. Born in Greenock, Scotland, 1895, 27th September. Educated local school, then St. Mungo's Academy, Glasgow, then St. Joseph's Old College, Dumfries, and Mount St. Michael's College, Dumfries. Joined army shortly after leaving College (during the war, of course), served in artillery in Egypt and Macedonia. First real journalistic venture: helping to edit camp journal while convalescent patient (after fever) in Malta. After the war joined Sub-editorial Staff of Glasgow Evening Citizen. Then sent to London as Assistant London Editor of Glasgow Evening News (after three or four months on Citizen). Subsequently joined Daily Express as Assistant Literary Editor. Subsequently Literary Editor for about a year. After that worked on Evening News as Sub-editor, and then as Special descriptive reporter on Lloyd's Sunday News and afterwards on Daily Mirror. Started to write short stories while on Daily Mirror. Abandoned journalism for fiction about three years ago, and since then have contributed to numerous monthly magazines and weeklies—including G. K.'s Weekly. Specialised in fifteen hundred word stories with unexpected endings. Had story selected from monthly magazine for dramatisation in Paris in French. Travelled while writing extensively in France—especially Provence. Recreations—principally, leaving England for France. . . .

THORNTON, DOROTHEA M. Born in September, 1884, at St. Mellion, Cornwall, of which parish her father was rector. She has only just begun to write, and "Two Words" is the first story of hers that has been published. Lives in London.

THURSTON, E. TEMPLE. Born in 1879. Published first book of poems, 1895. Wrote first novel, "The Apple of Eden," in 1897. This

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went the round of publishers and was finally accepted and published in 1901. First play, produced 1903. First play in London at the St. James's Theatre, 1905. Has published twenty novels, best known of which are "Sally Bishop," "The City of Beautiful Nonsense," "The Greatest Wish in the World," "The Achievement of Richard Furlong," "The Passionate Crime," "Enchantment," "The Green Bough," and, "The Miracle." Has had eight plays produced in London, best known of which are "Driven," Haymarket Theatre, 1914; "The Wandering Jew," New Theatre, 1921; "A Roof and Four Walls," Apollo Theatre, 1923; and "The Blue Peter," Prince's Theatre, 1924. Also published four books of short stories and five volumes of belles-lettres: "The Patchwork Papers," "The Flower of Gloster," "The Open Window," "Sheepskins and Grey Russet," and "The Eye of the Wife." Two books of poems: "Summer," 1917, and "Poems," 1918-23. Lives in Sandhurst, Kent.

TOMLINSON, H. M. Born in 1873. Engaged in journalism since 1904. War correspondent in Belgium and France and official correspondent at G. H. Q. Literary editor of "Nation and Athenæum," 1917-23, and of the "Weekly Westminster" afterwards. Author: "The Sea and the Jungle," 1912; "Old Junk," 1919: "London River," 1921; "Waiting for Daylight," 1922; "Tidemarks," 1924. Lives in London.

TURNER, JOHN HASTINGS. Born in London, December 16, 1892. Educated at Rugby School and St. John's College, Oxford. Author: "Account Rendered," 1913; "Havoc," 1913; "Iris Intervenes," 1915; "Nothing New," 1916; "Bubbly," 1917; "A Breath of Fresh Air," 1917; "Tails Up," 1918; "Hullo, America," 1918; "Ladies and Gentlemen," 1919; "Back Again," 1919; "Everywoman's Privilege," 1920; "The Naughty Princess" (from the French), 1920; "Jumble Sale," 1920; "The Lilies of the Field," 1923; and "The Sea Urchin," 1925. Lives in London.

WALPOLE, HUGH. "Born March 13th, 1884, Auckland, New Zealand. Educated—or rather non-educated—at King's School, Canterbury; Durham and Emmanuel College, Cambridge. After being a miserable schoolmaster for a year, I came up to London and by sheer good luck got a job as reviewer of fiction to The Standard. This I held for four years and then the financial success of my fifth novel, 'Fortitude', set me free. Until the war I lived in Cornhill, then was a stretcher bearer in the Russian Ninth Army for two years, then a King's Messenger, then in charge, with Harold Williams, of Anglo-Russian propaganda in Petrograd until 1918. Since then I have lived in Cumberland and there I hope to live for the rest of my days. I won the Tait Black prize for my book 'The Secret City' and gave the Rede lecture at Cambridge in the Spring of 1925 and have lectured a good deal in America. As to my work I should say that my aim, if I have any, is to write novels that will follow the main tradition of the

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English novel, but that will be aware of modern technique and modern psychology, but one isn't, I fancy, as conscious as this of what one is doing and writes the best one can. I am, however, immensely interested in general literary criticism." Lives at Keswick.

WARREN, C. HENRY. Born in 1895. Educated at Maidstone Grammar School and London University. Tried the teaching profession but finding that the boys knew more than their master, gave it up after two years. Author: "The Stricken Peasant and other Poems," 1924; "A Book of Verse for Boys," 1924; "Cobbler, Cobbler, and Other Stories," 1925. Lives at Newport, Essex.

WAUGH, ALEC. Born in London, July 8, 1898. Educated at Sherborne and Sandhurst. Served in the European War and was taken prisoner. A literary director of Chapman and Hall, Ltd. since 1914. Author: "The Loom of Youth," 1917; "Resentment," 1918; "The Prisoners of Mainz," 1919; "Pleasure," 1921; "The Lonely Unicorn," 1922; "Public School Life," 1922; "Myself When Young," 1923; "Card Castle," 1924; "Kept," 1925, and "Love—1926," 1926. Lives in London.

"WEST, REBECCA." Born December 25, 1892. Educated at George Watson's Ladies' College. Has been on the staff of the "Freewoman" and the "Clarion." Author: "Henry James," 1916; "The Return of the Soldier," 1918; and "The Judge," 1922. Lives in London.

WETJEN, ALBERT RICHARD. "When I was twenty, my father suffered with the 'wanderlust' and disappeared into Australia for eight years. Later he went to New Zealand. One of my brothers was a master mariner in his early twenties. My father wandered a long way before settling in London, England. A greatgrandfather of mine was a parson in a little church in Tromsoe, Norway, from which country we first came. On my mother's side all the men were sailors. Her father was a carpenter in the days of the old 'Clipper' ships, wrecked once off the Yang Tze River and with the second mate was the only survivor. He sailed for thirty-five years. His father was also a ship's carpenter, and his father before him. All my maternal uncles are sailors, one a sailmaker in windjammers, one a fireman. Two of my cousins are sea-going ship's engineers, one is a steward, two others sailors. It seems we were always wrapped up in the sea. I was born in London, England, and went to sea at fourteen. Wrecked twice before my sixteenth birthday, once in the Bay of Fundy by fire, and once near Cape Race by fog and the sea. Latter time lived in a hut made from timbers from the ship, built on a swamp. Five weeks before relief came. Have been 'on the beach' in Liverpool, St. John, Vancouver, and Winnipeg. Worked my way across Canada coast to coast. Beat it across the line into Washington and Oregon. Slept in most of the jails between Blain and Portland, charge vagrancy. Had a spell at railroading, farming, mining, stevedoring. Was on

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the crew of the 'Berwick Castle' when that ship took the Sultan of Zanzibar prisoner of war to St. Helena. Shall be twenty-three in August, 1926. Started writing at about eighteen. First story in Wide World magazine in 1920, and that woven round the Sultan of Zanzibar and an incident that occurred during the voyage to St. Helena. Since then been in Collier's, Hollands, McLean's, Blue Book, Adventure, Ace-High, Short Stories, Sea Stories, Action Stories, Saturday Evening Post, and various newspapers. Figure some day to own a schooner and run around the world. Just now the scheme is in abeyance due to recent 'splicing' with a Duluth girl. We're on our honeymoon, hence the preceding jumble. Served in the British Merchant Service during the war, for which the two regular medals issued were gratefully received. Also served in the 53rd Manchesters, British Army. This bunch went to the Rhine after I got out and went to sea again. As to my tastes, I like poetry, swimming, music, boxing, sailing, and beer. Dislikes, the 18th Amendment and all women novelists. Colleges don't interest me. Learnt what I know from knocking around the world. Belong to no clubs, lodges, or street gangs. Started out to become a civil servant, gave up the idea because I disliked the study involved, went to sea to escape and because all the family went sooner or later, and started writing because of a dislike to work."

"WHARTON, ANTHONY." (Alister McAllister.) Born 1877, Ireland, War Service, four and a half years. Began writing novels and short stories in 1919. Author: "Irene Wycherley," 1907; "Nocturne," 1908; "At the Barn," 1911; "13 Simon Street," 1912; "Joan of Over Barrow," 1921; "The Man on the Hill," 1923; "Be Good, Sweet Maid," 1924; "Evil Communications," 1926; "The Patience of M. Lamousset," 1926. Short stories published: Saturday Evening Post, Pictorial Review, Empire Review, English Review, Nash's, Pearson's, Royal, etc. Other intersts: Golf, painting. Lives in Surrey.

WILLIAMS-ELLIS, AMABEL. Is a member of the Strachey family. She is the daughter of St. Loe Strachey, the cousin of Lytton Strachey, and the niece of Lord Strachey. She was born in Surrey in 1894, educated privately, was a nurse during the war when her father's house at Newnes Corner, Surrey, was turned into a hospital, and at Lady Onslow's house at Clandon Park, Surrey. In 1915 she married Clough Williams-Ellis, the architect. After the war Mrs. Williams-Ellis joined the staff of "The Spectator," first as literary editor and later as dramatic critic. In 1923 she and her husband collaborated in the writing of the "Pleasures of Architecture." Her first novel, "Noah's Ark," was published in the summer of 1925. She has three children, two daughters and a son.

YOUNG, F. BRETT. Born 1884. Hales Owen, Worcestershire. Married Practised at Brixham as doctor till 1914; then served in R. A. M. C. (Major) East Africa, etc. Author: "The Dark Tower," "The

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Black Diamond," "The Tragic Bride," "The Red Knight," "The Crescent Moon," "Woodsmoke," "Pilgrim's Rest," and "Sea Horses." He also wrote (in 1911) a critical study of Robert Bridges, has published two volumes of poems, and is a contributor to Georgian Poetry. Has travelled widely and lives at Anacapri, Italy.

THE END

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DUE DEC 3 1928

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